



JAMES A. GARFIELD



"CARLETON"





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Very Truly Yours
J. A. Garfield.

THE LIFE
OF
JAMES A. GARFIELD.

BY
CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN,
(*War Correspondent*, "CARLETON.")
AUTHOR OF "MY DAYS AND NIGHTS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD," "FOLLOWING THE
FLAG," "FOUR YEARS OF FIGHTING," "NEW WAY ROUND
THE WORLD," "BOYS OF '76," "STORY
OF LIBERTY," ETC.

WITH A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF
CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

ILLUSTRATED.

BOSTON:
JAMES H. EARLE, PUBLISHER,
20 HAWLEY STREET.
1880.

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PREFACE.

THIS volume is a sketch of the life, character, and public service of James A. Garfield and Chester A. Arthur, nominees of the Republican party for President and Vice-President, for a period of four years, beginning March 4, 1881. No one can be more sensible than myself of its incompleteness. It has been prepared since their nomination in June last, at the earnest solicitation of friends, and under the pressure of other engagements.

Soon after the adjournment of the Convention at Chicago, I visited "Lawnfield," the home of General Garfield, at Mentor, to obtain data for this work. During its preparation a second visit was made, and I desire to express my appreciation of the courtesy and kind attentions received within that hospitable mansion, and the privilege freely accorded of examining the personal papers kept by General Garfield during the war.

I desire especially to make acknowledgment to Mrs. Eliza Ballou Garfield for information relating

to her own life, and for her vivid portrayal of pioneer life in Ohio during the first quarter of the century; and I am especially indebted to her for many facts of the boyhood of her illustrious son.

I wish also to express my appreciation of the delicate and refined courtesy of Mrs. Lucretia Rudolph Garfield, whose critical eye and appreciative judgment selected the portrait adorning the frontispiece,—one of six taken by General Garfield's intimate artist friend, J. F. Ryder, of Cleveland, two days after the adjournment of the Chicago Convention.

I may further say in this connection, that Mr. Ryder is the artist gracefully alluded to by General Garfield in his address on the "Elements of Success," page 271, and that the artist's judgment coincides with that of Mrs. Garfield; and it is regarded as the most satisfactory portrait ever taken of General Garfield, representing him, as he is to-day, in the full vigor of a noble manhood.

The readers of this volume will be pleased to know that a portion of the proof-sheets have been read by General Garfield; the incidents of his early years may therefore be accepted as truthful representations of his struggles with, and triumphs over, the adverse circumstances that surrounded him.

With pleasure I also acknowledge my indebtedness

to Capt. C. E. Henry, of Cleveland, pupil of General Garfield at Hiram, captain under him in the 42d Ohio Regiment, a life-long friend, who has supplied me with many facts relating to General Garfield as teacher, president at Hiram, commander, and the experiences of his later years.

To Mr. J. H. Rhodes, of Cleveland, successor of General Garfield as president of Hiram ; to Rev. S. D. Bates, the enthusiastic teacher, who did so much for General Garfield (see pp. 57, 348) ; to Dr. Alonzo Harlow, of Detroit ; and to many other gentlemen, I desire to express my obligations for information kindly and freely proffered.

An appreciative public, I am confident, will acknowledge its indebtedness to the publisher, Mr. James H. Earle, as I do, for the fair page, neat typography, and the excellence of the illustrations, which he has given with a liberal hand, to adorn the text and add to the attractions of the volume.

Before leaving this prefatory notice, I desire to call attention to a few points :

I. It is a sketch of the life of a man, who, against adverse circumstances, has rendered great service to his country, and made himself one of the foremost statesmen of the Republic. His life has not been attended by any fortuitous circumstances ; it has been

an arduous struggle. At the outset, all the odds were against him ; but by indomitable perseverance, by unswerving determination, and invincible courage, he has conquered them all.

II. It is the sketch of a man, who, by his self-reliance, his triumphs, his pure life, his scholarly attainments, his noble manhood, is an example of what is possible to the young men of our country.

Men may differ from James A. Garfield in political matters, but they will rejoice in his triumphs ; they will recognize his intellectual force, his far-reaching views, and the nobility of his manhood.

"We say," remarks Carlyle, "that men are the architects of their own fortunes ; but it would be more true to say that they are the *architects of their circumstances.*"

The builder uses the bricks, stone, marble, and lumber, and the edifice rises in its glory and grandeur. So is it with the lives of men ; they must take the circumstances ; and by perseverance, determination, courage, and a noble end ever in view, build up their lives into something grand and glorious. The possibilities are before the young men of to-day, as they were before James A. Garfield a third of a century ago. He took the circumstances of life as they came, and now his name is honored throughout the land ;

and should he be elected to the great office for which he has been nominated, the whole world will do him reverence.

III. It is a sketch of a man of the people. General Garfield has come up from the people. From his boyhood he has been a laborer, — in his early years putting his muscle, and in later years his brain to their utmost tension. His sympathies are with those who are having hard struggles in life, and his hand is ever open to help them.

IV. It is the sketch of a man whose life has been one of victories, never of defeats.

I made General Garfield's acquaintance in the woods of Tennessee, just after the battle of Pittsburg Landing; then he was a school-teacher commanding a brigade, wearing a single star for the victory of Middle Creek; then the country knew little of him, but to-day he compels the attention of the nation, and stands before the world as a shining example of what it is possible for men to accomplish under the genius of American institutions.

CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

BOSTON, July 26, 1880.

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JAMES A. GARFIELD.

I.

ANCESTRY.

FIFTEEN miles east of Cleveland, Ohio, in Cuyahoga County, lies the rural township of Orange, where, on November 19, 1831, the very humble home of Abraham and Eliza Ballou Garfield was brightened by the birth of a son, now known to the world as James Abram Garfield.

To go back a little. What of this boy's parents? What of his grandparents? What of the ancestral tree? What the history of his fathers? What their bone, muscle, nerve, and soul force?

The name of Garfield will not be found in any book of peerage. No Garfield has ever borne the title of duke, earl, marquis, or lord. They have been plain men.

Just two hundred and one years before the birth of this boy in Ohio, Edward Garfield, of England, holding

Liberty, Justice, and Right as the dearest things on earth, bade farewell to his home, became one in the great exodus, with John Winthrop, John Endicott, Francis Higginson, Isaac Johnson, and the great multitude of Puritans, who crossed the Atlantic to escape the tyranny of Charles I. and Archbishop Laud. Edward Garfield's ancestors were Anglo-Saxons. The Garfields had their coat-of-arms — a shield with a gold ground, crossed by three horizontal crimson bars ; in one corner a cross, above it a helmet with a raised visor, a heart, and above all an arm wielding a drawn sword, with the motto, "*In cruce vinco*" — THROUGH FAITH I CONQUER.

We can trace the motto far down the ages. That man of the distant East, the first Abraham, born in the Euphrates valley, — the man of flocks and herds, — who heard the calling of a voice Divine, by *faith*, when he was called to go out unto a place which he should after receive for an inheritance — obeyed ; and he went out not knowing whither.

What a list of worthies! — those who have come down through the ages, who have conquered adversity, and made their mark on the historic page, and benefited their fellow-men, stimulated by that divine ideal — "*Through faith I conquer!*" Prophets, apostles, saints, the martyrs of all ages — men and women, who have stood by Justice, Liberty, and Truth, have marched to victory under banners bearing that inscription. The Garfields of Old England away back in the centuries adopted it as a sentiment to guide them through life.

The emigrants, who were tearing up by the roots all the dear old things; who were leaving kindred and country, bidding farewell to the roof-tree hallowed and endeared by a thousand associations; who were being harassed by the catchpolls and beadles of Laud, who took far more pleasure in putting Puritans in jail than in enabling them to depart peacefully from the country, — these people, so persecuted, had little time to give any attention to genealogical records, and very little is known of their families.

Tradition has it that Edward Garfield was unmarried, but that he found a German girl on the vessel that brought him to America, and that the two were married not long after their arrival. It is only a tradition, and it hardly has the bare ground of probability. The intercourse between Germany and England at that time was circumscribed, and not many Germans found their way to Great Britain, but Englishmen were beginning to visit Germany. The Protestant faith, common to both countries, was calling many Englishmen to the Fatherland beyond the Rhine, and it is more probable that an ancestor of Edward married a German wife than that he himself fell in love with a German girl during his passage to America. It is almost certain that somewhere in the ancestral line a maiden with mild eyes, and countenance fresh and fair, from the land of Luther, Melancthon and Goethe, was grafted upon the English stock, and that the outcome of it is seen in the physiognomy of the son born in the humble home of Abram and Eliza Ballou Garfield, in Ohio, 1831.

Edward Garfield, the Puritan, who could not put up

with the absolutism of Charles I., and the high-churchism of Laud, crossed the Atlantic in 1630, sailed into Massachusetts Bay, settled at Watertown to do what he could toward laying the foundation of a Christian state in the wilderness of the Western World.

Visitors to Boston who ride out to Mount Auburn, the city of the dead, amid the leafy groves of Cambridge, may see the spot where Edward Garfield reared his home in 1630. The country was a wilderness. The Indians were his neighbors. He did not take their land without returning an equivalent. John Winthrop's colony dealt justly. White men who defrauded the Indians were severely dealt with by the early Puritans.

Edward Garfield's son, Edward, was a church-member and a freeman in 1635. He was selectman of Watertown in 1638 and in subsequent years.

Capt. Benjamin Garfield was a respected, honored citizen, captain of the militia, and often a representative. He held numerous offices all through the years from 1689 to 1717. That was the period of Indian wars — of frequent alarms — the period of James II. and of Edmund Andros. It was the period of the last effort of absolutism in English history. We may believe that Capt. Benjamin Garfield was as staunch and true to liberty as his ancestor the first Edward had been.

We come down to that 19th of April, 1775, to the scene at Concord bridge. On the south side of the winding stream are the soldiers of George III., carrying in their knapsacks, as it were, the inherited pre-

rogatives of all past ages — the assumed divine rights of kings. On the north bank are the farmers of Middlesex, clad in homespun, and armed with guns, which some of them carried in the struggle at Ticonderoga, and on the plains of Abraham at Quebec, where the lilies of France gave place to the cross of St. George.

In the powder-horns of the farmers are, as it were, grains of eternal truth — the rights of men as individuals to have a voice in the affairs of government. They stand there confronting kingly prerogative. It is the old question of Runnymede and Marston Moor. The farmers bear no animosity to the red-coated soldiers as individuals. All are Englishmen, alike glorying in the name. Theirs is a common inheritance. The struggle is not between man and man, but it is to be a conflict of ideas between individual liberty and kingly power. Colonel James Barrett, Major John Buttrick, Captain Isaac Davis, Solomon Garfield, Samuel Hoar, and their fellow-citizens, stand there in self-imposed martial array. No one clothed with authority has summoned them. They heard the midnight bell ringing Liberty's alarm; Paul Revere has been riding as he never rode before.

“A hurry of hoofs in the village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark,
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;
That was all! and yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He had left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil, and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic meeting the ocean tide;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the bridge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.
It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town;
He heard the crowing of the cock
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down."

Horsemen are riding everywhere with the news that the soldiers of the king are on the march. The rights of men are in danger. Abraham Garfield, great-uncle of the boy born in the log cabin in the woods of Ohio in 1831, stands there with his fellow-citizens to defend their rights. From their muskets streamed the flame which to-day illumines all the world!

Four days after the fight, Abraham Garfield and his fellow-citizens signed their names to this justification of the act in firing upon the troops of the king — an act which made them rebels:

"LEXINGTON, April 23, 1775.

"We, John Hoar, John Whithead, Abraham Garfield, Benjamin Munroe, Isaac Parker, William Hosmer, John Adams, Gregory Stone, all of Lincoln, in the county of Middlesex, Massachusetts Bay, all of lawful age, do testify and say, that, on Wednesday last, we were assembled at Concord, in the morning of said day, in consequence of information received that a brigade of regular troops were on their march to the said town

of Concord, who had killed six men at the town of Lexington. About an hour afterwards we saw them approaching, to the number, as we apprehended, of about 1200, on which we retreated to a hill about 80 rods back, and the said troops then took possession of the hill where we were first posted. Presently after this, we saw the troops moving toward the north bridge, about one mile from the said Concord meeting house ; we then immediately went before them and passed the bridge, just before a party of them, to the number of about 200, arrived ; they there left about one-half of their 200 at the bridge, and proceeded, with the rest, toward Col. Barrett's, about two miles from the said bridge ; and the troops that were stationed there, observing our approach, marched back over the bridge and then took up some of the planks ; we then hastened our march toward the bridge, and when we had got near the bridge they fired on our men, first three guns, one after the other, and then a considerable number more ; and then, and not before (having orders from our commanding officer not to fire till we were fired upon), we fired upon the regulars and they retreated. On their retreat through the town of Lexington to Charlestown they ravaged and destroyed private property and burnt three houses, one barn, and one shop."

King George called Abraham Garfield a rebel ; but the world has written him down a patriot ; and the world has been made better for what he and his fellow-patriots did on that ever memorable day.

II.

THE PARENTS.

THE Revolutionary war was ended. The colonies had attained their independence. They were increasing in population; and now that there was a prospect of a future better than the past, the tide of emigration began. Central New York was an inviting section, and Solomon Garfield, brother of him who had confronted the British troops at Concord bridge, residing in Weston, Massachusetts, moved to Worcester, Otsego County, N. Y., where he had a son born in 1799, to whom he gave the name of Abram.

How strange that the bigotry of Madam de Maintenon and of the Jesuits, the two powers behind the throne of Louis XIV., directing affairs of state in France, should have anything to do with the political affairs in this Republic in the year 1880! This is the way it came about:

Under the Edict of Nantes, issued by Henry IV. of France, in 1598, the Huguenots were to have equal toleration with those who accepted the Church of Rome. Under that edict the terrible religious wars which had raged in France came to an end. But paci-

fication and toleration did not suit the Jesuits. Huguenots were heretics, enemies of God, to be exterminated. Heresy was pestilential and must be rooted out. But the edict of Henry IV. was in their way. Under it the Huguenots were prospering. They were wealth-producing. They were weavers, spinners, hatters, lace-workers, industrious, thrifty, sober-minded, and God-fearing. To put them down there must be a revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

The Jesuits laid their plans. They knew very well that Madam de Maintenon could wind Louis XIV. round her little finger. His life was burning out. He was satiated with sensuous pleasure. Madam de Maintenon charmed him by the strength of her intellect, and her calm, quiet, methodical ways. She understood affairs of state better than the secretaries who came into the king's bed-chamber, while he was dressing, to lay before him the contents of their portfolios. Madam de Maintenon, intent on securing her eternal salvation through her services to the church, was ready to aid in rooting out heresy, and persuaded Louis XIV. to sign the order of revocation. Consternation seized the Huguenots. The great exodus began. They fled to England, Switzerland, Germany, and America — eight hundred thousand, the bone and sinew, the best blood, the heart and soul of France.

Among the Huguenots who sought refuge in America was Maturin Ballou, who settled in Cumberland, R. I. Coming down to the sixth generation, we see his descendant, James Ballou, about the time Wolfe was wresting Canada from France on the plains of

Abraham, moving from Cumberland to Richmond, N. H., and marrying Mehitabel Ingalls.

This Huguenot descendant, making his home with his young wife among the Granite Hills, had four children, — James, Henry, Eliza, and Alpha. The eldest daughter, Eliza, was born May 21, 1801. James Ballou died in 1809, when Eliza was eight years old. The widow moved with her family to Worcester, Otsego County, N. Y., and became neighbor to Solomon Garfield.

So it came about that Abram Garfield and Eliza Ballou were playmates. We may think of them as running barefooted and bareheaded about their homes, with no superfluous clothing, — for the parents of both have quite as much as they can do to make both ends of the year meet. The boy drives the cows, looks after the pigs : the girl feeds the chickens, runs on errands, — for all must do what they can. Besides, it is a cardinal point with these New-England emigrants to work ; it is ingrained into their nature.

The boy and girl have not much schooling ; a few weeks in summer, a few in winter. They learn to read, spell, and write, and make a little progress in arithmetic ; but the people of Worcester are too poor to spend much money for schools.

On Sundays the families attend meeting on horseback ; wives riding behind their husbands on pillions, carrying the baby ; children of larger growth behind the mother, holding on by the crupper.

They listen to long-winded sermons. At noon, old friends shake hands and talk of what is going on in

the world. Some of them have been to Schenectady or Albany during the week, and have heard the latest news from New York, — of what Napoleon Bonaparte and Wellington are doing across the Atlantic ; of the outrages which England is committing on American vessels, impressing American seamen. Later, war with England breaks out, and soldiers are on the march to Niagara and Sackett's Harbor. Then come the battles at Queenstown and Chippewa, and Perry's victory on Lake Erie.

Amid such surroundings, the boyhood of Abram Garfield and the girlhood of Eliza Ballou were passed.

It was a period of great business depression. The war with England had left the country in a sad condition. Internal improvement had not begun. De Witt Clinton was urging the construction of the Erie Canal. The roads of the country were in a wretched condition. On the great thoroughfares were stages, but only the well-to-do could afford to travel in them. The era for manufactories had not come. There was little that a young man could turn his hand to in such an out-of-the-way place as Worcester, in central New York, and Abram Garfield turned his face toward the wonderful country which everybody was talking about — Ohio.

A great tide of emigration from New England was setting westward. People from New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Connecticut had been moving into New York ; and now they were pushing on from New York to the more fertile lands farther west, enduring

terrible hardships, animated by the idea that there was a good time for them in the future.

James Ballou caught the "Ohio fever," as it was called, and persuaded his mother to sell out her small possessions in Worcester. She packed her goods in a wagon — beds, boxes, pots and pans, — and with her children started for the West.

What a journey it was ! The roads through New York were wretched, but far worse through Pennsylvania. There were rivers to cross, swamps to pass, quagmires to fall into. It was a journey of six weeks — now accomplished in twelve hours.

The wagon was the home of the family. Eliza Ballou, the maiden of fourteen, endured all the hardships — the jolting over corduroy roads in a wagon destitute of springs, the body bolted to the axle. Many times the wheels sank to the hub in the yielding mud. Then came the prying with levers, the worrying of the jaded horses, and finally the unloading of the wagon, the re-loading ; and thus day after day, through rain and sun, through mud and mire, the resolute emigrant family made its way.

There were no thickly-settled towns, scarcely a village. Buffalo had been burned by the British in 1814, and was just rising from its ashes — a cluster of houses. Cleveland was a collection of log huts on the shore of the lake at the outlet of the Cuyahoga River, with perhaps one hundred inhabitants.

Muskingum County, whither Mr. Ballou was bound, was an old settled section. Ebenezer Zane had made a settlement there in 1799 — the year of Abram Gar-

field's birth. He kept a tavern,—a log house with two rooms. Boats could ascend the Muskingum from the Ohio to that locality, transporting goods for the settlers, who were pouring in to occupy the fertile lands.

Those were the days when the settlers were dependent on their rifles for their meat and clothing. Men wore caps made from the skins of the raccoon or muskrat, with deerskin jacket and pantaloons, which a soaking rain and the subsequent drying made as stiff and ridged as corrugated iron.

Those were the days of cabin-raising, chopping-matches, log-rollings, and huskings for the men, and of quiltings, sewing-bees, and peach-parings for the women; the rude, unlettered days of the frontier; of a community that was putting forth tremendous physical strength; clearing the land, cutting down the forest, building roads, rearing houses, preparing the foundations of the Republic.

The young man Abram Garfield, the while, lived at Worcester till he was fifteen, when he went to Madrid, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., where he remained several years. From there he made his way to Newburg, near Cleveland. Hearing that his old neighbors, Mrs. Ballou and her family, were at Zanesville, he went down to see them. He was twenty years of age. His former playmate, Eliza Ballou, was a comely maiden of eighteen. Is it a wonder that he, far from home, alone in the world, should find his heart going out toward the girl whom he had known so intimately through by-gone years; or that she should think him the one man in all the world who could make her happy through life?

They were married by Justice of the Peace Hogan, February 3, 1821.

The only home he could offer her was a log cabin, eighteen by twenty feet, containing one room. It had two doors and three windows. They were too far from civilization, and too poor in pocket, to obtain a sash or purchase glass ; but the young wife stretched greased paper across the holes in the side of the house, waiting till the coming of better times.

"We were quite stylish ; better off than some of our neighbors," said Mrs. Garfield, laughingly, to the writer.

The fireplace was made of stones, surmounted by a chimney of sticks and mud. The floor was of hewn puncheons ; the roof of slabs and bark.

In such a house the young couple began life, the wife cooking their corn bread in a "Dutch oven," — a kettle with a rimmed cover, on which live coals were heaped. The oven, a frying-pan, an iron pot, wooden plates, and knives and forks for the husband and wife ; a bed in one corner ; stools made by the husband with an ax and auger — this the outfit.

Children came to bless them, four in number ; the last, the subject of this sketch, born, as already stated, November 19th, 1831.

It was the canal-constructing period. Ohio was building the Pennsylvania Canal, running from Cleveland to Beaver, Penn., below Pittsburgh ; and the Pennsylvania and Ohio Canal, extending from Cleveland, south, to the Ohio River. Abram Garfield, full of pluck and energy, put in a bid for the construction of a

section of one of the canals. Only a single scrap of his handwriting is preserved, and that is in relation to the bid for the contract — the closing sentence — “If any of it is struck to us, we will begin at once.” He secured the contract, realizing a good profit ; but a second contract, owing to a sudden rise in the price of labor, proved disastrous, sweeping away all former earnings. When his debts were paid, nothing remained except the humble home and the small farm, partially paid for.

III.

SURROUNDINGS.

IT will be instructive just here to pass in rapid review the condition of the country at the time when James Abram Garfield was born. The census had just been taken, showing a population of about thirteen millions. Cleveland contained one thousand and seventy-five inhabitants. Chicago was a cluster of houses around Fort Dearborn. Sylvester Marsh, who has recently constructed a railroad to the summit of Mount Washington, was supplying the fort and the few people in Chicago with fresh beef, hanging them up for dressing on the branches of an oak upon the site now occupied by the city hall of that metropolis of nearly half a million people.

A few settlers had made their way into Wisconsin as Indian traders. Not till James A. Garfield was three years of age, was there a furrow turned in the State of Iowa.

James Monroe, the last of the statesmen of the Revolutionary period, was passing away. The statesmen of the second period — Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and their compeers — were in the thick of the fight. It was the period of the great forensic contest between

Webster and Hayne, the period when South Carolina was asserting the doctrine of nullification.

In 1831, engineers were laying out lines of railroad from Boston to Lowell, Worcester and Providence, and from Albany to Schenectady. In 1835, when James A. Garfield was nearly four years old, the directors of the Boston and Worcester Railroad were building a freight depot in Boston, forty by sixty feet, which they declared would give ample freight accommodations for a decade of years !

A great change was taking place in this western world. The Erie Canal, begun in 1817, through much opposition, had been triumphantly carried through by De Witt Clinton. It was completed in 1825. The Dutch farmers around Albany called it Clinton's big ditch. The penny-a-liners of the press had composed lampoons on Clinton. I give a specimen :

“ Oh, a ditch he would dig, from the lakes to the sea,
The eighth of the world's matchless wonders to be !
Good land ! how absurd ! But why should you grin ?
It will do to bury its mad author in ! ”

The construction of the canal facilitated emigration to the West, and the people of New England began their great exodus, pouring into northern Ohio, planting schoolhouses and churches side by side.

The great period of cotton-manufacturing had already begun, and Lowell was sending out its fabrics to compete with England in the trade which that country had exclusively engaged up to 1823. Though the cotton manufactures had commenced, the farmers were still

swingling their crops of flax, and their wives and daughters were making merry music with the spinning-wheels. Eliza Ballou Garfield, in her humble home in the wilderness of Ohio, found it needful to keep the spinning-wheel ever humming to furnish herself and children with clothes.

Invention was just beginning to produce labor-saving machinery. Obed Hussey was contriving a machine which should supersede the sickle and cradle in harvest — a machine to be drawn by horses, with swiftly flying knives. His first patent was applied for in 1833, when James A. Garfield, eighteen months old, was a prattler in his mother's arms. Joseph Henry, student, inquiring into the phenomena of electrical science, was just having a glimmering idea of utilizing the electrical forces for conveying intelligence. Men were coming to understand that it was possible to set to work what we call *natural forces* for the benefit of the human race; that machines could be made to do the work of human hands.

The year 1831 was the birth-time of great moral ideas. From that day in 1619, when a Dutch shipmaster sailed up James River, and sold sixteen negro slaves to the planters of Virginia to work in the tobacco-fields, negro slavery had been increasing in the southern States of the Republic. From the days of the Revolution it had been dying out in the northern States. The great irrepressible conflict between free and slave labor was just beginning. A few months before the birth of James A. Garfield, a young man in Boston, William Lloyd Garrison, issued his first num-

ber of the *Liberator*, pronouncing eternal hostility to slavery, and demanding immediate emancipation. He had visited a portion of the South, and had seen the enormity of slavery, but the apathy in the North to its iniquity and aggressions appalled him. He said :

“ During my recent tour for the purpose of exciting the minds of the people by a series of discourses on the subject of slavery, every place that I visited gave fresh evidence of the fact that a greater revolution in public sentiment was to be effected in the free States, and particularly in New England, than at the South. I found contempt more bitter, detraction more relentless, prejudice more stubborn, and apathy more frozen than among slave-owners themselves. Of course, there were individual exceptions to the contrary. This state of things afflicted, but did not dishearten me. I determined at every hazard to lift up the standard of emancipation in the eyes of the nation, within sight of Bunker Hill, and in the birthplace of Liberty. That standard is now unfurled ; and long may it float, unhurt by the spoliations of time, or the missiles of a desperate foe, — yea, till every chain be broken, and every bondman set free ! Let Southern oppressors tremble, — let their secret abettors tremble, — let their Northern apologists tremble, — let all the enemies of the persecuted blacks tremble !

“ I am aware that many object to the severity of my language ; but is there not cause for severity ? *I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice!* On this subject I do not wish to think or speak or

write with moderation. No ! no ! Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm ; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher ; tell the mother to moderately extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen ; but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest, — I will not equivocate, — I will not excuse, — I will not retreat a single inch, — and *I will be heard !* The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal, and to hasten the resurrection of the dead !”

It was the period when conscience began to make itself felt as never before in the history of our country ; when Duty, Obligation, Fidelity to Truth, Liberty, and Right began to stir men’s hearts as in those days when William Bradford, William Brewster, came over in the “Mayflower,” — when John Winthrop, John Endicott, Edward Garfield, and thousands of men and women of England, crossed the Atlantic in obedience to their convictions of right. Not only was there an awakening of conscience in regard to the individual rights of man of whatever race, color, or lineage, but throughout the northern States men began to see the need of reforming their own lives. It was the period of the beginning of the great temperance reformation. Up to that time men everywhere drank intoxicating liquors in the household ; — upon rising in the morning, to clear the cobwebs from their throats ; during the forenoon to give them an appetite for dinner ; after dinner, to settle their food ; after supper, to make

them sleep. Also, to prevent them from taking cold ; to cure a cold ; because they were wet ; because they were dry. Rum at weddings, at raisings, upon the meetings of friends, at huskings, and at funerals. Judge, physician, minister, — all drank ! Rum and whiskey were to be found everywhere ! It is narrated that a minister out West, during the political campaign of 1832, — an ardent friend of General Jackson, — was accustomed to electioneer with a Bible in one pocket and a bottle of whiskey in the other, preaching to one set of men, and drinking with another, making himself the same to all that he might win their votes !

Whiskey and rum were indispensable factors in elections at that period. In many counties the candidates made arrangements with the groggeries at the country seats and principal towns, to supply the voters with all the liquors they might wish a few weeks before election. Saturdays were Saturnalias — the people riding in to the villages to hear the stump-speakers, and drink themselves drunk at the expense of the candidates.

The temperance reformation beginning in 1830 was changing all this. Throughout the eastern States, and northeastern Ohio settled largely by New Englanders, men were reforming their drinking habits in obedience to their conviction of duty, and obligation to themselves and God.

It was a period of religious awakening. Among the earnest religious men of the period was Alexander Campbell, who, dissatisfied with creeds as he found them, made the Bible his creed, and became the founder of the Disciples' Church. Among those who

were inclined to a religious life, and who became members of that church, were Abram and Eliza Garfield. Theirs was a humble home, but it was dedicated to God. Morning and evening, the children beneath that roof heard the voice of their parents in prayer. The Sabbath was honored.

There came a day in July when forest fires were raging. There had been a drought. The fields were parched. Woody fibre was like tinder. The wind was sweeping the flames towards Abram Garfield's field of wheat. Unless arrested, starvation would stare the family in the face during the approaching winter. He put forth the utmost energy that God had given him and stopped it. His children would not want for bread. But his blood, through contact with the fire and his tremendous activity, was at fever heat. The perspiration oozed from every pore. He sat down to rest, to feel the cool breeze fanning his brow. How delightful! Little did he dream of what would come of it. Morning dawned, and he was suffering from congestion of the throat. The nearest physician was miles away, but a man who pretended to have some medical knowledge applied a blister, aggravating the disease. A few hours later the strong man felt that the powers of life were going swiftly out.

Tenderly he gazed upon his children and upon the loving-hearted wife. "You must take care of them," he said to her. As Daniel Webster in his last hours desired to gaze once more upon his herd of cattle, so Abram Garfield cast one look upon the faithful oxen in the pasture near at hand, and called them by name.

It was the end of earthly things to him. So a great, stunning blow fell suddenly upon that Christian household. The husband and father, in the vigor of manhood, was stricken down, and the wife and mother, with four children, the oldest ten years and the youngest eighteen months, was left to fight alone the tremendous battle of life.

IV.

SELF-RELIANCE.

ALL the odds were against Eliza Ballou Garfield on that heart-sinking day, when she stood beside the open grave and saw her husband laid down to his last sleep, and returned to that home from which the light of his life had gone forever. But one with God is more than all else beside.

There were her four children. God had given them to her, and she would train them for him. But what a struggle! The wheatfield was partially fenced; the cattle roaming the woods would be destroying the grain. It must be fenced; but how? She had no money to pay for hired help. She could not call upon the neighbors; they had enough work to do to keep their heads above water. She had braved many hardships; gone through many trials; she was not the woman to falter now.

Leaving the oldest child to care for the other three, she went into the woods, found some trees already felled, and split them into rails. Her arms were weary; blisters appeared upon her palms; but what of that? Duty nerved her; affection for her children, the providing of bread for them, sustained her. Day by day



MOTHER OF JAMES A. GARFIELD.



the pile of rails increased, and the work went on till the field was securely fenced. Henceforth we need not turn to Athens or Rome for models of devotion, but to that log cabin of Ohio.

"How we got along I don't know," said Mrs. Garfield ; "but we did it somehow."

They not only got on, but Mrs. Garfield, besides carrying on her spinning, splitting rails, chopping wood, doing out-door work, found time to teach her children.

We are not to think of the family as being exceptionally poor, for in many respects Mrs. Garfield, even in her widowhood, was quite as well off as many of her neighbors. The country was new ; the settlers were poor ; the forest was dense ; and there must be many sturdy blows of the ax before even a small clearing could be made. A few acres of cleared land would suffice to raise bread for the settlers ; but there must be a great putting forth of energy to make any headway in the world. Those who could raise more than enough for their own subsistence had no markets for their surplus produce. All were poor together — not from any lack of thrift or enterprise, but from stress of circumstances, which time alone would remove.

The farm was not fully paid for, and there was the interest on the mortgage to look after, and the extinction of the debt. Resolutely this woman, whose birthplace was amid the Granite Hills, with true New England grit, faced all the obstacles and conquered them. There are sublimer victories in life than those won amid the roar of cannon, and the uproar and turmoil

and bloodshed of battle — the victories where the conflict goes on month after month, year after year, through summer and winter. Eliza Ballou Garfield fought such a battle, and came off conqueror.

Of her children, the oldest and youngest were boys, the other two daughters. From the outset they helped. There were chores which they could do — care for the cows, gather wood for the fire, and run on errands. The youngest of the family, at a very early age, understood that he must help. He learned to read when he was quite young, and devoured everything of a literary character within reach. He loved stories of adventure.

The literature of forty years ago on the frontier consisted largely of narration of adventures, of encounters of huntsmen with bears and panthers, of fights with the Indians. The almanacs of the period which were found in every chimney-corner of the West, and in many Eastern homes, were illustrated with rude woodcuts of huntsmen shooting bears and wildcats, of fights with rattlesnakes, of scenes on the Mississippi — steamboats running races, huge columns of black smoke rolling out from the chimneys — one of the boats going up into the air — boilers, smoke-stacks, splinters, passengers raining down over all the surrounding country. After the Revolution in Texas — the fight at San Jacinto, and the fall of the Alamo — the almanacs were illustrated by war scenes. David Crockett's almanac had an immense circulation. One of the most popular books on the frontier was about battles with the Indians, illustrated by rude and highly colored plates — the Indians being decked in

blue, orange, and vermilion. Among the books read by James A. Garfield was a volume entitled "The Pirate's Own Book," containing an account of Captain Kidd and his chests of money ; stories of the buccaneers of the Caribbean seas plundering a Spanish galleon, and other stories of adventure upon the ocean. This volume made a great impression upon the young boy, who read it by fire-light in that Ohio log-cabin. "Jack Halyard" was another book of the sea that charmed him. In his boyish enthusiasm he resolved to be a sailor when he became a man. "Robinson Crusoe," and "Alonzo and Melissa," were delightful volumes to that boy of the Ohio woods. But this mental food of the week-days was supplemented by something better on Sunday, — the stories of the Bible ; attendance at the meetings of the Disciples ; and the abiding example of a Christian mother.

The boy was keenly alive to fun, and engaged with great zest in the sports of boyhood. He was quick to resent wrong, and ever ready to stand in defense of his own rights, or the rights of others. His kindness of heart extended to the brute creation, and no ox, horse, or mule suffered maltreatment at his hands. He attended the public school the few weeks of the winter and summer terms — learning to read and write, getting an acquaintance with grammar, and arithmetic.

The period of James A. Garfield's early boyhood was one of great activity in the business world, — the period of inflation — of speculation. Everybody was getting rich on paper in Eastern and Western lands. The tide of emigration was sweeping on as never be-

fore. Thousands of people in the Eastern States, who never intended to settle in the West, purchased government lands in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Illinois, expecting to see them double or quadruple in a few months. They not only invested their surplus earnings, but obtained money at the banks. There was a great increase of banks, and the issuing of a vast volume of notes with no specie basis.

The United States government was not only out of debt, but had a large surplus from customs revenue which was given to the States, thus swelling the inflation.

At last the crash came. Banks failed ; people who had hired money could not pay notes ; their earnings were gone ; the lands which they had valued so highly were sold for taxes ; the corner lots in paper cities were not worth the paper on which they had been drawn.

Those were hard times. The mother toiling for her children on the little Ohio farm had no surplus earnings, but the hard times were felt in that home nevertheless. There was need for more pinching — more struggling to keep the wolf from the door.

Money ! how could her youngest boy earn money ? Orange was a farming town, and the farmers did not need his help. Their own boys could do all their chores. There were no manufactures of any kind in town ; the day for manufactures had not come. There was a joiner and carpenter who perhaps might have something for him to do. The boy thought that he could push a jack-plane. The joiner had some boards

which needed planing ; they were twelve feet long ; he was willing to pay a cent a board for the work ! The bargain was completed.

Picture the scene : The barefoot boy, in his blue jean trowsers, — coat and vest laid aside, — hardly tall enough to use the carpenter's bench, the sweat upon his forehead, pushing the plane, making the shavings fly from morning till night, planing one hundred boards, receiving one hundred cents, — the first money he ever earned ! Give him millions to-day and he would not be so rich as he was that night when he was the possessor of only one dollar. It was his first success in the great life-struggle.

During the first years of the century the farmers throughout the country saved their wood-ashes, which they sold for the manufacture of "black salts." In every town in New England, New York, and Ohio, there were "pot-asheries," — as they were called, — establishments containing vats for the leeching of wood-ashes ; and caldron-kettles for boiling the lye, reducing it to potash, which in its crude state was termed "black salts." When still further refined, it became *pearl-ash*.

In the early years of the century, when settlers were clearing their land, they were accustomed to roll the logs into huge piles and burn them, for the purpose of saving the ashes, which in New England commanded ten cents a bushel.

There was an ashery in Orange ; and the boy who was ready to turn his hand to any honest toil, found employment in shoveling ashes into the leech-tubs,

wetting them down, keeping the fires roaring under the kettles, which required constant care.

It was not a kind of labor that he particularly fancied ; but labor was a duty, and when duty called, he was not the one to flinch.

From planing boards and boiling black salts he made another step, — learning how to take the “wind” out of timber before framing it by the “square rule.” He bored holes, made mortises and tenons, and at fifteen, in the years of 1847 and 1848, earned a little money in that way, learning at the same time the rudiments of a carpenter’s calling.

Making his way to Newburg, which is now a part of Cleveland, he took a job at cutting one hundred cords of wood for twenty-five dollars ! No one who has not swung the ax day after day can understand the amount of muscular effort required to cut one hundred cords of wood. He cut two cords a day.

Probably his wages did not exceed thirty-seven cents a day, after paying his board. This work was done in full view of Lake Erie, where he could see —

“ The stately ships go by
To the haven under the hill.”

Day after day he beheld the steamers arrive from Buffalo and depart for Sandusky, Detroit, and Chicago. Schooners spread their white wings, and disappeared in the distance. The glamour of “Jack Halyard” was on him, and the longing to be a sailor increased rather than diminished.

Finishing his wood-chopping, he engaged to assist a

Mr. Treat through haying and harvesting, and with his earnings in his pocket, announced to his mother that he could no longer restrain his desire for the life on the wave, and that he had decided to immediately depart. Amid prayers and forebodings she bade him good-bye, and he found his way on foot to Cleveland.

Seeking the harbor, he boarded the only ship that lay in port, and inquired for the captain. His ideas of a captain were formed from the stories he had read, and he imagined a dashing, brave, and gallant gentleman, capable, when the occasion required, of performing desperate deeds, but disposed to be, as a general thing, generous to a failing.

To the youth's question, a hand replied that the captain would soon come up from the hold.

The prophecy proved true. First the captain was heard, then seen, clearing his way with volley after volley of oaths.

The bashful youth approached, and diffidently asked if he wanted a hand?

An increased flood of oaths, turned wholly in his direction, was the only answer received. A suppressed titter came from the men, and the boy retired in confusion.

Walking about the docks and looking at the scanty indications of commerce at that early day, he began to collect his thoughts, and finally reasoned, that as the lake was to the ocean, so was the canal to the lake, and his failure in securing a situation arose from the fact that he was not sufficiently posted in the ways of sailors. To the canal he would go and learn.

He stepped on board canal-boat "Evening Star," and accosted Captain Amos Letcher, who is still living in Bryan, Ohio, asking for employment. Captain Letcher was in want of a boy to drive the mules along the tow-path, and engaged him.

The canal at that time was a great thoroughfare between Lake Erie and the Ohio River.

Copper-mining on Lake Superior had begun, and was having a great development. The ore was brought down in schooners to Cleveland, and from thence taken to Pittsburgh by canal. The "Evening Star," on its first trip, after young Garfield became one of its hands, took a cargo of ore to Pittsburgh, and returned with a cargo of coal.

The canal had its fascinations. "It was imagination that took me upon the canal," said General Garfield to the writer.

By accepting such employment, he would see something of the world. The books he had read, the stories that had come to him, fired his imagination. The smoke that curled above his home was not the center of the universe. He must see what there was beyond the horizon that closed around him. It was the longing to know what there was beyond his sight — the cravings of a brave spirit for knowledge and adventure that impelled him — the same spirit that has led him through life. The young mule-driver, by engaging in such occupation, would see other places.

There was little to stir one's blood in the quiet of his native town; but on the canal he would come in contact with new things, and though he had been dis-

appointed in being a sailor, he looked forward to his future occupation with much pleasure. True, the driving of a span of mules would be monotonous ; but he would see the world, and be earning a living at the same time.

The canal-men were hard-working, burly fellows, who were knocking about the world in a free and resolute way. They were generally regarded as a "hard set," ready to drink whiskey on all occasions, accustomed to roll out a torrent of oaths, and ready to engage in a fight upon the slightest provocation.

The young mule-driver received his share of curses, but he was so wide awake, so good-natured, that the boatmen liked him. He was ever on the look-out to get ahead of another boat, especially in approaching a lock, and in his eagerness he sometimes violated what were regarded as the rules of the canal, and came near getting thrashings from other boatmen.

By being a good mule-driver, he was promoted to a steersman and deck-hand—his first stepping up in life.

He had frequent mishaps, — falling into the canal not less than fourteen times. He could not swim, but somehow always managed to get out. When he fell overboard the fourteenth time, he grasped a rope that was dragging in the water, and undertook to pull himself in, hand over hand, but the rope was running free, and he made no headway, till a knot caught in a crack and stopped its further paying out.

He crawled into his bunk, and as he lay there shivering, his mind was going over the incident that had

saved him, — the knotting of the rope and its catching in the crack. He thought of the narrow margin that had come to him between life and death. He thought of the old home — his mother — that he had not informed her of his whereabouts ; that she, without doubt, supposed him to be upon the lake, and he resolved to go home as soon as his trip was ended.

The roustabouts of a Mississippi steamer and the boatmen on a canal are ever ready for a fight. To be knocked down, to get a black eye, to have their scalps peeled, are matters of frequent occurrence. One of the hands on Captain Letcher's boat, "Dave," as he was familiarly called, was a stout, burly, hard-handed fellow, in the prime of life. Garfield was sixteen ; lithe, agile, and muscular. One day Garfield's setting-pole was wrenched suddenly from his grasp by coming in contact with the tow-lines of a passing boat. It flew toward Dave.

"Look out, Dave !" shouted Garfield.

The warning was too late ; the pole struck Dave in the back, not injuring him in the least, but rousing his anger.

"It was an accident. I didn't mean it, Dave."

"You did, you rascal !" shouted Dave, dropping his pole, and with clenched fists aiming a blow at Garfield, who warded it, and the next moment planted a blow under Dave's ear, which sent him reeling upon the deck. In an instant Garfield was upon him.

"If he don't know any better than to get mad for an accident, smash his smellers !" shouted the captain.

The boy of sixteen raised his arm to bring his

clenched fist down upon the face of Dave. All the energy that comes from success, all the stimulus that comes from the captain's praise, is in that arm. He will blacken the fellow's eyes, knock his nose about as if it were the bung of a barrel. He will conquer a peace. He is a boy, his enemy a full-grown man, in the vigor of life, hero of many fights. What an opportunity for fame !

“ Hold on, Jim ! ”

The arm drops. The muscles relax, the fingers unclasp, and the boy helps Dave to his feet. No revenge, no malice — generosity only. From that time on, Dave is his best friend.

V.

LIFE'S GREAT TURNING-POINT.

THE months go by. James Abram Garfield, the while, is enduring the hardships of life on the canal. Summer passes away.

The golden dust of autumn is falling on the field,
The red moon of October spreads out its ruddy shield;
The russet and the yellow are on the distant wood,
And all the lovely flowers which in their fragrance stood,
The lily and the violet, the white rose and the red,
Have with the summer faded and all their perfume shed.
The golden-yellow corn-ears are ripened for the store,
And purple grapes are hanging on the trellis by the door.

The hardships, the work from early morning till late at night, the exposure to sun and storm, the drenchings from rain, the wettings in the canal, the sleeping at night in malarious atmospheres, lying down with his threadbare clothes, limp and damp, clinging to his skin, — all together have had their effect upon the boy of sixteen.

He reaches Cleveland, settles with the captain, receiving his small pittance of wages, turns his steps towards his home, seventeen miles away. Nerveless,

weary, fever in his blood, thin, spare, haggard, he makes his way to Orange.

During the months he has been gone he has not written to his mother ; there has been little time to write. He went away against her wishes, but now that the fever is burning him up, he comes back to the humble home, to feel cooling hands upon his brow.

Night is falling as with faltering steps he approaches the door. His foot is upon the threshold, his hand upon the latch. He hears a voice within, — a voice that is music to his ears, — soft and low. It is the hour of evening prayer :

“ God bless my absent boy ! ”

Not till we have traveled well along life's journey do we discover where the great turning-points of our lives have been. The weary youth, burning with fever, did not know then that the past was all behind him, — that a far different future was before him, and that his foot was upon its threshold.

It was the dividing-line — the supreme moment between what he had been and what he was to be ; and the crowning glory, which hung over him like a heavenly Shekinah, was a mother's love, which, morning and evening, went up to heaven for a blessing on her boy !

Through the autumn months he tossed and tumbled on his bed, shaking with ague, too languid from the effects of the malaria to undertake any labor, taking mercury prescribed by the local physician till salivation set in. It was the medical treatment of the period.

How hard to lie there helpless upon his bed when the great world was opening before him ! He was

thinking the while, not perhaps of the canal, but of the lake or the sea. The imagination which had led him to become a boatman was still portraying the pleasure of a life upon the ocean. The influence of "Jack Halyard" was still upon him, and though a third of a century has passed since James A. Garfield read the fascinating story, its influence has not wholly faded out. Even in mature life he experiences no pleasure like that which thrills him when upon the deck of a steamship in mid-ocean. Not long since he gave utterance to the following words: "The sight of a ship fills me with a strange fascination. . . When upon the water, when my fellow-men are suffering sea-sickness, I am as tranquil as when walking the land in serenest weather."

Helpless in body but strong in purpose, he passed the hours of the closing year. He did not then comprehend how the mother's gentle hand, how her sweet voice was leading him in another direction. There was never a reproach uttered in regard to his experience upon the canal, but these were the words that fell from her lips:

"Working on the canal, or going as a sailor upon the lake, will only give you employment for half the year, and you will not be able to get much to do in the winter. Would it not be much better for you to go to school and fit yourself to be a teacher? Then you will have a chance to earn money in the winter."

We are not to think of this youth, who has come from his summer's work on the tow-path, as having made no progress in intellectual culture. On the contrary, he has made the most of his opportunities, and

has worried more than one teacher in the district school with his questions, answers, and problems.

He has some keen-witted cousins by the name of Boynton, who also have put teachers to their trump. They have formed an intellectual circle, and have been studying the meaning of words. "We mastered Webster's Spelling-book," said General Garfield to the writer.

The boy of sixteen, who has mastered even so small a volume as the Spelling-book of Noah Webster, has a good and solid foundation for future intellectual culture. The juvenile circle not only spelled the words, but hunted out their meaning. From definitions they went on to construct sentences, employing the words that would be most forcible. It was self-culture which has been of infinite value to General Garfield through life. It is manifest in all his writings, his speeches, and especially in his military despatches. The best word seems to be ever at hand.

Winter came. The district school began. The teacher was a young, enthusiastic man, — Samuel D. Bates, — who had attended the "Geauga Seminary," as the academy in the neighboring town of Chester was called. The young schoolmaster was deeply religious, and afterward became a devoted minister.

No balances have yet been constructed to measure the power of moral forces. An influence for good once started goes on forever. Little did that young schoolmaster know, when he brought the influence of his sublime enthusiasm for education, for religion, for everything that is good, pure, high and holy, upon that

boy of seventeen, of what would come of it. The world does not yet know. The seed then sown is only now putting forth its flower. All mankind may yet breathe its fragrance. That winter school was the dividing-line between James A. Garfield's past and his eventful future.

How wide apart the influences of that winter from those of the preceding summer! The quiet of the school-room, the Scripture lesson, the morning prayer, the enthusiasm of the young teacher, the coming in of new thoughts, new aspirations and desires, — the little glimpses of the great ocean of truth, — the first inhaling of the fragrance of that limitless sea, — the thoughts of a better life beyond the present, of God, of heaven, — this in contrast to life on the canal-boat!

That prayer of the mother was still haunting his memory. Conscience, Obligation, Duty, confronted him, pointing him toward the Right. The boy heard voices divine winning him to a better, nobler, purer life. With resolute purpose he turned his back upon all the past, resolving to follow the white-winged spirits wherever they might lead him.

"Go with me to the Seminary," said his teacher. How could he go? He had no money, no clothes except the suit of country jeans, worn threadbare at the knees. But the mother, whose resolute will had conquered greater difficulties in the past, was behind him, urging him on. She had prayed for him; she was ready to work for him. She had a little money, a friend had a little, — together amounting to eleven dol-

lars. They gave it cheerfully. It was the widow's mite, — all she had.

In March, 1849, the son, in company with a cousin and another schoolmate, with their packs on their backs containing their few books, tin dippers, knives and forks, a frying-pan and plates, bade farewell to friends, and trudged along the highway to Chester. They found an empty room in an old unpainted building near the school, which they hired for a pittance, unpacked their tin cups, plates, knives, forks, and frying-pan, bought potatoes and bacon, and began housekeeping, boarding themselves for a few cents a day.

Young Garfield's studies were English grammar, natural philosophy, arithmetic, and algebra. He had never seen an algebra but once, before purchasing the one which he used during the term.

The eleven dollars were dwindling ; so much had gone for books that the cash on hand for the table was getting low. How replenish it ? It was March ; too early for farm-work. Chester was a small place, but the two or three carpenters in the town were ever having odd jobs, and the boy who was feeling the tides of a new purpose bearing him on, was ready to do anything. He could push a plane. The days of planing-machines had not come, and the carpenters were ready to pay small pittances for the bone and muscle of the young student. Before breakfast, before the bell called him at nine in the morning, he was making the shavings fly in a neighboring shop. When four o'clock came in the afternoon, he rushed from the school-room to the bench. On Saturday he could

work from morning till night. While his muscle was driving the plane, his brain was intent on the value of x in an equation. When recitation came he was always fresh. The play-ground had its attractions. No boy ever pitched the quoits with keener zest than he ; but behind the plane was something for the frying-pan or another suit of clothes, and behind them was the hunger of the soul — the thirst for knowledge.

When the term closed, he had money enough to pay all his bills. The eleven dollars was all the money he ever received from others ; from that day on he paid his own way.

During the summer vacation he worked as carpenter or farmer in the haying or harvest field. With a schoolmate he called one day upon a farmer, who employed a large number of men. "Do you want some help?" they asked. The farmer looked at the striplings as if doubtful of their ability to do much.

"Can you mow?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much wages do you want?"

"Just what you think is right."

"Very well, you may go to work."

Was there ever a boy that swung a scythe, that did not feel that he was a man? that he could do a man's work? James Garfield and his companion determined not only to be men in the haying field, but to surpass the other laborers in the amount and quality of their work. It required muscle, a wide reaching out of their arms — but they did it.

"See here, you lubbers," said the old farmer, ad-

dressing the other hands; "those boys are beating you all hollow. Their swathes are wider, and they mow better than you do. Aren't you ashamed of yourselves?"

Not unnaturally, the boys were fond of the farmer's praise, and remembered it. Settling-day came.

"Well, boys, how much must I pay?"

"What you think is right," they replied.

"Well, I don't know. You see you are only boys — of course you can't expect men's wages."

"But have you not told the men that we mowed wider swathes, and did our work better than they? You have held us up as an example. True, we are boys, but if we have done the work of men, are we not entitled to men's pay?"

The farmer could not eat his own words. He had used the boys to shame the men, and so paid them full wages.

Back to the Academy went the boy, cooking his bacon in the frying-pan, working morning and night and Saturdays, yet making such intellectual progress, that when the fall term closed, he was deemed qualified to teach school. He found one near by.

The morning came on which he was to begin. He was not the only teacher who has looked with foreboding upon the future, when about to begin a first school.

"I dare say you will see me home before ten o'clock," he said to his mother as he started for school. Ten o'clock came, but he did not come. He was getting interested in his school, and the school in him. He was entering upon a new career, feeling the stimulus

that comes from the putting forth of intellectual powers. It was no longer mule-driving, but training the human intellect. He experienced an enthusiasm all unknown before, and at once became a popular teacher.

He was eighteen years old. Twelve months before he was on the tow-path, with grand imaginings of a life on the sea ; but now he was sailing on a wider ocean than the Atlantic or Pacific, the great ocean on whose shore Isaac Newton, with all his attainments, said that he had picked only a few pebbles. The new life opened wide before him. The vision was so entrancing that he determined to strike out boldly and with a definite purpose, — the obtaining of a collegiate education.

"It is a great point gained," he afterwards wrote, "when a young man makes up his mind to devote himself to the accomplishment of a definite work."

Through the summer vacation of 1850 he worked as carpenter. He had got beyond the plane, and was using the square and scratch-awl — setting other men to work. When the work was done for the day, he took up his Latin grammar.

By the spring of 1851 he emancipated himself from the frying-pan and became a boarder in a family, paying for food and clothes and washing, \$1.06 per week.

The next winter he taught school again ; studying hard the while, with his eye fixed on his definite purpose. He was taking a long look ahead. He could see something worth having far away, and bent all his energies to make it his own.

VI.

STUDENT AT HIRAM.

THE settlers of north-eastern Ohio were, as a whole, a remarkable body of men. Many of them were deeply religious, and emigrated from the eastern States, not merely to improve their worldly condition, but to aid in establishing society on solid foundations. They were animated by a sentiment like that which brought John Winthrop and his associates to America. The glory of God was behind the movement; the planting of religious institutions in the wilderness; the doing of something to make the Republic of the future, christian. It was a grand missionary ideal. The sentiment was stimulated by the various missionary societies organized from 1816 and at later dates.

The years 1830-31 were remarkable not only for the beginning of the great temperance reformation and the agitation of the anti-slavery question, but for a great revival of religious convictions, and nowhere was the awakening deeper than in the towns of the Western Reserve in Ohio.

It was a period of religious inquiry. Old theologies and old creeds were questioned. Earnest, warm-

hearted men were no longer satisfied with antiquated ecclesiastical ideas of belief or of church polity.

This spirit of inquiry, as has already been stated, resulted in the formation of a new religious organization, the members of which called themselves Disciples. Their creed was very brief. It included : —

1. A belief in God the Father.
2. That Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God, the only Saviour.
3. That Christ is a Divine Being.
4. That the Holy Spirit is the Divine agent in the conversion of sinners, and in guidance and direction.
5. That the Old and New Testament Scriptures are inspired of God.
6. That there is future punishment for the wicked, and reward for the righteous.
7. That God hears and answers prayer.
8. That the Bible is the only creed.

Abram and Eliza Garfield were members of the Disciples' Church. Their son, during his attendance at Geauga Seminary, also became an active member, taking part in the prayer-meetings, and honoring his profession by an exemplary life.

To those earnest settlers of the Western Reserve, life was more than meat, and the body than raiment. They were anxious for the welfare of their children. They wished them to have a good education. The grand idea not only dotted the country with common-schoolhouses, but with academies, institutes, seminaries, colleges, and "universities," — schools with

high-sounding names, but slenderly endowed, and with a limited curriculum.

One of the institutions thus established was the Eclectic Institute at Hiram, Portage County, about eighteen miles south-east of Orange. Its course of study was in advance of that at Chester, and in the spring of 1851, with the "definite purpose" strictly in view, James A. Garfield made his appearance, bundle in hand, at Hiram.

The board of trustees of the Eclectic Institute were in session.

"Gentlemen," said the janitor, putting his head into the room, "there is a young man at the door who wishes to see you."

"Who is he?" "What does he want?"

"He wants to see you."

"Show him in."

The young man, twenty years of age, entered.

"Gentlemen, my mother is a widow, with very little money. I want to obtain an education, and would like the privilege of making the fires and sweeping the floors of the building to pay part of my expenses."

"How do you know, young man, that the work will be done to suit us?" asked one of the members.

"Try me two weeks, and if it is not done to your satisfaction, I will retire."

"Gentlemen, I think we had better try him," said Frederick Williams, one of the board; and he was duly installed master of the broom and dust-brush.

In the march of life, not one alone, but many of our comrades lend us helping hands. They help us by

manly acts in our hours of need ; when we are just ready to halt through weariness, a word of encouragement stimulates us to a new effort. No one marches by himself alone. They who have had a struggle with adverse circumstances, and conquered them, can look over the battlefield and see how, just at the right time, friends unsolicited, and out of the kindness of their natures, gave them needed assistance. Possibly at the time they did not know that they were receiving help, and only came to a sense of it in after years.

We have already seen how the young schoolmaster gave a helping hand to James A. Garfield when he most needed it, by his enthusiasm and counsel, supplementing that of the mother, turning him from the canal to the college.

We see him now at Hiram, with a definite purpose, bending all his energies to attain it. Among the students is a lady, nine years older than himself, Almeda A. Booth, who is to be, as it were, a white-winged spirit to lead him on.

"I am, perhaps, more indebted to her than to any other person," said General Garfield to the writer.

With this estimation of her character and service, this sketch would be incomplete, without some notice of Miss Booth.

Her parents were of sturdy New England stock ; her father from Connecticut, her mother from Massachusetts. Both were swept westward in childhood by the great tide of emigration which settled western Ohio.

"Her father," says General Garfield, "was a man of

more than ordinary powers of mind ; gentle, affectionate, impressible, and deeply religious. His early intellectual training did not go beyond the rudiments taught in the common schools of Connecticut. But he was an inveterate reader of books, and the armful of choice volumes that lay on the shelves of his little library was, probably, a greater number than could have been found in one house out of every thousand on the Reserve. He adopted a profession which rendered the acquirement of wealth well-nigh impossible. He entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was assigned to a circuit of nearly a thousand miles.

“Soon after entering the ministry, he sent eleven silver dollars to England to purchase a Greek lexicon ; and he so far mastered the language as to read the Greek Testament with ease. He used to say that in the early days of his ministry, he and a Mr. Charles Elliott were the only Methodist preachers west of the Alleghanies who were able to read Greek.”

This was about 1820. It presents in brief the culture of the people of Ohio at that period. Mr. Booth married Dorcas Taylor, 1819. Their only child, who was to be of such service to the young man at Hiram, was born August 15, 1823.

“When she was twelve years of age,” says General Garfield, “she used to puzzle her teachers with questions, and distress them by correcting their mistakes. One of these, a male teacher, who was too proud to acknowledge the corrections of a child, called upon the most learned man in the town for help and advice in

regard to a point of dispute between them. He was told that he was in error, and that he must acknowledge his mistake. The teacher was manly enough to follow this wise advice, and thereafter made this little girl his friend and helper. It was like her to help him quietly and without boasting. During her whole life, none of her friends ever heard an intimation from her that she had ever achieved an intellectual triumph over anybody in the world."

This incident reveals the character of Miss Booth. When she was twelve, she was reading Rollin's Ancient History, and Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. She began as a teacher in a log schoolhouse when she was seventeen. Till she was twenty-four years of age, her life was devoted to home duties, study, and teaching.

An engagement of marriage with a young man of great promise was terminated by his sudden death. With the shadow of a great sorrow upon her, the first period of her life closed; but a Christian faith sustained her, and by slow degrees her grief gave place to a desire for a larger culture.

The Eclectic Institute was founded in 1849, and in the spring of 1851 she accepted the position of teacher in the English department, carrying on at the same time her studies in the classics.

James A. Garfield became a student in the fall of that year. He says:

"I saw a class of three reciting in Mathematics — geometry, I think. I had never seen a geometry, and I regarded teacher and class with reverential awe."

The first was William B. Hazen, during the Rebellion a major-general, serving with distinction through the war, and now on the Indian frontier. The second was George A. Baker, at present a prominent business-man in Cleveland ; the third, Miss Booth.

General Garfield contrasts her with Margaret Fuller. The two were alike in intellectual force. He says :

“ Highly as I appreciate the character of Margaret Fuller, greatly as I admire her remarkable abilities, I do not hesitate to say that in no four years of her life did her achievements, brilliant as they were, equal the work accomplished by Miss Booth during the four years that followed her coming to Hiram.”

Miss Booth had the general charge of the ladies' department, besides teaching several classes. Her duties were arduous. One would have supposed that she would have little physical or mental strength for other work, but she saw that so long as she taught only English studies her pupils would soon be beyond her immediate influence. She must herself have a higher scholarship, and began classical studies, keeping in advance of her own pupils and abreast with the foremost students of the Institution. This brings us to the time when she began to be a help to the young student who had come from Geauga to obtain a wider culture. They studied together and recited together.

“ Our studies,” says General Garfield, “ were the same.” At that time the text-books were kept for sale by the librarian, and from his memoranda we can see how they got on in the classics.

“ January, 1852. Latin grammar and Cæsar.

March, 1852. Greek grammar.

April, 1852. French grammar.

August, 1852. German grammar and reader.

November, 1852. Zenophon's Memorabilia and Greek Testament.

November, 1853. Homer's Iliad.

August, 1853. Sophocles and Herodotus."

Near the close of the term 1852, James A. Garfield also began to teach in the Institute, and could only keep up his studies outside class-hours. "I was," he says, "far behind Miss Booth in mathematics and the physical sciences; but we were nearly at the same place in Greek and Latin."

During the summer vacation of 1853, twelve of the advanced students — James A. Garfield and Miss Booth among them — formed a literary society, and gave themselves to study, reciting to one of the professors whom they engaged. They read during those four weeks the Pastorals of Virgil, the first six books of the Iliad, accompanied by a thorough drill in the Latin and Greek grammars at each recitation.

During the fall term of 1853, Miss Booth and General Garfield read about one hundred pages of Herodotus, and the same amount of Livy. Two evenings of each week they met two of the professors to make a joint translation of the book of Romans. In General Garfield's diary is this entry:

"1853 — December 15. Translation Society sat three hours at Miss Booth's room and agreed upon the translation of nine verses." It was not rapid, but thorough work.

“The few spare hours,” says General Garfield, “which school-work left us, were devoted to such pursuits as each preferred, but much study was done in common. I can name twenty or thirty books, which will be doubly precious to me because they were read and discussed in company with her. I can still read between the lines, the memories of her first impressions of the page, and her judgment of its merits. She was always ready to aid any friend with her best efforts.”

They were two congenial spirits, animated by the same ideal, both with definite objects in view; hers the wider experience — the wisdom of maturer years; the hallowed influence of a woman who is living to make the world better, to lift the human soul to a higher plane of civilization and Christian culture. The influence for good of such a woman is incalculable.

“It is quite probable,” says General Garfield, “that John Stuart Mill has exaggerated the extent to which his own mind and works were influenced by Harriet Mills. I should reject his opinion on that subject as a delusion, did I not know from my own experience, as well as that of hundreds of Hiram students, how great a power Miss Booth exercised over the culture and opinions of her friends.”

Miss Booth died in 1875. General Garfield gave an address *in memoriam* of her at Hiram the following year, in which he tenderly and affectionately acknowledges his great indebtedness to her. To him she was ever an angel of light. How great her transforming powers! He had been three years at Chester, two at Hiram; how far behind him were those months upon

the canal! How vast the sea on which he was spreading his sail!

There was no let-up in the struggle, but rather increased activity. He pushed the plane and worked as carpenter, shingled houses,—doing anything in that line that he could turn his hand to. Many of the houses in the village of Hiram were covered with boards, which were planed and nailed upon the joists by this student, with a great purpose in view. When he was making the shavings fly in the early morning before breakfast, he was going over his lessons for the day. When making the welkin ring with his pounding, he was at the same time hammering away at Cicero or Sallust. On Saturdays he could use his muscles all day and earn nearly enough to carry him through the next week. Yet somehow he found time to play, and there was not a young man in the Institute who was his superior at pitching quoits, or at other games requiring skill and the exercise of judgment. He wanted everybody to take part in the games and enjoy the fun. As he took up the bat one day for a game of ball, he chanced to see some small boys in a corner looking wistfully on. The principals had chosen sides, and left the little ones out.

“Are not those boys in the game?” he asked.

“What! those little chaps? Of course not; they would spoil the game.”

“But they want to play just as much as we do. Let them come in!”

“No! We don’t want the game spoiled. They can’t play!”

“Neither shall I, if they cannot.”

He threw the bat on the ground. His decision was made instantly.

Of course the game would not be quite so sharp with those inexperienced little fellows in it; but what was the game for? Was it not for all to have a good time? His kind heart and democratic instinct took in everybody, and he carried the day. The play could not well go on without him. The little boys came in, and everybody had part in the fun.

The Eclectic Institute, though without endowment, was a good preparatory school. Its character is best portrayed by General Garfield himself, in a speech made within its walls on the 11th of June last, at an annual reunion of the alumni. He spoke of its founders:

“They were pioneers to this Western Reserve. They were all men of energy, great force of character, and nearly all of them men of small means; but they planted this institution. In 1850 it was a green field, with a solid, plain brick building in the center of it, and almost all the rest has been done by the institution itself. This is the second chapter. Without a dollar of endowment, without a powerful friend anywhere, but with a corps of teachers who were told to go on the ground and see what they could make out of it, and to find their pay out of the tuitions that should be received, who invited students of their own spirit to come here on the ground and find out by trial what they could make out of it, and the response has been their

chapter of work, and the chief part of the response I see in the faces gathered before me to-day. It was a simple question, of sinking or swimming. I know that we are all inclined to be a little clannish for our own, — perhaps we have a right to be, — but I do not know of any place, I do not know of any institution that has accomplished more with so little means than this school on Hiram hill.

“I know of no place where the doctrine of self-help has had a fuller development, by necessity as well as by favor, as here on this hill. The doctrine of the survival of the fittest found its place amongst these men and women gathered here. As I said a great many years ago about them—the theory of Hiram was to throw its young men and women overboard and let them try it for themselves, and all that were fit to get ashore got there, and I think we had few cases of drowning anywhere. Now, when I look over these faces, and I mark the several geologic ages, and note the curious fact why the geological analogy does not hold, I find no fossils — no fossils at all. Some are dead and glorified in our memories, but those who are alive are *ALIVE*, — I think all. The teachers and the students of this school built it up in every sense; they made the corn-field into that handsome campus. These evergreens you see across the road they planted. I well remember the day they turned out and went into the *woods* to find beautiful maples, and brought them in; when they purchased those evergreens; when each young man for himself, and perhaps a second for some young lady that he loved, planted one or two trees on the campus, and

named them after himself. There are many here with moist eyes to-day that can point out the tree that Bolar planted. Bolar was shot through the heart at Winchester battle. Many of you can point out trees — big trees now — called after you many years ago. I believe, outside of the physical features of the place, that there was a stronger pressure of work to the square inch in the boilers that ran this establishment than any other I know of. Young men and women, rough, crude, untutored farmer boys and farmer girls, came here to try themselves and find what manner of people they were. They came here to go on a voyage of discovery to discover themselves. In many cases I hope the discovery was fortunate in all that was worthy of trying, and the friendships that were formed out of that struggle have followed this group of people longer and farther than almost any I have ever known in life. They are scattered all over the United States, in every field of activity, and if I had the time to name them the sun would go down before I had finished."

James A. Garfield remained at Hiram till the summer of 1854, teaching in winter, working as carpenter, in the haying or harvest field, in summer and autumn, keeping up with his studies.

"Before he left the Institute," says Whitelaw Reid, in "Ohio in the War," "he was the best Latin and Greek scholar that school ever saw."

VII.

STUDENT AT WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

HOW strangely little things give direction to the affairs of life! Insignificant events are not unfrequently followed by momentous results. One school of philosophy regards the unfolding of events as only a series of coincidences; but there is another school which recognizes an overruling Providence, working by law, as giving direction to human affairs. Very wonderfully some things come to pass in this world of ours. The hand of Ursula Cotta beckoning to the poor, shivering boy, Martin Luther, on a cold winter morning, and her motherly voice calling him to a place by her kitchen fire and to a warm breakfast, are inseparable from his life: they are a part of the Reformation. How happened it that behind the passion of Henry VIII. for Anne Boleyn, should be the separation of England from the Church of Rome and all the mighty results to civilization and Christianity that came from that event?

What is true of nations is true of individuals. There are turning-points in life — places where we take new departures. It was a turning-point in James A. Garfield's life when he stood upon the threshold of his

humble home in the evening gloaming, and felt the hot tears upon his cheeks while listening to the voice of his mother pleading with God to bless her absent boy. The turning at that hour was to the right about and the starting on a new path. It was a new impulse, or a quickening of his steps along the same road, when he started with his tin dipper, plate, frying-pan, algebra, and arithmetic for the academy at Chester. It was the stepping into a wider field when he became a student at the Eclectic Institute. He had prepared for college. What college should he enter?

"You will go to Bethany, of course," said his friends.

"Why Bethany?" he asked.

"It is the Disciples' College."

That was the narrow view; but the young man of twenty-one was looking beyond sect. There are men who complacently regard the place where they live as the center of the world. The young man who had spent two years at Hiram, saw that, excellent as the institution at Bethany was supposed to be, there were other colleges more generously endowed and able to give a wider culture.

A book fresh from the press came to his hands one day. He had read many books. "Jack Halyard" had fascinated him once, and out of that fascination came his experience on the canal. This book which now came to his hands was a book of philosophy, as charming in its way as that with yellow cover years before. Its author was one of America's great thinkers, Mark Hopkins, President of Williams College, Mass., who was getting at the bottom of things,

by making inquiries into their why and wherefore. After the "Jack Halyard" of his boyhood, no other book, aside from the Bible, ever made so deep and abiding an impression on James A. Garfield as this work on moral philosophy, by President Hopkins. It set him to thinking and guided his thoughts in a new direction. It was another turning-point in life.

The outcome of his thinking was the writing of a letter to President Hopkins, another to the President of Brown University of Providence, and a third to the President of Yale, stating his attainments, his pecuniary position, and making inquiries as to the probable time of his graduation. He received replies from each, and decided to connect himself with the institution that had for its president the man whose philosophical lectures had so deeply impressed him. In a letter written at the time, Mr. Garfield states his reasons for making this decision.

"There are three reasons why I have decided not to go to Bethany: First, the course of study is not so extensive as that in Eastern colleges; second, Bethany leans too heavily toward slavery; third, I am the son of Disciple parents, am one myself, and have had but little acquaintance with people of other views; and having always lived in the West, I think it will make me more liberal, both in my religion and general views and sentiments, to go into a new circle where I shall be under new influences.

"These considerations lead me to conclude to go to some New England college. I therefore wrote to the Presidents of Brown University, Yale, and Williams,

setting forth the amount of study I had done, and asking them how long it would take me to finish the course. The answers are now before me. All tell me I can graduate in two years. They are all brief business notes, but President Hopkins concluded with this sentence: 'If you come here, we shall be glad to do what we can for you.'

"Other things being so nearly equal, this sentence, which seems to be a kind of friendly grasp of the hand, has settled the question for me. I shall start for Williams next week."

Having decided to go to Williams, the next question was one of ways and means. The college would be more expensive than the institute had been. He could not expect to rely upon bell-ringing, sweeping and dusting, or the plane or square, for subsistence. He could do something in winter at teaching, but if he was going through college he must mortgage the future. He must rely on credit. He had brains, muscles, and vigorous health, and confidence in himself. His uncle had confidence in him and loaned him money. James A. Garfield was not the man to take it without giving some security; he would give all he had, his life if need be. He insured his life, and had the policy made out in his uncle's favor without any desire or suggestion of such a procedure from the uncle. If he were to die, the uncle would be paid; if he got through college, he would also be paid in time.

He entered Williams in 1854, tall, gaunt, wearing ill-fitting clothes. He did not come as a Freshman, but entered upon the Junior course. There was some-

thing about him that commanded the respect of his fellow-students at the outset. He had convictions of his own, and maintained them fearlessly. He took high rank in his class, was foremost in the games for recreation. He took high rank as a debater. He sometimes wrote poetry. The following, from his pen, was printed in the *Williams Quarterly*, 1854.

AUTUMN.

Old Autumn, thou art here! Upon the earth
And in the heavens the signs of death are hung;
For o'er the earth's brown breast stalks pale decay,
And 'mong the lowering clouds the wild winds wail,
And sighing sadly, shout the solemn dirge
O'er Summer's fairest flowers, all faded now.
The winter god, descending from the skies,
Has reached the mountain tops, and decked their brows
With glittering frosty crowns, and breathed his breath
Among the trumpet pines, that herald forth
His coming.

Before the driving blast
The mountain oak bows down his hoary head,
And flings his withered locks to the rough gales
That fiercely roar among his branches bare,
Uplifted to the dark, unpitying heavens.
The skies have put their mourning garments on,
And hung their funeral drapery on the clouds.
Dead nature soon will wear her shroud of snow,
And lie entombed in Winter's icy grave.

Thus passes life. As heavy age comes on,
The joys of youth — bright beauties of the Spring —
Grow dim and faded. and the long dark night
Of death's chill winter comes. But as the Spring
Rebuilds the ruined wrecks of Winter's waste,
And cheers the gloomy earth with joyous light
So o'er the tomb the star of hope shall rise
And usher in an ever-during day.

While General Garfield was in college the anti-slavery excitement was running high, and was greatly intensified by the speeches of Charles Sumner in Congress, and the attack upon him by Preston Brooks, member of Congress from South Carolina, beating him over the head with a cane till he was senseless. Indignation meetings were held throughout the North. One was held in Williamstown, at which James A. Garfield made a speech, which made a deep impression on the audience for its earnest reasoning, eloquence, and force.

During the winter he taught school at Pownal, Vermont. A tailor, at Troy, furnished him with a ten-dollar suit of clothes on credit, a debt which the student cancelled from his first earnings.

He graduated in 1856, giving, on commencement day, the "Metaphysical" oration. He had accomplished his "definite purpose," but he was five hundred dollars in debt.

All through the years, since the deliberate formation of that purpose, he had struggled on, never swerving from his plan.

Professor Chadbourne, now President of Williams College, was exercising his duties as professor during Mr. Garfield's connection with the college. He thus speaks of him :

"One day a tall, staid fellow, with a modest bearing, visited the college and announced his intention of attending. He entered the college and went through the college course. When the time for graduation arrived he was invited to and did deliver the meta-

physical oration, which is an honor. It is an honor conferred upon a student to be invited to deliver the metaphysical oration, as it shows the improvement he has made, and the opinion of the teachers with regard to his powers of analysis. And just here let me say that the same characteristic marked him all the way through. He was a clear, thorough logician, as it has been said. He went out from college bearing with him the good will of all those men left upon the ground.

"The college life of General Garfield was so perfect, so rounded, so pure, so in accordance with what it ought to be in all respects, that I can add nothing to it by eulogizing him. It was a noble college life; there are no stories to be told of General Garfield as a college student. On the contrary, everything about him was high and noble and manly. The man in college gave promise of what the man is to-day. And so, when some charges were made against him some years ago, I wrote to General Garfield, and have said in speeches since that time, that when a young man goes through a college course without exhibiting a mean or dishonest trait, and then goes out and lives so as to impress upon other men the idea that he has been true at all times and in all places, it will take a great deal of proof to convince me that that man has forsaken the path he trod so long. And I have seen nothing to shake my confidence in General Garfield from the day he entered college until to-day, as he stands up before the people as candidate for President of the United States. He commenced life aright, and he has lived aright all the way through."

VIII.

PRESIDENT OF HIRAM COLLEGE.

THE "definite object," the grand ideal which James A. Garfield had in mind for eight years, was to be a teacher. It was a star in the east that had led him on.

"You will confer," said Epictetus of old, "the greatest benefit on your city, not by raising roofs, but by exalting the souls of your fellow-citizens."

This young man had raised roofs upon the dwellings of his fellow-citizens ; but now he was to be an exalter of souls.

He had been doing it in the public schools, and now he was to enter upon a wider career. He had left such an impress at Hiram while a student, had attained such wealth of knowledge at Williams, together with an ever-increasing enthusiasm, that he was at once employed as teacher of the ancient languages, and soon after was elected President of Hiram Institute.

He was twenty-five years of age. In eight years he had advanced from the tow-path on the canal to the position of director of an institution whose annual catalogue showed from four to five hundred pupils in attendance

A letter to an acquaintance who was fighting the battle of life under discouraging circumstances was written at this time, and is worthy of insertion in this biography, as showing his wise counsel.

“BROTHER MINE: It is not a question to be discussed in the spirit of debate, but to be thought over and prayed over as a question ‘out of which are the issues of life.’ You will agree with me that every one must decide and direct his own course in life, and the only service friends can afford is to give us the data from which we must draw our own conclusion and decide our course. Allow me, then, to sit beside you and look over the field of life and see what are its aspects. I am not one of those who advise every one to undertake the work of a liberal education; indeed, I believe that in two-thirds of the cases such advice would be unwise. The great body of the people will be, and ought to be, (intelligent) farmers and mechanics, and in many respects these pass the most independent and happy lives. But God has endowed some of his children with desires and capabilities for a more extended field of labor and influence, and so every life should be shaped according to ‘what the man hath.’ Now, in reference to yourself, *I know* you have capabilities for occupying positions of high and important trust in the scenes of active life; and I am sure you will not call it flattery in me, nor egotism in yourself, to say so. Tell me, do you not feel a spirit stirring within you that longs to *know, to do, and to dare* to hold converse with the great world of thought, and hold before you

some high and noble object to which the vigor of your mind and the strength of your arm may be given? Do you not have longings like these, which you breathe to no one, and which you feel must be heeded, or you will pass through life unsatisfied and regretful? I am sure you have them, and they will forever cling round your heart till you obey their mandate. They are the voice of that nature which God has given you, and which, when obeyed, will bless you and your fellow-men. Now all this might be true, and yet it might be your duty not to follow that course. If your duty to your father or your mother demands that you take another, I shall rejoice to see you taking that other course. The path of duty is where we all ought to walk, be that where it may. But I sincerely hope you will not, without an earnest struggle, give up a course of liberal study. Suppose you could not begin your study again till after your majority. It will not be too late then, but you will gain in many respects; you will have more maturity of mind to appreciate whatever you may study. You may say you will be too old to begin the course, but how could you better spend the earlier days of life? We should not measure life by the days and moments that we pass on earth.

“ ‘The life is measured by the soul’s advance;
The enlargement of its powers; the expanded field
Wherein it ranges, till it burns and glows
With heavenly joy, with high and heavenly hope.’

“ It need be no discouragement that you be obliged to hew your own way, and pay your own charges. You

can go to school two terms every year, and pay your own way. I know this, for I did so when teacher's wages were much lower than they are now. It is a great truth that 'where there is a will there is a way.' It may be that by and by your father could assist you. It may be that even now he could let you commence on your resources so that you could begin immediately. Of this you know and I do not. I need not tell you how glad I should be to assist you in your work, but if you cannot come to Hiram while I am here I shall still hope to hear that you are determined to go on as soon as the time will permit."

His success as an instructor was marked. The Institute was overrun with pupils. One of his students, Rev. J. L. Darsie, of Danbury, Conn., thus writes of his methods and ways :

"I recall vividly his method of teaching. He took very kindly to me, and assisted me in various ways, because I was poor and was janitor of the buildings, and swept them out in the morning and built the fires, as he had done only six years before, when he was a pupil at the same school. He was full of animal spirits, and he used to run out on the green almost every day and play cricket with us. He was a tall, strong man, but dreadfully awkward. Every now and then he would get a hit on the nose, and he muffed his ball and lost his hat as a regular thing. He was left-handed, too, and that made him seem all the clumsier. But he was most powerful and very quick, and it was easy for us to understand how it was that he had acquired the repu-

tation of whipping all the other mule-drivers on the canal, and of making himself the hero of that thoroughfare when he followed its tow-path ten years earlier.

“No matter how old the pupils were, Garfield always called us by our first names, and kept himself on the most familiar terms with all. He played with us freely, scuffled with us sometimes, walked with us in walking to and fro, and we treated him out of the class-room just about as we did one another. Yet he was a most strict disciplinarian, and enforced the rules like a martinet. He combined an affectionate and confiding manner with respect for order in a most successful manner. If he wanted to speak to a pupil, either for reproof or approbation, he would generally manage to get one arm around him and draw him close up to him. He had a peculiar way of shaking hands, too, giving a twist to your arm and drawing you right up to him. This sympathetic manner has helped him to advancement. When I was janitor he used sometimes to stop me and ask my opinion about this and that, as if seriously advising with me. I can see now that my opinion could not have been of any value, and that he probably asked me partly to increase my self-respect, and partly to show me that he felt an interest in me. I certainly was his friend all the firmer for it.

“I remember once asking him what was the best way to pursue a certain study, and he said: ‘Use several text-books. Get the views of different authors as you advance. In that way you can plow a broader furrow. I always study in that way.’ He tried hard to teach us to observe carefully and accurately. He

broke out one day in the midst of a lesson with, 'Henry, how many posts are there under the building down-stairs?' Henry expressed his opinion, and the question went around the class, hardly one getting it right. Then it was: 'How many boot-scrapers are there at the door?' 'How many windows in the building?' 'How many trees in the field?' 'What were the colors of different rooms, and the peculiarities of any familiar objects?' He was the keenest observer I ever saw. I think he noticed and numbered every button on our coats. A friend of mine was walking with him through Cleveland one day, when Garfield stopped and darted down a cellar-way, asking his companion to follow, and briefly pausing to explain himself. The sign, 'Saws and Files,' was over the door, and in the depths was heard a regular clicking sound. 'I think this fellow is cutting files,' said he, 'and I have never seen a file cut.' Down they went, and sure enough, there was a man recutting an old file, and they stayed there ten minutes and found out all about the process. Garfield would never go by anything without understanding it.

"Mr. Garfield was very fond of lecturing to the school. He spoke two or three times a week on all manner of topics, generally scientific, though sometimes literary or historical. He spoke with great freedom, never writing out what he had to say; and I now think that his lectures were a rapid compilation of his current reading, and that he threw it into this form partly for the purpose of impressing it on his own mind. His facility of speech was learned when he was a pupil there. The societies had a rule that every student

should take his stand on the platform and speak for five minutes on any topic suggested at the moment by the audience. It was a very trying ordeal. Garfield broke down badly the two first times he tried to speak, but persisted, and was at last, when he went to Williams, one of the best of the five-minute speakers. When he returned as Principal, his readiness was striking and remarkable.

“At the time I was at school at Hiram, Principal Garfield was a great reader, not omnivorous, but methodical and in certain lines. He was the most industrious man I ever knew or heard of. At one time he delivered lectures on geology, held public debates on spiritualism, preached on Sunday, conducted the recitations of five or six classes every day, attended to all the financial affairs of the school, was an active member of the legislature, and studied law to be admitted to the bar. He has often said that he never could have performed this labor if it had not been for the assistance of two gifted and earnest women, — Mrs. Garfield herself, his early schoolmate, who had followed her husband in his studies; and Miss Almeda A. Booth, a member of the Faculty. The latter was a graduate of Oberlin, and had been a teacher of young Garfield when he was a pupil, and now that he had returned as head of the Faculty, she continued to serve him in a sort of motherly way as tutor and guide. When Garfield had speeches to make in the legislature or on the stump, or lectures to deliver, these two ladies ransacked the library by day, and collected facts and marked books for his digestion and use in the preparation of the dis-

courses at night. Mr. Garfield always acknowledged his great obligation to Miss Almeda Booth, and at her death, recently, he delivered one of the most touching and eloquent addresses of his life."

From the beginning of his religious life, Mr. Garfield had taken part in prayer and conference meetings. The Disciple Church allows great liberty to laymen. Any one who is moved to preach may do so. While a teacher at Hiram, he began preaching. He was not ordained, but was simply a layman using whatever ability God had given him. He was as efficient in that line as when conducting the recitations of the classes. He had a wider culture than many of the preachers of the order of the Disciples, and those who listened to his sermons looked forward to the time when he would be a great light in the church. The influence of President Hopkins of Williams College was showing itself in his mental training. The ability to get at the bottom of things, the fertility of illustration, the easy flow of language, his wide reading and familiarity with the best authors, — gave him rare power as teacher and preacher.

He had started out to be a teacher, but was not content with that alone. The philosophy which he had learned at Williams based everything on law. There was a divine order in things. There must be order in everything. Law was at the foundation of government. Society could not exist without law. He determined to enter upon a course of law studies, not so much with the intention of becoming a lawyer as to acquaint himself with the principles of law. He

had no idea of abandoning his chosen profession to spend his energies in law practice, but the principles of law were needed to round his knowledge and increase his power.

While attending to his multifarious duties as teacher, giving lectures on a great variety of subjects, preaching on Sundays, he began, in 1857, the study of law. A gentleman who studied with him says :

“He had a wonderful power of synopsisizing. He could give a book from beginning to end. He had the faculty of picking out the kernel and rejecting the shell.”

He was in no lawyer's office — read under no attorney's tuition — but carried on his reading in connection with his other duties. He was admitted to practice, but he could not spend his time over the petty cases in the county court. What came of this preparation we shall see further on.

While he was attending school at Geauga Institute, boarding himself, cooking his meat in a frying-pan, wearing his blue jean pants, he made the acquaintance of a young girl — Lucretia Rudolph. There was this in common between them, they were both poor. The parents of the young lady were struggling to make both ends of the year meet, and denying themselves that their daughter might obtain an education. The acquaintance between the boy from the tow-path of the canal and the farmer's daughter ripened into friendship. The years went on. The boy came from Williams to Hiram to be installed as president of the institution in which the farmer's daughter was an

honored teacher. They both had struggled with adverse circumstances, — both had conquered.

Through the years they had corresponded — the woman sustaining him by her cheerful words, her sympathy and prayers — friendship ripened into tender affection. They had helped each other on ; they would be helpmeets for life, and were joined in wedlock.

Their struggles had been so great, their friendship so helpful, their love so tender, their lives so beautiful, that a friend, knowing the facts, made them the thread of a story which attained great popularity in northern Ohio.

IX.

HEART AND SOUL FOR LIBERTY.

I HAVE already said that at the time of Garfield's birth, the subject of slavery was beginning to occupy public attention. The week before he was born, — on November 13, 1831, — fifteen persons met at the office of Samuel E. Sewell, a young lawyer in Boston, to see if anything could be done toward arousing the attention of the public to the aggressions of slavery. They decided that if twelve persons could be found who would agree that slavery ought to be *instantly abolished*, an anti-slavery society should be formed, but upon an expression of opinion, only nine were ready to adopt that basis of action.

A week later, on December 16, another conference was held at Mr. Sewell's office. Other persons had been found who were ready to act on that basis. A committee was appointed to prepare a preamble and constitution, and on June 6, 1832, when James A. Garfield was seven weeks old, the New England Anti-Slavery Society was organized. Its first public meeting was held in Essex Street Church, Boston, January 29. In an address issued at that time, it was declared that

the whole American people ought to be an anti-slavery society ; that the spirit of civil and religious liberty, the Declaration of Independence, the spirit and letter of the Constitution, the spirit of the Gospel of Christ, imperiously demanded the immediate emancipation of the slave.

The organization of this society elicited responses from many sections of the North, especially from members of churches, who regarded it as a religious rather than a political work, which they had in hand. An anti-slavery society was formed in New York, and the "*Emancipator*" established, to aid the *Liberator* in arousing attention.

The appearance of the *Emancipator* created a profound sensation in New York, arousing resentment and hostility. Those who were engaged in the enterprise were denounced as fanatics, and much vile abuse was heaped upon them. There was great prejudice throughout the North to color. A negro was regarded as of another race — hardly human. The Abolitionists from the outset planted themselves on solid ground — that he was a man ; that he had inalienable rights.

Then came the period of riots, the disturbance of anti-slavery meetings by mobs, the breaking up of schools in which education was given to colored pupils, the imprisoning of Miss Prudence Crandall, of Canterbury, Connecticut, for teaching colored girls, the seizure of ministers by sheriffs while praying for the abolition of slavery, the mobbing of Garrison in Boston, the burning of Pennsylvania Hall in Philadelphia, the shooting of Rev. E. P. Lovejoy at Alton, in Illinois, and

other high-handed deeds by the enemies of the Abolitionists.

The spirit of slavery had permeated the nation. The churches of all denominations were pro-slavery and intensely prejudiced against the colored race. In the writer's native town a colored family moved into an unoccupied house. The parents sent their children to the district school. On the following Sunday evening, after a conference and prayer-meeting for the conversion of the world, the legal voters of the school district were asked to tarry a moment. The case was stated by the minister, that the colored children were attending school. A vote was taken, and it was then and there decided that they should not be allowed the privilege! The incident illustrates the universal attitude of the community at the time.

Northern Ohio, at an early period in the history of the anti-slavery struggle, took its stand on the side of liberty. The representative in Congress from the Ashtabula district was Joshua R. Giddings, elected in 1838, — an uncompromising opponent of slavery, a clear, logical thinker, of tremendous energy. He was bold and fearless, a man well calculated to arouse the enthusiasm of any liberty-loving community.

Like President Hopkins, Joshua R. Giddings has left the impress of his great personality on James A. Garfield, and this volume would be incomplete without a presentation of the circumstances.

Mr. Giddings began his attacks upon slavery from a political standpoint, as a legislator, in a speech delivered in Congress, February 9, 1841, when Garfield was

ten years of age. In 1838 the House of Representatives had passed resolutions prohibiting debate on the subject of slavery. This prohibition created much feeling throughout the North.

John Quincy Adams, Mr. Slade, Mr. Giddings, and a few other members of Congress who believed that in freedom of speech lay the safety of the country, deeply felt the tyranny of that prohibition. Their lips were sealed. But Mr. Giddings was not born to be a slave. He announced to Mr. Adams and Mr. Slade, in private, that he was going to speak on the subject of slavery. But how?

He found a way. The war against the Seminole Indians in Florida had been carried on for five years at a great cost of men and money. Officers and soldiers sank under the malaria. It was well known that the war had its origin in the attempt of slaveholders to catch slaves who had run away from their masters and joined the Indians.

The Seminoles had been conquered. Their chief, Osceola, relying upon the good faith of the United States officers, had come in from the everglades for a conference, and had been treacherously seized. It was a violation of good faith, mean and dastardly. The blood rushes to our face even now as we think of it. The chief's heart was broken; his people were humiliated, and surrendered. The question came as to what should be done with them. A bill had been introduced appropriating one hundred thousand dollars for their removal west of the Mississippi. It was upon this bill that Mr. Giddings made his first assault. He

first spoke of the erroneous impression of the public in regard to the value of the lands occupied by the Seminoles in Florida, and quoted General Jessup, who said that the lands would not pay for the medicine used by the troops while employed against the Indians. He was correct. Forty years have passed since then and the lands to-day are without value. Gradually he approached the subject of slavery.

"I hold," he said, "that if the slaves of Georgia or of any other State leave their masters to go among the Indians, the Federal government has no right, no constitutional power, to employ the army for their recapture, or to expend the national treasure to purchase them from the Indians. It is a matter solely between the masters and slaves."

"I call the gentleman to order for irrelevancy," shouted Warren of Georgia.

The Speaker said that Mr. Giddings was in order.

Mr. Giddings went on: "This interposition of the Federal power to sustain slavery is unwarranted by the Constitution. The war therefore is unconstitutional, unjust, and an outrage upon the rights of the people of the free States."

He was called to order again, but went on delivering a speech which created a great commotion north and south. It was read by the firesides of Ohio, especially throughout Mr. Giddings' district, arousing the people to the aggression of the South. After this beginning Mr. Giddings lost no opportunity to assail slavery, becoming more bold and aggressive. In his speech delivered in 1844, he said:

"Our motto is, *Hands off!* We will not be contaminated by slavery. We will purify ourselves from its corruptions, its crimes, and leave it where the Constitution left it, — confined strictly to the States where it exists."

"I wish to put a question to the gentleman," said Mr. Raynor of South Carolina.

"Certainly."

"Does the gentleman from Ohio believe the decalogue to be of Divine origin?"

"I do; but I would not if it sanctioned slavery."

"The tenth commandment says," responded Raynor, "'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's man-servant, nor his maid-servant.' What does the gentleman understand by that?"

"I have servants at home — *hired* servants, not *slaves*. I hope the gentleman does not covet them. God forbid that I should covet his slaves!"

Mr. Giddings' speeches on the celebrated Amistad case, on the annexation of Texas in 1845, on the occupation of Oregon in 1846, on the Wilmot proviso in 1847, were read everywhere. The people of his district were alive to the great question. The Ashtabula district was regarded as the hottest of all abolition hot-beds. In such an atmosphere Mr. Garfield grew to manhood and became a voter.

In 1852, when he cast his first vote, the country was agitated as never before on the passage of the fugitive slave law. It was such sentences as the following from the lips of Giddings that enlisted Garfield's heart and soul for liberty: —

“Mr. Chairman,” said Mr. Giddings, “for sixty years this construction of the Constitution has been acknowledged and observed. During that period no statesman advanced the revolting doctrine of subjecting the laboring men of the North to the disgrace of catching slaves. The history of our government shows this fact, and coming ages will read it. This law, which takes from the laboring men of the North a portion of their earnings to pay for catching and returning fugitive slaves, is a thousand times more repugnant to their feelings than was the Stamp Act, or the tax on tea. Under this law they are involved in supporting an institution which they detest ; compelled to contribute to the commission of crimes abhorrent to humanity. This oppression, this violation of conscience and of their constitutional rights, this tyranny they feel and deprecate. It is impossible that an intelligent, a patriotic people can long be subjected to such violations of their rights and the rights of humanity.

“The conscience of the nation cannot be long separated from its government. It will be in vain for navy-yard chaplains to deliver lectures and write essays to convince our people that it is their duty to uphold the slave-trade and the fugitive slave law. It will be in vain for ‘ministers of the lower law’ to preach up the duty of Christians to commit crimes against God and humanity, at the contemplation of which our very natures revolt. The voice of reason and of conscience will find utterance. The escape of Shadrach at Boston, the just and holy manifestation of the popular mind at Syracuse, the merited death of Garsuch at Christiana,

should teach the advocates of the fugitive slave law, and of the compromise, that the 'higher law' of our natures, dictated by God and imprinted upon the hearts of a Christian people, will eventually set these barbarous enactments at defiance. The shooting of slaves in the mountains of Pennsylvania, the inhuman murder of a fugitive in Indiana, as stated in the public papers, could not fail to be followed by the resistance to which I have referred.

"The slaves, as already stated, are to increase; the number of fugitives will of course increase more rapidly. Our railroads, steamboats, and the vast increase of intercommunication between our free and slave States cannot fail to carry knowledge and intelligence to the whole colored population, north and south. With them there must be hostility and hatred toward their oppressors, whether they be slaveholders or the allies of slavery. It is a law of the human mind. All honest men must unite in the acknowledgment of their rights. It is our duty to carry intelligence to every being who bears the image of our Creator. Thousands of agencies are at work bearing information to the oppressed and down-trodden of our land.

"By an inscrutable law which pervades the moral world, our very efforts to sustain slavery are converted into the means of its overthrow. The slave-trade in this district is upheld for the purpose of sustaining slavery in our Southern States. But where is the reflecting man who does not see that every slave sold from this city carries with him intelligence of his rights, and becomes a missionary of freedom when transferred

south? Why, sir, in that mournful procession of fifty-two victims of this infamous commerce, taken from this city in 1848, was an individual of unusual intellect. His name was Edmonson. He called on me at different times to aid him in raising money to redeem his sisters. They were, however, sold, and subsequently repurchased by some benevolent people at the East, and are now free. I am told that his whole family were endowed with intellects of the highest order. He was himself, so far as propriety of language, gentlemanly deportment, and intelligence are concerned, not the inferior of gentlemen here, or of the President of the United States. But he was a victim to this slave-trade; and unless he now sleeps in a servile grave, he is preparing the minds of Southern slaves for that work which lies before them, — a work which, if not accomplished by the voice of truth and justice, will be perfected in blood. That, too, is the case with every fugitive slave who is returned to bondage. The whole northern slave population are becoming intelligent. They read or hear read the discussions of our northern press. They learn what is said in this hall. The remarks I am now making will reach the ears of many thousands who are borne down by oppression. To them I say, ‘All men are created equal.’ ‘You are endowed by your Creator with an inalienable right to liberty;’ and I add the words of one of Virginia’s noblest sons, ‘*Give me liberty or give me death.*’

“Mr. Chairman: the day of redemption for this people *must come*. No human power can prevent it.

All reason, philosophy, and history demonstrate the approach of that day."

Mr. Garfield sat at the feet of Joshua R. Giddings, as Paul at the feet of the great expounder of Jewish law. From the time he was a voter he took part in the great political questions of the hour, speaking with great effect during the campaign of 1856. He was in constant demand. The issues involved, the high stand taken by the newly-formed Republican party, aroused all his enthusiasm. A gentleman who was a pupil at Hiram at the time says of that campaign :

"He would attend to his duties at the Institute through the day, jump into a buggy at night, taking me or some other student to keep him company, put his arm around me, talk all the way to the place where the meeting was to be held, be it ten or twenty miles. It would not be a conversation on politics, but on history, general literature, or some great principle. He was always welcomed upon the platform, and after speaking would return, taking up the theme we had dropped, getting home in the small hours of the morning.

"At nine o'clock the next day he would be in the school as fresh as ever. When Sunday came he would have a sermon as fresh and vigorous as if it had been the study of the week. All the while he was carrying on the study of law and attending to the duties incumbent on him as the president of the Institute, keeping up a course of general reading, and his acquaintance with the classics."

By such speeches, made by one whom he revered, Mr. Garfield came to have a profound conviction of the

rights of man and of the domain of law. Joshua R. Giddings had been his instructor in regard to human rights, while President Hopkins had led him with reverent steps to a comprehension of the majesty of law. His studies were in the direct line of preparation for the stormy future, — the discussion of questions involving the welfare of the Republic, the rights of States, the power of the nation, the scope of the Constitution.

X.

BEGINNING PUBLIC LIFE.

THE people of the Western Reserve were getting acquainted with the young teacher of the Eclectic Institute. Their sons and daughters who were under his instruction came home at vacations to speak their enthusiastic praise of him.

The people of Hiram were well acquainted with him as teacher and citizen. Those of the surrounding towns always attended a political meeting when he was announced as a speaker.

The time had come for him to enter upon a new course. He did not set himself to work to bring it about ; it came in the natural sequence of things.

By the year 1859 his strength of mind and character, and his ability as an orator, were so well known, that when the anti-slavery people of Portage and Summit counties looked for some one to represent them and their cause in the State senate, it seemed a very natural thing that they should select him.

Mr. Garfield's start in political life was in this way : Some of his friends asked him to let them use his name as a candidate for nomination for State senator from this district. Mr. Williams, finding he had consented,

canvassed every township in Portage County in his interest. Under the rule governing the nomination, Portage County was entitled to the nominee, and was allowed to select in caucus—Summit simply uniting in confirming the nomination afterward. The convention met. Portage had three candidates.

Mr. Williams was made vice-president of the convention. By virtue of this office he was chairman of the Portage caucus. A few ballots were taken without a nomination. The manager of Garfield's leading rival, discovering that it was dangerous to risk his man further in the caucus, called on his supporters to leave the room, and report to the convention that the caucus could not agree. Mr. Williams called out that they could leave or remain as they chose; the caucus would agree all the same, and that soon. They remained, and Garfield was soon chosen. They repaired to the convention-room, and Mr. Williams proudly announced the name of James A. Garfield, who was at once declared the nominee.

A former Ravennian, seeing his youthful appearance, inquired of Mr. Williams, if he was sure he had not made a mistake?

Mr. Williams asked him to wait a minute and see.

Mr. Garfield was called out for a speech of acceptance; and before he had finished, the man of apprehensions turned, and said "he was satisfied."

He was elected by a large majority; and the earnest speeches which he made during the canvass added to his reputation and popularity. He immediately took high rank in the legislature as a well-informed speaker

and an effective debater ; and he was one of a radical group of three in the senate who did much to place Ohio well in line for the war.

I have spoken in another place of the character of the men who settled in north-eastern Ohio ; and it is worth one's while, just here, to notice how the influence of those men was felt in the war for the preservation of the Union. They had finished their life-work and had gone on to the better life ; it is of their influence through their sons to which I refer.

The three leading Republican senators in the Ohio legislature at the outbreak of the war, were James A. Garfield, J. D. Cox, and Professor Monroe, of Oberlin College, — all born in the Western Reserve.

They acted in concert. They were animated by the same ideas. All these were ardent lovers of Liberty ; all possessed of intense convictions ; all had sat at the feet of Joshua R. Giddings.

Oberlin College, of which Mr. Monroe was professor, was founded on Anti-Slavery. It was founded as a protest to the pro-slavery spirit in the churches. The underground railroad ran through it. The whole spirit of the institution was in the greatest antagonism to slavery, and Professor Monroe was sent to the State senate as the exponent of that principle.

Senator Cox was a lawyer with a large practice ; son-in-law to one of the Oberlin professors. He was a man of force and character, uncompromising in his hostility to slavery, and an ardent patriot.

James A. Garfield — we have clearly obtained an insight into his character — was the youngest of the

three, but he had no superiors in debate. Not a member in that body was taking longer looks ahead than he; not one was more radical in his views; yet radical as he was, his plans were laid with wisdom. He never was afraid of being on the unpopular side in obedience to his convictions.

The outbreak of the war brought questions affecting the nation before the legislature. One of these was the "Constitutional Amendment," as it was called; an amendment proposed by Congress, by which Congress was to be prohibited from ever legislating upon slavery in the States. It was one of the "peace" measures brought forward to placate the Secessionists, its authors and friends not seeing that the time had come in the world's history, and in the progress of civilization, when slavery could only be got rid of by the sword.

It was brought forward for ratification in the spring of 1861, when the Southern States were trembling like a row of bricks, one after another out of the Union, and joining in a confederacy.

Of what use to try to conciliate the seceding States by any such means? The idea was preposterous. Why throw a peppermint to a spoiled child, who was determined, come what would, to have its own way?

"The events now transpiring make it clear that there is no time for any such amendment," said Garfield, and with six others recorded his vote in the negative.

He had detested Horace Greeley's doctrine, "Wayward sisters, go in peace." He believed in coercion.

This country was a nation. Secession meant war ; and the nation must maintain its integrity.

" Would you give up the forts and other government property, or would you fight to maintain your right to them ? " was his way of putting the question to timid men.

He took the lead in revising the Statutes in regard to treason, and in adapting them to the emergencies of the hour.

The State of Ohio must have money ; and a bill was brought forward known as the " Million War Bill."

A Democratic senator, Judge Key, of Cincinnati, afterward a well-known member of General McClellan's staff, whose heart never was in war, opposed the bill.

Garfield replied to him. He regretted that the honorable senator should have turned from honoring his country, to pay his highest tribute of praise, at a time like this, to party. The senator approved a defense of national property, but denounced any effort to retake it, if only it were once captured. Did he mean that if Washington were taken possession of by the Rebels, he would oppose attempts to regain possession of the national capital ? Where was this doctrine of non-resistance to stop ? He had hoped that the senator would not, in this hour of the nation's peril, open the books of party to re-read records that ought, now at least, to be forgotten. But since the senator had thought this a fitting time to declare his distrust of the President and Cabinet, and particularly of Ohio's honored representative in that Cabinet, he had only to

say in reply, that it would be well for that senator, amid his partisan recollections, to remember whose Cabinet it was that had embraced traitors among its most distinguished members, and sent them forth from its most secret sessions to betray their knowledge to their country's ruin!"

XI.

BREAKING OUT OF THE WAR.

WHEN Fort Sumter was fired upon in April, 1861, the legislature of Ohio was in session. The outbreak of civil war necessitated much legislation, and Senator Garfield having occupied a leading position, was called upon to take an active part in devising and carrying through the many measures. He was tireless in his activity, and was in frequent consultation with the governor in regard to the public interests.

When the session was over, he was employed by the governor to obtain arms and equipments, and in fitting out the first troops.

Up to the battle of Bull Run in July, the people of the North had not looked far enough into the nature of the struggle to understand that it was to be of gigantic proportions, and long continued. Mr. Seward had predicted that the war would be over in ninety days. Great hopes were entertained that the Union element in the Southern States would assert itself. Northern men did not see that the spirit of slavery was so aggressive, tyrannical, and overbearing, that the Unionists in the Southern States would be crushed by it. Nor did they see the eternal antagonism between the two sys-

tems of civilization that had taken root on this continent, — one planted on the fertile banks of the James, the other on the hard, forbidding soil of New England.

People even who were familiar with the lessons of history failed to see that it was the old contest of Naseby, Edge Hill, and Marston Moor, of Bunker Hill, Bennington, and Yorktown ; that it was the question of individual liberty of the many against the few.

The proclamation issued by Abraham Lincoln after the firing upon Fort Sumter, called for troops to maintain the authority of the United States, and to preserve the Union. The *preservation of the Union* was the question uppermost in the minds of the soldiers, who responded to the call during the months of April, May, and June, 1861. But behind that question was another of vastly greater moment, the question of the rights of men.

It was in 1578, three hundred and two years ago, that George Buchanan, tutor to Mary, Queen of Scotland, and to her son, James II., — profound thinker, philosopher, and poet, — published a pamphlet entitled *De Jure Regni* — “The Right to Rule,” in which he enunciated a new doctrine, never before promulgated by any human being — that *superior power emanates from the people*, who have the right to choose their own rulers, and manage their own affairs in government ; that this right is based on the equality of all men ; that it is natural and inalienable.

This doctrine was in direct antagonism to the idea which had prevailed from the beginning of history to that hour, — that kings are appointed by God to

govern, and that all others are to be governed. Louis XIV., of France, summed up the whole history of absolute personal government in four words : "*I am the State.*"

The doctrine of George Buchanan was so monstrous, that the Parliament of England interdicted the pamphlet, and Prime Minister Clarendon ordered that all copies be gathered up and burned by the hangman.

Nevertheless, the seed took root. It was a mighty force in the great Puritan uprising which swept Charles I. from the throne to the executioner's block. It was the force which elevated Cromwell to become Lord-Protector of England.

The hangman of England, at the order of Clarendon, could burn Buchanan's pamphlet, but no fire ever yet was kindled that can consume an eternal Truth ! That pamphlet set in motion lines of action that led up to Bunker Hill, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, the establishment of the Republic.

How slow the growth of an idea ! Not till the outbreak of the Revolution of 1775, was the idea of the *rights of the people* formulated as the basis for government. The Revolutionary fathers had arrived at an understanding of what their own rights were, but they did not recognize men of another race and color as being men. Not till the year of James A. Garfield's birth was that idea put squarely before the nation. The North scouted it at the outset. It required thirty years more of the aggression of slavery to get that idea

into the hearts of the great majority of the people of the North. The South utterly ignored it.

“African slavery is the corner-stone of confederacy,” said Alexander H. Stephens, vice-president of the Confederacy.

Not till McDowell’s defeated army was rushing pell-mell to Washington did the North begin to comprehend that the war was to be a life-and-death struggle.

James A. Garfield, educated and trained by Joshua R. Giddings, saw from the outset what the issue must be, and gave himself heart and soul to his country.

The students of the institute at Hiram were fired with military ardor. They had laid aside base-ball and quoits, and were marching and countermarching on the campus, going through the fanciful Zouave drill, then all the rage, but which a few months later was lost sight of in the stern realities of war. Some of them enlisted at the outset, but most of them remained to the close of the summer term. Mr. Garfield had been so absorbed in his legislative duties, and in fitting out the troops, that he had had little time to attend to matters at Hiram. He never thought of advancing his own personal interests. He was working for his country.

On the 27th of July Governor Dennison addressed Mr. Garfield as follows :

“THE STATE OF OHIO EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, }
Columbus, July 27th, 1861. } ”

“DEAR SIR : I am organizing some new regiments. Can you take a lieutenant-colonelcy ? I am anxious you should do so. Reply by telegraph.

"Cox has entered Charleston and is doing nobly. I have sent him my congratulations.

"Yours truly,

"W. DENNISON."

This letter, which reached Hiram during a two-weeks' absence of Mr. Garfield, was finally received by him on the 7th of August. He immediately replied that if the proffered position were still vacant, and the colonelcy of the regiment filled by a graduate of West Point, he would accept. The reply was favorable.

On the 15th, Mr. Garfield reached Columbus, and on the following morning was commissioned as lieutenant-colonel. He was immediately assigned to duty at Camp Chase, near Columbus, under an order from Adjutant-General Buckingham, to "report in person to Brigadier-General Hill, for such duty as he may assign to you in connection with a temporary command for purposes of instruction in camp-duty and discipline."

With his arrival at Camp Chase on the 16th of August, the military career of the future major-general of volunteers may be said to have fairly commenced.

Colonel Garfield returned to Hiram a few days later and called a public meeting of the citizens. It was vacation ; but the students residing at Hiram and in the adjoining towns came to meet their beloved teacher. The church was crowded. Lieutenant-Colonel Garfield addressed the audience upon the momentous issues involved. No report of his speech is preserved ; but it was so powerful and convincing, their hearts were so

stirred, that, at its close, sixty of the students enrolled their names as soldiers for three years, or during the continuance of the war. Within a week the company was full and on its way to Camp Chase, at Columbus, the great central rendezvous of the Ohio volunteers. The company was numbered A, and took the right of the line in the regiment.

After a few weeks of general service at Camp Chase, he was detailed on recruiting duty, and aided in raising six of the ten companies which formed the Forty-second O. V. I. No colonel having yet been appointed on the 5th of September, he was commissioned by the governor of Ohio as colonel of the 42d Regiment. He established a school of instruction for the officers of the regiment, requiring two hours of recitation and examination in the morning of each day, and continued the work of drilling, arming, and equipping the regiment, during the months of October, November, and the first half of December.

On Saturday, December 14th, a telegram came from General D. C. Buell, commanding the Department of the Ohio, at Louisville, Ky., ordering the regiment to proceed with all possible dispatch to Prestonburgh, Floyd County, Ky. At nine o'clock Sunday morning, December 15th, the regiment left Camp Chase for the railroad depot at Columbus, and before three o'clock P. M. that day was on the way to Cincinnati, where it arrived at nine in the evening. There Colonel Garfield received a telegram from General Buell, directing him to send the regiment by steamer to Catletsburg, Ky.,

at the mouth of the Big Sandy, and to report in person at headquarters at Louisville.

On the evening of the 16th, Colonel Garfield reached Louisville and sought General Buell at his headquarters. He found a cold, silent, austere man, who asked a few questions, revealed nothing, and eyed the newcomer with a curious, searching expression, as though trying to look into the untried colonel, and divine whether he would succeed or fail in an undertaking. Taking a map, General Buell pointed out the position of Humphrey Marshall's forces in East Kentucky, marked the locations at which the Union troops in that district were posted, explained the nature of the country and its supplies, and then dismissed the visitor with the remark: "If you were in command of the sub-department of Eastern Kentucky, what would you do? Come here at nine o'clock to-morrow morning and tell me."

Colonel Garfield returned to his hotel, procured a map of Kentucky, the last census report, paper, pen, and ink, and sat down to his task. He studied the roads, resources, and population of every county in eastern Kentucky. At daylight he was still at work, but at nine o'clock he was at General Buell's headquarters with a sketch of his plans. Buell read it and made it the basis of his special order No. 35, Army of the Ohio, December 17th, 1861, by which the 18th Brigade, Army of the Ohio, was organized, consisting of the 42d O. V. I., Colonel J. A. Garfield commanding brigade; 40th O. V. I., Colonel J. Cranor; 14th Kentucky V. I., Colonel L. D. F. Moore; 22d Kentucky V. I., Colonel

D. W. Lindsay ; a squadron of Ohio cavalry, two companies under Major McLaughlin, and three squadrons (six companies) of the 1st Kentucky Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel Lechter commanding. The following autograph letter of instructions was issued to him on the evening of the 17th :

“ HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO, }
Louisville, Ky., Dec. 17, 1861. }

“ SIR : The brigade organized under your command is intended to operate against the Rebel force threatening, and, indeed, actually committing depredations in Kentucky, through the valley of the Big Sandy. The actual force of the enemy, from the best information I can gather, does not probably exceed two thousand, or twenty-five hundred, though rumors place it as high as seven thousand. I can better ascertain the true state of the case when you get on the ground.

“ You are apprised of the condition of the troops under your command. Go first to Lexington and Paris, and place the 40th Ohio Regiment in such a position as will best give a moral support to the people in the counties on the route to Prestonburgh and Pike-ton, and oppose any further advance of the enemy on the route. Then proceed with the least possible delay to the mouth of the Sandy, and move with the force in that vicinity up that river and drive the enemy back or cut him off. Having done that, Pike-ton will probably be in the best position for you to occupy to guard against future incursions. Artillery will be of little, if any, service to you in that country.

If the enemy have any it will incumber and weaken rather than strengthen them.

“Your supplies must mainly be taken up the river, and it ought to be done as soon as possible, while navigation is open. Purchase what you can in the country through which you operate. Send your requisitions to these headquarters for funds and ordnance stores, and to the quartermasters and commissary at Cincinnati for other supplies.

“The conversation I have had with you will suggest more details than can be given here. Report frequently on all matters concerning your command.

“Very respectfully,

“Your obedient servant,

“D. C. BUELL,

“*Brigadier-General commanding.*”

The untried soldier, commander of a brigade, commander of a sub-department, had received his instructions; his next business was to execute them. The regiment went up the Ohio on steamers, and landed at Catletsburg, where it was joined by its commander.

XII.

FIRST CAMPAIGN.

THE Big Sandy River rises in the Cumberland mountain range, runs north, and empties into the Ohio. The main branch of the stream forms the boundary between West Virginia and Kentucky. Twenty-five miles from the Ohio, the western branch comes in which has its rise in Pound Gap, due north of Abingdon, the largest town on the line of the Tennessee and Virginia Railroad. The Confederate authorities had sent Humphrey Marshall with several thousand men through Pound Gap to hold eastern Kentucky, procure enlistments for the Confederate service, and threaten southern Ohio. It was General Garfield's mission to drive Marshall out and to aid the Unionists.

On the evening of the 17th, a strong detachment of companies A and F was detailed for a reconnoissance to Louisa, thirty miles up the Big Sandy. It was first intended that the party should go as mounted infantry, but as only twenty-five horses could be procured, that number of men were mounted and started overland under command of Major Pardee, on the afternoon of the 18th. The remainder of the detachment, numbering one hundred, was sent to make the

journey by water, a small steamer being detailed for that purpose. After bumping along for several hours, running aground two or three times in the course of a mile, the crazy craft ran hopelessly into the mud, broke her rudder, and stuck fast. The troops on board clambered ashore, shouldered their knapsacks, and set out to march to Louisa. Eight miles of tugging and toiling over the hills consumed the rest of the day, and at night the detachment encamped comfortably in a barn. Early next morning the march was resumed, and about noon the party, footsore and weary, reached Louisa. The mounted party had arrived and taken quiet possession of the town. Here, says the historian of the 42d Ohio, "was their first experience of the decayed and sluggish village life that prevailed through the Southern towns during the war. Louisa was at best a straggling, unpainted hamlet, but the hostilities of six months had greatly increased its thriftless, untidy aspect. The men were nearly all in the army, on one side or the other; the court-house had been used as a barrack by the half barbarous volunteers of the mountain region; and a shabby brick tavern, with its kitchen dismantled and its windows broken, still struggled against extinction as a public-house by keeping a red-nosed ex-hostler and a jug of new apple-jack behind the bar!"

Early in the war, as it then was, Louisa had been occupied and reoccupied by Federals and Confederates, until its women no longer stared at the passing soldier as an object of interest, but charged him fifty cents for a dried-peach pie, and as promptly besought

the commanding officers to post sentries around their potato bins and hen-roosts.

The troops took possession of the tavern, and a picket was posted on the road leading up the river to watch for Jenkins' Cavalry, a small Confederate force that had been prowling in the vicinity. During the night a battalion of cavalry, numbering about two hundred, arrived and joined the command. They were Virginia troops, and had seen several months of service in the Kanawha Valley.

During the morning following, the remaining ten companies of the 42d began arriving in squads from two to twenty. The men were footsore, weary, and hungry. They had not supposed that thirty miles of travel could involve so much hard work and deep wading. The winter rains had fully set in, and the roads, at the best hardly more than bridle-paths, were at their worst. The country which the expedition had traversed was a succession of hills and valleys, and as bridge-building and road-making had not been even thought of in that barbarous region, the wagon-trains of Colonel Garfield's command had only to follow the rude paths that wound along the valleys, and at intervals of a few miles crossed some rugged hill or "divide" into a new gorge. Travel over such roads in the rainy season involves the frequent crossing of swollen streams, and the march of the 42d with its train from Catletsburg to Louisa was little better than a wading through mud and water.

In crossing some of the hills, the roads were found so steep and uneven that men were detailed to walk

beside the wagons to hold them from capsizing. Slowly as the main body of the regiment had marched, it reached Louisa many hours in advance of the train. Early in the march it had become necessary to relieve the wagons of every possible pound of burden, and the road was strewn with debris of luxurious mess-chests, which the men had hoped to keep through the war. How little they knew what war was!

It may be doubted whether any regiment was seasoned to the hard work and discomfort of campaigning more abruptly than the 42d. In five days they had come from the comfort of barrack life to the hardships of a winter campaign in a wilderness.

As the remainder of the regiment continued to arrive at Louisa, preparations were made for a temporary camp. Companies A, F, and K were sent to camp out on the hills, a mile and a half from the town, in a position commanding the junction of two roads leading eastward from the interior of Kentucky. It was here the first formal essay was made in the high art of foraging. The boats from the mouth of the river had been detained by shoal water. The rations brought overland in the wagon-train had grown scant, and the soldiers, convinced that the Confederacy owed them a living, turned upon the lean poultry and spectral swine of the mountaineers. For two whole days and nights — the 21st and 22d — the rain fell incessantly. Colonel Garfield had arrived meantime, and notwithstanding the unfavorable weather the work of organization went on. On the night of the 22d the rain turned to snow, and the morning of the 23d brought

an icy wind from the north, which froze the mud in the roads and made the hills slippery with ice. The night had been so cold that the men could not sleep, but had crawled out of their tents and sat until morning huddled around their fires.

On the morning of the 23d, marching orders were issued, and by noon the regiment, preceded by the cavalry, was on the way to Paintville, a small town on Paint Creek, a mile from the junction of the latter with the Big Sandy, and thirty-three miles from Louisa. Paintville was at that time the advanced post of Humphrey Marshall, commanding a force from two to four thousand Rebel cavalry, infantry, and artillery.

Marshall had descended the valley as far as Paintville, and had commenced permanent fortifications at that point. It was against this force that Garfield had been sent. The force placed at his command for this purpose consisted of the 40th and 42d Ohio Infantry, — both new regiments, — the remnant of the 14th Kentucky, a wild, half organized regiment, which had been driven before Marshall as he descended the valley, and the battalion of Virginia cavalry already mentioned.

This command was designated the Eighteenth Brigade, Army of the Ohio. The advanced and exposed position of Marshall offered at that time one of the few opportunities open to the Union army to strike a direct and effective blow ; and General Buell, who had accomplished little or nothing since taking command of the Department, attached no small importance to the favorable result of the expedition up the Big Sandy.

It was important that the Rebel communication between Virginia and Kentucky should be cut off, and the drain of men and supplies from the latter State stopped ; but it was still more essential that somewhere along the line from Chesapeake Bay to the Mississippi a Federal force should win a victory to encourage enlistments and show that the right cause could sometimes win.

Just at the moment of Marshall's irruption into eastern Kentucky, the 40th and 42d Ohio regiments had been reported to General Buell for assignment to duty ; and acting upon a suggestion of Colonel Hazen, of the 41st Ohio, Buell made the two regiments the nucleus of the brigade, placed Colonel Garfield in command, and sent the untried commander with his untried men to conduct an independent campaign.

The first day's march accomplished but ten miles, and ended after nightfall at a stone house, where, amid the dreary discomfort of a cold winter rain, the men encamped, wet and hungry, in a muddy cornfield. The road over which the march had been made was wretched beyond description, one stream having been forded by the column not less than twenty-six times within a distance of five miles ! The wagons were left far behind, and the camp, in the freezing mud of the cornfield, was without tents or provision.

The necessities of the case outweighed all scruples about foraging, and the poultry and pigs of the neighboring farm were all devoured. Before starting the next morning, Colonel Garfield ordered the troops into line and gave them a brief lecture on the *sin of con-*

fiscation, then paid the disconsolate farmer for his losses out of his own pocket !

On the 27th, a soldier of Marshall's command was captured a few miles from camp, while home on a furlough. He reported Marshall's headquarters with his main force at Prestonburgh, fifteen miles beyond Paintville, and on the eastern bank of the river. These and other reports made it apparent that there was no time to be lost. If the enemy were retreating, he should be promptly followed ; if he were fortifying, it was important to strike him before his preparations were complete.

On the following morning a small squad of cavalry scouting in the direction of Paintville encountered a detachment of the enemy, and after a slight skirmish retired with the loss of three troopers and a citizen guide, who were captured. Part of the squad had left their horses and gone into a house for breakfast. The Rebels came suddenly upon them, drove off those waiting outside, and captured those in the house.

The news of this little affair set the camp in commotion. A squadron of cavalry was sent after the marauders, but returned unsuccessful.

Shortly after noon, the column, crossing a hill, descended into a valley running obliquely toward the Big Sandy, and in the south-easterly direction. But the teams found the hills impracticable, and after marching three miles the column was halted and detachments were sent back to help the wagons out of their difficulties. It was long after dark before this was even partially

accomplished, and the command bivouacked barely three miles from the camp of the previous night.

The next day it rained incessantly, and the regiments — many not having tents — spent a cheerless, uncomfortable day. Those who had no shelter were chilled and soaked to the skin.

On the following day, Company F was sent forward as an advance guard, and encountered a picket of the enemy on the crest of a hill two miles from camp. There was a momentary skirmish, and the Rebels retired. Company A was sent forward to reinforce the advance. The two companies in front spent a comfortable night in a barn. The next morning, Company A returned to camp, and the day was devoted to foraging and getting forward the wagon-train. Parties of the enemy were hovering round, and several skirmishes occurred. In one of these little encounters a detachment of the 14th Kentucky killed one Rebel cavalry-man and captured another. The latter was brought to camp, and on being questioned, described the party to which he belonged as part of a reconnoitering force sent out by Marshall to gain some idea of the strength and purpose of the invaders. He also gave an account of Marshall's strength, and represented him as preparing to take the offensive.

From the point at which Colonel Garfield's column was now established, three roads lead to Paintville. On all these three roads the enemy had posted strong pickets, three-quarters of a mile from town, supported by an infantry regiment and a battery, which were held in reserve in the village, ready to move to the support

of whichever picket should be threatened in force. In those days of amateur generalship it had not occurred to General Marshall that his enemy might turn the uncertainty of the Confederate position to his own advantage.

This, however, was just what the Ohio colonel did. By dividing his cavalry, moving it rapidly, and supporting it with small detachments of infantry, he managed to strike the three pickets one after the other in such a way as to entirely mask his own intentions, and give Marshall the impression that a large force was bearing down upon him from three directions. The regiment and battery were frantically hurried from one road to another, as the point of attack seemed to be changed, and in the midst of the panic, the straggling troops in the town retreated across the river. The pickets which had been drawn in on the center road came in pell-mell, and finding the town deserted, fled in haste across Paint Creek. The regiment and battery likewise retreated to the intrenched position three miles south of the town, and Colonel Garfield's forces occupied Paintville without firing a shot.

Having learned from the inhabitants the size of the Confederate force and direction of the retreat, Colonel Garfield determined to immediately cross Paint Creek, and continue the pursuit. The heavy rains of the previous fortnight had filled the streams, and Paint Creek, whose waters were backed up by a mill-dam, was impassable. Near the dam stood a saw-mill, and around this were saw-logs. To roll them into the stream, lash them together, and lay a roadway across, was the work

of an hour, and by five in the afternoon a thousand picked infantry were across the river, and heading southward in pursuit of whatever enemy had been occupying Paintville. A mile further up Paint Creek, at the mouth of Jenny's Creek, was a ford passable for horses. From this ford a road led southward, parallel with the one which the infantry was following. Colonel Garfield was marching to attack a large earthwork, about whose size and strength dire stories had been told by prisoners captured from Marshall's command. It was said to include acres of ground, to be defended by cannon.

At the forks of a small creek was a large, straggling log-house, which had been used as headquarters by the commander of the post. From the women in this house it was learned that the garrison and working force had numbered about nine hundred men, and that they had decamped less than an hour before. The fortification which the Rebels had abandoned had an area of two acres, crowning a hill three or four hundred feet high, between the two branches of the creek already described. The parapet was heavily reveted with logs and hewn timber, and traverses for several guns had been finished. The excavation was nearly complete, but no guns were in position, and no buildings erected within the redoubt. It commanded the road for a mile down the main valley, and for a nearly equal distance up the left fork of the stream which came down from the west at right angles with its subsequent course.

The abandoned huts of the Rebel soldiers exhibited indication of sudden and precipitate retreat. Meat

and bread were found cooking before the fire, and everything in confusion. It was learned that the Rebels had spies watching the movements of the Federals in the village, and when the column had begun to cross the pontoon-bridge, had fled to the fort, giving the alarm which had resulted in a hasty stampede.

XIII.

MIDDLE CREEK.

WAS Marshall intending to leave the country without a battle? Colonel Garfield did not think so ; but that somewhere amid the mountains, Marshall would select a strong position and make a stand. Every step of Garfield's advance would increase the difficulty of subsisting his troops, while Marshall the while would be nearer his base of supplies.

Colonel Garfield, on the morning of the 9th, set out with fifteen hundred picked men in pursuit of Marshall's retreating force. Two days' rations were taken in haversacks, and further supplies were ordered to be sent up in boats to Prestonburgh. The remainder of the brigade was left in command of Colonel Cranor, with orders to follow Colonel Garfield's column as soon as sufficient provisions arrived to furnish three days' rations, in addition to those already sent forward.

The advance column marched all day, but the roads were so wretched that it was night before it had reached the foot of a high hill, north of the mouth of Abbott's Creek, three miles below Prestonburgh, and on the west side of the Big Sandy. Ascending the hill soon after dark, Colonel Garfield's advance encountered

at the summit a cavalry picket, which fired a volley and retreated. Being evidently in the immediate presence of a large force of the enemy, Colonel Garfield brought his command to the top of the hill, and, with strong guards thrown out to the front and rear, rested until morning.

It was a bitter January night. The rain which had fallen all day turned to sleet, and a keen, biting gale from the north whistled through the mountain pines, and stiffened the wet clothing of the soldiers with ice. No fire could be permitted in such a situation, and the men shivered and waited through the long, dreary night as best they could. When morning dawned they found themselves on a high hill, from which the road descended by a steep zigzag course to the valley of Abbott's Creek.

Immediately after encountering the cavalry the evening before, Colonel Garfield had sent back a message directing Colonel Cranor to put all the available men at Paintville in motion at once, and march to his support. The order reached Cranor before daylight, and within an hour twelve hundred men, made up from all the regiments in the brigade, were on the march.

The advance column meanwhile descended, early on the morning of the 10th, to the valley of Abbott's Creek, and found that the enemy had retired up the stream and across the dividing ridge into the valley of Middle Creek, which comes down from the mountains, parallel with Abbott's Creek, and flows into the Big Sandy about a mile farther up than the mouth of the latter.

It was at once apparent that Colonel Garfield was in the immediate presence of Marshall's entire force, and that the latter was disposed to fight. Marshall was known to have about thirty-five hundred men of all arms — infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and had come into the Sandy Valley to spend the winter, and, by occupying the country, promote enlistments into the Confederate service. This purpose he could not, of course, relinquish without a fight, and he chose his ground for the encounter deliberately and well.

Proceeding cautiously in order to allow the reinforcements under Lieutenant-Colonel Sheldon to come up, Colonel Garfield passed up the valley of Abbott's Creek, forded the stream, crossed the ridge, and descended into the valley of Middle Creek. Here he found Marshall's cavalry drawn up in line across the valley, but a few shots from the advance drove them back. One cavalry-man was cut off from the main body, and in attempting to swim the creek was captured, the first prisoner of war taken by the 42d Ohio on a battlefield. A heavy line of skirmishers was thrown across the valley, and the advance began. The enemy's cavalry made a formidable show in the broad meadows, but kept at a discreet distance. Once they formed behind a small spur of hill that ran out into the valley, and from behind that cover charged down upon the advancing column. Throwing his troops into a hollow square, Colonel Garfield awaited the attack, and when the cavalry came within range, sent them a volley which broke and turned them back. The skirmish-line, under command of Adjutant Olds, advanced

again, and drove the cavalry from a spur, behind which it was attempting to rally. This little spur of high ground, upon which stood a log church, surrounded by a few graves, was then occupied by the Federal force as a base from which to attack or to defend, as circumstances might require.

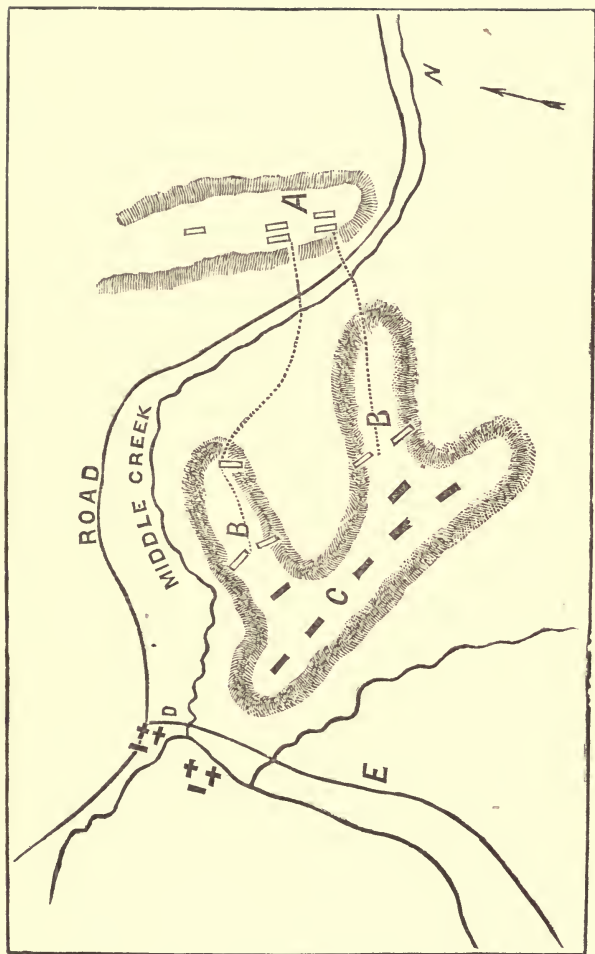
Drawing up his little force on the slope, Colonel Garfield saw that Marshall had come to a stand. Across the valley half a mile distant was the Confederate cavalry, and on the same line near the foot of the hills, to the right of the creek, a battery was in position, which, as the skirmishers advanced, opened fire and gave the line a momentary check. A few shells were also fired at the main force on Graveyard Point, but the guns were badly trained and the shells buried themselves harmlessly in the mud. The enemy's cavalry and artillery being thus accounted for, it remained for Colonel Garfield to discover the location of his infantry. On the south side of the creek to the right of the battery rose a high hill, heavily timbered and crowned with a ledge of rock. Around the foot of the hill wound the creek, and close beside this, but on the opposite side of the stream, lay the road. It was at once conjectured that Marshall's infantry had occupied the hill, and that the Federal column, if it advanced round the curve, would be caught by an ambush fire from the opposite bank. To verify this theory, Garfield sent his escort, a handful of Kentucky cavalry, to charge up the road and draw the fire of the main body. The ruse was boldly performed and was completely successful. As the little group of horsemen galloped up the creek

and round the curve in the road, the battery opened, and the whole infantry force, with the trepidation of new troops, fired at long range and completely unmasked their position. They occupied the wooded hill from its base half-way to its summit. It was now time for real work.

About four hundred men of the 40th and 42d Ohio were sent to ford the creek, climb the mountain, and attack the Rebel position in front. Major Pardee, of the 42d, who was practically in command of the fighting in that part of the field, threw forward as skirmishers detachments of companies A and F, of the 42d. Two companies of the 14th Kentucky, under Lieutenant-Colonel Monroe of that regiment, were sent to cross the creek lower down, gain a narrow ledge or crest of a ridge that ran up to the main hill, and by advancing along the ridge attack the enemy in flank and save the little force from being overpowered. As the line advanced up the hill it soon encountered heavy opposition. A sharp fire came from behind the trees, logs, and rocks, and the Rebels swarmed down the hill, shouting and firing. Half the remaining reserve on Graveyard Point was sent to Pardee's support, and thus strengthened he pushed forward. The skirmishers were well advanced. The time had come for the battle to begin.

The column moved at the word, came within range, and opened fire. They were in the valley, the enemy high up on the side of a steep hill, sheltering themselves behind the trees, firing wildly.

Troops firing down hill, unless accustomed to accurate firing, almost always overshoot the mark. Israel



BATTLE OF MIDDLE CREEK.

A—Garfield's First Position. BB—Garfield's Second Position. C—Confederate Infantry. D—Confederate Artillery.
 E—Road by which Marshall retreated.

Putnam and John Stark, old hunters, understood this at Bunker Hill, and issued those orders famous in history: "Aim at their waistbands, boys;" but the raw troops under Marshall did not understand it, and their bullets did great execution among the trees over the heads of Garfield's men, but not much in the ranks. Marshall's men were wholly undisciplined, and fought without unity of action. On the other hand, the five months' drilling at Camp Chase had brought the student regiment to considerable discipline.

The Rebels began to retire before the steady advance of Garfield, but Marshall hurried down reinforcements. The Rebel cannon thundered more furiously. It was evident that Marshall, taking advantage of his superiority in numbers and position, was preparing to charge with his whole force down the hill and overwhelm the Union troops. It was a critical moment. But reinforcements were at hand. Lieutenant-Colonel Shelden, who had been ordered from Paintville the night before with twelve hundred men, had been making a forced march. They had come twenty miles since daylight. The soldiers had heard the roar of Marshall's cannon and were pressing on.

The surgeon of the 42d Ohio had descried them in the distance. Without orders from Garfield or any one else, he rode down the valley in hot haste. "For God's sake, hurry up!" he shouted. The troop gave a cheer, broke into a run, and came out in full view of the Rebels, who, from the commotion in their ranks, were evidently greatly surprised at this sudden appearance of Union reinforcements.

The uproar of the battle increased. The Rebels fired rapidly and wildly. Volley after volley rolled out from the Union ranks. The Rebel cannon thundered, but Garfield had not a single piece of artillery to give an answering shot. Night was closing in. The Union troops had steadily advanced, and the time had come to decide the battle.

Colonel Garfield stepped in front of the line, tossed his overcoat into a tree, and turned to his men.

"Come on, boys, give them Hail Columbia!" he shouted.

The line moved up the hill with a hurrah. A panic seized the Rebels; they fled from the ledge, and from the shelter of the trees, in wild confusion.

The sun had set; the midwinter night was closing in. The soldiers were eager to pursue; but though the enemy had been driven, though they had fled in confusion from the position they had held with so much pertinacity, no one knew what Marshall might have in reserve, and the troops were placed in position for anything that might happen.

Suddenly the sky was bright in the direction of Marshall's line of retreat. Reconnoissance showed that he had abandoned everything; had set his wagons, supplies, baggage of all kinds, on fire; that his army was a mob fleeing in hot haste through the mountain passes. He made his escape through Pound Gap, his troops scattering in every direction, never to be brought together again as an opposing force.

Colonel Garfield had obeyed orders, accomplished



BATTLE OF MIDDLE CREEK. — "COME ON, BOYS!" Page 455

what he was directed to do, and was master of eastern Kentucky.

It was not a battle attended by great loss of life, but it had one important bearing on the grand campaign about beginning along the Ohio ; *it was the first break in the Rebel line.* It relieved eastern Kentucky ; it quieted Buell's apprehensions of an attack on the left flank.

A few days later General Thomas made the second break at Millspring, in the overthrow and death of Zollicoffer. Then came Fort Henry, Donelson, the evacuation of Bowling Green by Sidney Johnson, and the advance of the Union army to the line of the Tennessee.

In the east, the Union troops had suffered disaster at Big Bethel, Bull Run, and Ball's Bluff. This was the first victory after the slight affairs of Rosecrans and McClellan in Western Virginia, and it was refreshing to the country.

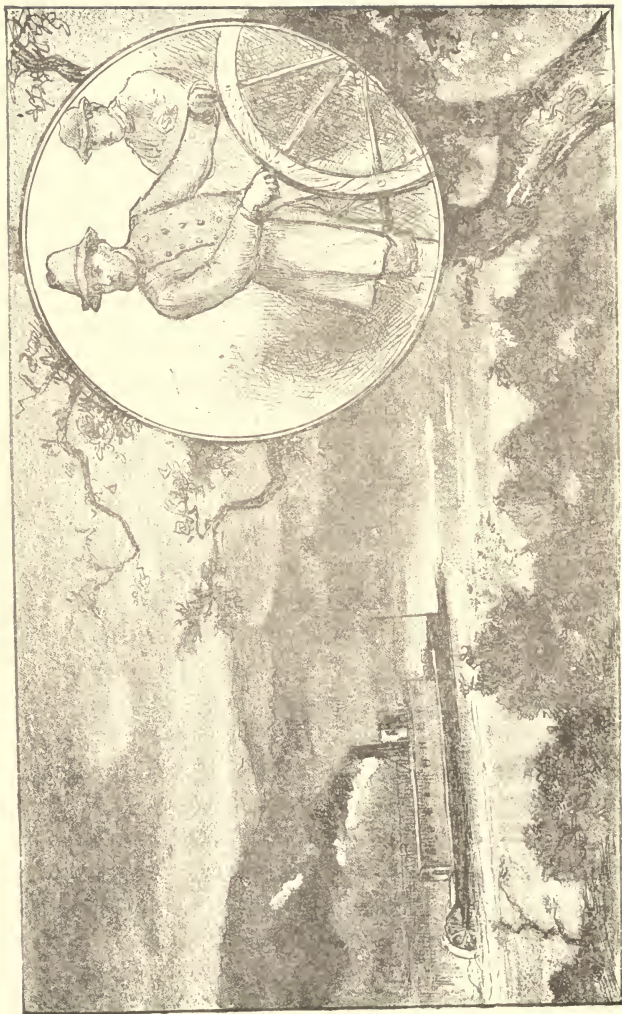
It was during the brief season of rest and preparation at Paintville, that an incident occurred which is worthy of record, because it illustrates the quality of Colonel Garfield's energy, and the kind of pluck that was demanded to insure success in the Sandy Valley. The river was full, the current swift, and the troops at Paintville were living upon less than half rations. Colonel Garfield went down to the mouth of the Big Sandy to see what made the supply steamers so slow and uncertain. He found there the "Sandy Valley," a small, rickety, stern-wheel steamer, tied up to the wharf at Catletsburg. He ordered the captain to take

on a load of supplies, and start up the river. The captain said the water was too high, and the trip impossible. Efforts to get other steamers having failed, Garfield took command, had the vessel loaded, stationed a soldier on deck to keep the captain to his duty, and himself took the wheel. His canal-boat experience stood him in good stead now, and notwithstanding the protests of the captain that no boat could stem such a current, the wheezing craft crept slowly up the stream. The water was sixty feet deep in the channel; the trees along the bank, submerged nearly to their tops, rocked and swayed in the rushing current, and the rickety steamer, doing her utmost, could only make three miles an hour.

Night came. The captain insisted that the boat must be tied up. To continue such a voyage as that by night was, he said, "simple madness." But the man at the wheel was captain then, and he had come from a country where boats did not usually tie up at night. He ordered the fires freshened, and still kept the bow up the stream. Finally, in rounding an abrupt bend in the river, the boat was caught by the current and swung round, hard and heavy, on a bar of quicksand. Every effort to back and spar her off failed. Tools were brought and excavations dug around the imbedded bow, but in vain.

"Get a line to the opposite shore!" ordered Garfield

The boatman protested, and swore that it could not be done. The Colonel himself leaped into the yawl and steered it across. The current swept them down, but finally they reached the shore, made fast a line,



GENERAL GARFIELD AT THE WHEEL, TAKING SUPPLIES UP THE BIG SANDY RIVER.

twisted it with a grail until the strain drew the steamer from her bed in the mud, and once more she headed up the river.

All Saturday afternoon and night, Sunday, and Sunday night, Colonel Garfield kept his place at the wheel, with only a brief interval on Sunday, when the captain, thoroughly conquered, could be trusted to run the boat. At nine o'clock Monday morning, the "Sandy Valley" reached Paintville, and the brigade, almost down to their last cracker, obtained fresh supplies.

General Buell issued the following congratulatory order, upon receipt of the intelligence of Marshall's defeat :

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO, }
Louisville, Ky., Jan. 20, 1862. }

"GENERAL ORDER NO. 40.

"The General commanding takes occasion to thank General Garfield and his troops for their successful campaign against the Rebel force under General Marshall, on the Big Sandy, and their gallant conduct in battle. They have overcome formidable obstacles in the character of the country, the condition of the roads, and the inclemency of the season; and without artillery have been successful in several engagements terminating in the battle on Middle Creek, on the 10th inst., driven the enemy from his intrenched position, and forced him back into the mountains with the loss of a large amount of baggage and stores, and many of his men killed or captured.

"These services have called into action the highest

qualities of a soldier's fortitude, perseverance, and courage.

D. C. BUELL,

"General commanding."

It will be interesting just here to note the difference we sometimes see in men.

The Army of the Potomac had done nothing since the defeat at Bull Run. General McClellan had been its commander the while. He had laid his plans before the President on the 4th of August after the battle. He thought twenty thousand men would be sufficient in Kentucky and Tennessee, but that the Army of the Potomac ought to be increased to *two hundred and seventy-three thousand men*.

In October, he had one hundred and sixty-eight thousand, but he was not ready to advance. He informed the Secretary of War that he could not possibly advance with less than two hundred and eight thousand! This was the reason:

"The enemy have a force on the Potomac not less than one hundred and fifty thousand strong, well drilled and equipped, ably commanded and strongly intrenched."

That was his estimate, from negroes, from men reaching Washington from inside the Rebel lines. Other people estimated the Confederate forces under Johnson at less than half that number. We now know that his force, October 31, 1861, was sixty-six thousand two hundred and forty.

The days were bright and beautiful, the roads of Virginia in excellent condition. The Army of the Po-

tomac had abundant transportation, mules and horses by the ten thousand, wagon-trains in order. The army was well organized, but McClellan said that his troops were raw, while the Confederates were well drilled and disciplined. In a letter to the Secretary of War, he stated that he thought he might be able to move on the 25th of November. He held grand reviews for the gratification of the senators and representatives, and their families, at Washington. Wherever the commander rode, he was accompanied by a brilliant staff. His division, and many of his brigade commanders, were West Point men — supposed to know the art of war.

November passed away. There was no sign of any movement. The Rebels, on the contrary, had moved forward, and the smoke of their cannon could be seen from the dome of the Capitol.

The public was getting impatient. The commander had been called at the outset "the young Napoleon," but such inaction did not bear much resemblance to Austerlitz or Wagram.

The Confederate troops held daily skirmishes along the line as if inviting him to advance. The Indian summer passed, and the army was motionless through all the glorious season; its farthest advance was scarcely three miles from the Potomac.

The public was getting more impatient. The President was in distress. He urged McClellan to move. He consulted with other officers.

"If General McClellan does not want to use the Army of the Potomac, I should like to borrow it of

him, for if something is not done soon the bottom will drop out of the whole affair," he said in sadness.

He asked McClellan if he had any plans. McClellan did not wish to reveal his plans to anybody, not even to the President, but he gave one at last — to leave a few raw troops to hold the forts around Washington, and move the army by water down the Potomac and up the Rappahannock.

The New Year came; nothing had been done, and the troops were building log huts for winter-quarters.

On the 12th of January, a despatch informed the President and Secretary of War that Colonel Garfield had won the battle of Middle Creek, and driven Humphrey Marshall, commanding a force twice as large as Garfield's, out of eastern Kentucky.

Colonel Garfield! Who was he? Nobody had ever heard of him. The Rebel line had been broken. If Colonel Garfield could force his way through mud and mire, through sleet, rain, and snow, into a mountain region where the roads were only bridle-paths, where the soldiers had to pack their provisions on their backs, sleep in the open air without tents, why could not the Army of the Potomac move? If the raw troops from Ohio without cannon could defeat double their number, why could not the Army of the Potomac hope for success?

Two days after the receipt of Garfield's victory, the President called a meeting of the Cabinet and army officers of high rank for consultation.

President Lincoln asked General McClellan as to his plans. He protested against laying them before

the President and Cabinet, unless under peremptory orders. He was maturing his plans and would lay them before the President in a short time.

Two weeks passed. No word came from McClellan, and the President losing all patience, issued a peremptory order, fixing a date on which, about a month later, all the armies were to advance. Only under stress of peremptory orders did the general of the Army of the Potomac make preparations for moving.

His plan was to go by water to Fortress Monroe. But the Rebels had batteries along the Potomac, and must be driven out before that could be done.

The President would not consent to have Washington exposed, and ordered him to move upon Manassas. McClellan objected, and the President finally yielded to his wishes and ordered water transportation January, February, March passed before McClellan was ready. Meanwhile the Rebels quietly evacuated Manassas and the Potomac, and fell back to meet him on the Peninsula.

I turn once more to Middle Creek. Colonel Garfield was just thirty years old. He knew literally nothing of war; never had seen men in line except at Camp Chase. He had been called upon by Buell to plan a campaign against a country of which he knew nothing except that it was a region of mountains, narrow valleys, deep ravines, and sparsely settled. He had formed his plan between sunset and sunrise—informed himself of the character of the country, of the difficulties of the enterprise. The enemy outnumbered him two to one. Every step of his march was through

deep mud or pelting storms. He never hesitated one instant. He marched straight on, won the victory, and electrified the country at a time when general gloom had settled upon the nation.

Surely there is a difference in men.

XIV.

UNION VICTORIES.

VICTORIES are not great on account of numbers engaged in battle, but greatness is to be estimated by results. The whole of the Russian army and all of Napoleon's, with the exception of the Imperial guard, were engaged in the battle of Borodino. There was a terrible slaughter of human beings, the ground was drenched with blood; the Russians were defeated, but the battle decided nothing. Napoleon marched on to Moscow; the Russians gave the city to the flames, compelling the retreat of the French: that was all.

We turn to the Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe and Montcalm faced each other. The troops engaged in that contest were not greater than those under Garfield and Marshall at Middle Creek; the battle lasted scarcely twenty minutes, yet it was the wresting of an empire from France, the coming in of another language, another literature, another religion, another civilization!

The victory of Middle Creek, contrasted with other battles of the Civil War, seems insignificant, and yet its influence was far-reaching. At the breaking out of the war, a number of civilians — men who had had no mili-

tary training — were appointed as generals. They were appointed from political rather than military consideration ; but the disaster at Big Bethel, in Virginia, at the outset had put civilians as commanders at a discount in the estimation of the public. Rosecrans and McClellan's successes in West Virginia had increased the feeling against civilian commanders, and had brought officers educated at West Point to the front.

McDowell's defeat at Bull Run did not change matters in public estimation. The belief was still uppermost that only those who had been educated at West Point could be successful commanders.

Those who had thus been educated were appointed to responsible positions, and it is very certain that those gentlemen took no pains to disabuse the public of their ideas in relation to the worthiness of West Point graduates.

Every division commander, and many of the brigade commanders, in the Army of the Potomac, at that period, and many in more subordinate positions, had been educated at West Point. But a West Point officer, commander in the Army of the Potomac, as we have seen, had nearly exhausted the patience of President Lincoln, by his inaction, indecision and extravagant demands, and the patience of the public was fast going, when the news of Garfield's victory was flashed over the country.

At first it was hardly credited. It was not thought possible that a school-teacher only thirty years of age could make such a march through a country as mountainous as Switzerland, along bridle-paths, amid

ice and snow, with a brigade of raw troops, without artillery, and attack a force double his own, in a strong position, win a notable victory, driving the Rebels out of eastern Kentucky.

When the news was confirmed, people saw that men without military education could make successful campaigns, and the public began to revise its opinions. Garfield's success stimulated their hopes and gave them renewed confidence of ultimately putting down the rebellion.

The victory was more than this: it inaugurated a series of brilliant victories. To understand its far-reaching influence, let us glance at the state of affairs.

At the beginning of the war, Kentucky, through the influence of secession sympathizers, and the action of Governor McGoffin, endeavored to take the impracticable position of a neutral State, but the sweep of events carried it from that position in a very short time — the Confederates taking possession of the southern section and the Union army of the northern.

Albert Sidney Johnston was commander of the Confederate forces in the State. He selected Bowling Green, on the railroad leading southwest from Lexington, as the center of his line — his right wing extending first to Mill Springs on the Cumberland, at the head of navigation, where General Zollicoffer was stationed with a large force. Humphrey Marshall, in eastern Kentucky, was at the extreme point of his right. His left wing extended to Fort Donelson on the Cumberland, and Fort Henry ten miles farther west, on the Tennessee.

Humphrey Marshall was to sweep down the Big Sandy to the Ohio, while Zollicoffer at the same time would advance into the rich country south of Lexington. His cavalry made several successful raids, returning with rich supplies, taken from Kentucky Unionists and General Buell's wagon-trains. Zollicoffer had eight thousand troops. He erected strong fortifications on both sides of the Cumberland, as a base from which to operate. He was not there merely to hold the position, but to make a movement in conjunction with Marshall, which should turn Buell's left flank and force him back to Louisville.

General Buell's extreme left, as we have seen, was the force under Garfield. The next troops in the line going west was a brigade under General Schœpf, and not far from it, another brigade under George H. Thomas, born in Virginia, but loyal to the Stars and Stripes.

Zollicoffer, through spies and pretended Unionists, knowing all that was going on in the Union armies, learning that Schœpf and Thomas were intending to unite, resolved to crush first one and then the other. He advanced suddenly from Mill Springs toward Somerset, marching through the night, striking four Union regiments at daylight, attacking with great impetuosity, driving all before him. The Union troops were badly cut up, but reinforcements came, and the battle was renewed with great vigor, resulting in the death of Zollicoffer, — the utter routing of his troops, who fled in consternation across the Cumberland, abandoning their cannon and a large amount of supplies,

twelve hundred horses, one hundred wagons. The whole Confederate force melted away on January 19th, nine days after the victory of Garfield. Johnston's entire right wing had been annihilated.

The time had come for crushing the Confederate left wing. A great fleet of river steamers, carrying a force under General Grant, escorted by the gunboats under Commander Foote, sailed from Cairo up the Tennessee to attack Fort Henry.

The troops were landed, the gunboats moved to the attack, steering steadily up-stream, pouring in a fire which dismounted the Confederate guns, tore up the breastwork, — in one hour and ten minutes compelling a surrender.

The taking of this fortification opened a back door to Fort Donelson on the Cumberland.

General Grant moved upon Fort Donelson. The Confederates, under Floyd, and Pillow, and Buckner, on February 14th, marched out to attack him, but were driven back. The next day (Saturday) Grant renewed the conflict, compelling a surrender on the sixteenth — Sunday.

Thirteen thousand prisoners, three thousand horses, forty-eight pieces of field artillery, seventeen heavy guns, twenty thousand small arms, and an immense amount of stores, were the fruits of the victory.

On Saturday noon, General Pillow sent this despatch to Johnson:

“All is going well. On the honor of a soldier, the day is ours.”

Sunday morning at daylight, he and Floyd were flee-

ing from the fort, leaving Buckner to make the surrender. Johnston's entire left wing had been crushed, as one might crush a paper box. There was a quick moving of Johnston's troops from Bowling Green on that Sunday morning, trains bearing regiments and brigades southward past Nashville.

The newspapers at Nashville on that same morning appeared with flaming head-lines —

“ ENEMY RETREATING ! ” “ GLORIOUS RESULTS ! ”
“ OUR BOYS FOLLOWING, AND PEPPERING THEIR REAR ! ”
“ A COMPLETE VICTORY ! ”

The bells rang out their jubilant peals, and the citizens shook hands over the good news as they went to church. An hour later there was weeping and wailing. Fort Donelson had surrendered. People poured out from the churches. Those who sympathized with the rebellion packed their goods. Every team in Nashville was engaged ; carts, wagons, carriages, drays — all were loaded. Strong men were pale, women wrung their hands and mourned. In a few hours the gunboats would be there.

Down came the trains from Bowling Green, bearing the troops southward. All Sunday afternoon, through the night, through Monday, they rumbled. What could not be carried away was destroyed, or given to the poor. When the last of Johnston's teams was across the Cumberland, the abutments of the bridge, which had cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, were blown up, and the structure fell with a crash into the stream,

Property which had cost the Confederacy millions of dollars was destroyed. Johnston was hastening south-west, never halting till he had reached Corinth, in northern Mississippi.

Garfield crushed the extreme right of the Confederate line on the 10th of January, and the victories had followed like a row of bricks, one after the other, in four weeks, clearing Kentucky and Tennessee of every Confederate soldier!

Through the South there was gloom and despondency; throughout the North, rejoicing.

We should not be warranted in saying that these victories were wholly due to the first breaking of the Confederate line at Middle Creek. Probably Thomas would have defeated Zollicoffer in any event. Foote and Grant in all probability would have taken Fort Henry and Donelson, if Garfield had not made that movement; but Middle Creek was the inauguration of the series of victories; it was the first upsetting of Confederate plans; it stimulated the Union soldiers, it gave encouragement and hope to loyal men everywhere.

Middle Creek was like a refreshing breeze after a sultry summer's day.

From the moment that the news of the victory of Middle Creek was flashed over the wires to Washington, President Lincoln had his eye on the young Ohio colonel who had set such a glorious example. From that time on he kept him in view, and sent him a commission as brigadier-general.

While these victories were in progress along the

Union lines, Garfield, having done what he set out to do, was descending the Big Sandy and the Ohio to Louisville, hastening on and reporting personally to General Buell south of Nashville. His brigade was detained at Louisville, but he was appointed to the command of the 20th Brigade of Buell's army in the division commanded by General T. J. Woods.

The army was on its march toward Pittsburg Landing. It was a toilsome movement. The roads were badly cut up, and there were frequent rains. Wood's command was in the rear. It arrived at Pittsburg Landing during the forenoon of the second day's fight.

XV.

CORINTH CAMPAIGN.

AFTER the victory at Donelson, the troops which had taken part in that engagement went up the Tennessee River on steamers, and took position at Pittsburg Landing, about ten miles from the Mississippi line. General Buell at the same time was slowly making his way from Nashville south-west toward the same point.

Johnston chose Corinth, the railroad junction twenty miles from Pittsburg Landing, as the place where he would rally his troops. It was necessary for him to make such a movement to prevent Grant and Buell from moving across the country and attacking Memphis in the rear.

When Grant's troops pitched their tents in the woods at Pittsburg Landing, Johnston resolved to steal upon them unaware and defeat them before Buell arrived. All the troops that could be gathered up from the south-west were sent to him by railroad.

General Grant had no expectation of being attacked. The infantry pickets, instead of being out three or four miles, were not half a mile beyond camp. His army was in a bad position. General Grant did not dream that

fifty thousand men were ready to strike him ; that the Confederates, with five days' rations, on Friday night started from Corinth ; that orders were issued forbidding the soldiers kindling a fire, or making the least noise. Not a drum beat ; not a bugle sounded its note.

Johnston approached in four lines. General Hardee was in front. A quarter of a mile in his rear was Bragg, behind him Polk, with Breckenridge in reserve. There were from ten to twelve thousand men in each line.

Grant's force was much smaller.

At eleven o'clock Saturday evening Hardee was close upon the Union pickets. Johnston called his officers and gave them this order. They were to attack at daylight.

"We sleep to-morrow night in the enemy's camp," said Beauregard.

At three o'clock Sunday morning the Confederates were awake, their breakfasts eaten, their blankets folded, their knapsacks laid aside. The morning brightened, and the long lines wound through the forest. The Union army was asleep. The pickets were keeping guard, all others in slumber. There was nothing to indicate that a hostile army was scarcely a mile from the picket lines, ready to swoop down like an eagle upon its prey.

The Union army consisted of seven divisions : Hurlburt's, W. H. L. Wallace's, near Pittsburg Landing ; McClelland's, Sherman's, and Prentiss's, nearly three miles farther out ; and Lewis Wallace's, at Cramps Landing, seven miles down the river. General Grant

was at Savannah, ten miles distant on the east side of the river.

Suddenly the Union pickets saw a long line of men moving upon them. The muskets rattled, couriers hastened to give the alarm to Prentiss and Sherman. The drums beat, but before the men were awake, Hardee was upon them, sweeping all before him, and taking possession of Sherman's camp at Shiloh Church, and of Prentiss's, near the river.

It is not necessary in this sketch of General Garfield's life to follow out the details of the battle through Sunday — how the Union troops rallied ; how, after the first confusion, they contested every inch of ground, falling back slowly and stubbornly ; how, at nightfall, massing his artillery, and concentrating his lines along a ravine, with the aid of the gunboats, the progress of the Confederates was checked ; how Buell's first division arrived, ascended the hill, and came into position ; how the Confederates rested on their arms, intending to resume the fight in the morning ; how, on Monday morning, Buell's troops were in line.

Grant turned the tables, and began the attack, and pressed on his columns. Beauregard, who succeeded to the command after Johnston's death, was driven back over all the ground won the day before, and at night was fleeing to Corinth.

Garfield's brigade was in Woods' division — the last to cross the river. Garfield was in position to take part in the struggle at noon, but the battle was dying away, and he was not called upon. The Confederates

had been foiled and defeated with great loss, yet Beauregard claimed a great victory.

On the last week in April, 1862, in the woods of Tennessee, near Shiloh Church, I saw the commander of a brigade exercising it upon the double-quick. The troops were marching in column, moving with precision at the word of command, charging bayonets, wheeling to the right and left, in admirable order.

"It is Colonel Garfield who won the battle of Middle Creek," said my fellow-correspondent, Whitelaw Reid, then of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, now of the *New York Tribune*.

Courteous and hearty our reception. We were upon the ground where Albert Sidney Johnston bivouacked his troops on that Saturday night — two miles from Shiloh Church. In this connection I reproduce words written on the 28th of April, 1862 :

"This out-of-the-way place has become historic. Beauregard has named the late battlefield the Field of Shiloh. Our right wing on Sunday morning rested on Shiloh grounds. There the contest was waged with terrible fierceness all through that bloody day. There the next morning it was renewed, and there the enemy was put to rout. There, to use the Hebrew term *Shiloh*, was our '*deliverance*.' Let us accept this name as that by which the victory shall be known in history.

"It is not a costly edifice. No white spire points heavenward. The aisles are not carpeted. There is no sweet-toned organ with triple rows of keys. Through the windows streams no 'dim, religious light.' It has

no silver-toned bell, no fluted columns supporting a fretted roof. It is of modest dimensions, about twenty feet square, built of logs. The chinking is gone, washed out by the rains. It would make a very good corn-crib. It has no pulpit or pews — never had. The people worshiped on benches. The logs bear the marks of the leaden rain, which swept around it during the contest. After the fight it was used as a hospital, but the floor has been torn up, and it is now suitable for a southern cow-house ; but in the North it would be an unsightly object, fit for firewood or fence-rails.

“ Shiloh has been a place for camp-meetings. A few rods south a clear running brook meanders through the forest, fed by limpid springs, furnishing excellent water for the worshipful assemblies. Three miles distant is the Tennessee, where the baptismal rites could be performed. All around is a grand old forest, furnishing grateful shade. There is a clearing across the ravine, — an old house in the last stages of decay, riddled now by cannon-shot. This is Shiloh Field.

“ There are other fields — little patches of cleared land, which have been under the plow for fifty years, while the surrounding forests have stood in all their majesty, with undeveloped, virgin richness of uncounted centuries beneath the mold. This place has stood still while the rest of the world has moved on.

“ The place is no further advanced than it was when the first settlers came over the mountains. Civilization came, made a beginning, but there has been no advance. No elevation, no aspiration after a better state

of being. How the tilth and culture of old Worcester would crown these swells of land with sheaves of golden grain! What corn and clover-fields, redolent with sweets; pastures of honeysuckle; gardens of roses! What white cottages, with green bowers; what churches and schoolhouses, towns and villages! Here, within three miles of one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, within fourteen miles of railroad communication, the forest remains undisturbed. The mourning dove fills the sylvan scene with its plaintive melody, and the people plod on, in the old-time paths, just ignorant enough to fight against their own interests. Why? Slavery reigns!"

After the battle of Pittsburg Landing, General Halleck came from St. Louis, and took command of the army in person, shelving General Grant, who, though he remained with the army, was wholly ignored by Halleck, who commenced a snail-like movement toward Corinth, fully believing that Beauregard was going to make a stand at that point, and that he had an army nearly or quite as large as his own. Halleck constructed a series of lines of breastworks, nearly one hundred miles in all, dug large and deep wells, creeping on a mile or two a day, his advance having frequent skirmishes with the Rebels.

In all of these labors the brigade under Garfield took part. There were frequent rains, the mud was deep, and many of the soldiers, owing to want of proper vigilance on the part of the brigade and regimental commanders, were down with sickness. General Gar-

field's troops were an exception. The discipline, firm, steady, constant; the sanitary regulations, rigidly enforced, kept the health-rate at a high average.

The brigade which General Garfield had first commanded held him in high esteem; the brigade then under his command soon came to hold him in equal respect and admiration.

General Halleck was a month in moving twenty miles. The last week in May his siege-guns were in position to open fire upon Beauregard's lines, but the Confederates were not there. Beauregard had hoodwinked him, and silently departed, destroying the railroad, and burning bridges along the entire line from Memphis to Huntsville.

To the commander who had triumphed over the difficulties of a campaign in eastern Kentucky in mid-winter, who had shown an energy not surpassed by any other officers, was assigned the task of reconstructing the lines. It was work about which there could be no dilly-dallying; it must be done with expedition. The army must have its supplies.

"An army is dependent on its belly," said Napoleon, meaning that it could do nothing without its rations.

General Garfield executed the task with expedition. He was everywhere along the lines, personally directing, putting forth his utmost energy, accomplishing the work to the great satisfaction of Major-General Halleck, and the department at Washington.

"I can see now," said Mrs. Garfield to her husband, after hearing of his steering the steamboat up the Big Sandy, — "I can see now why you was led to go upon

the canal — that the experience might be of value to you when your country needed it."

So Christian faith and recognition of a Divine hand guiding and directing the affairs of life, interpreted the meaning. Was it that he might be of further use to his country in the great struggle that he became a carpenter? Certain it is that his knowledge of that occupation was of value in the bridge-building. The man who had made mortises and tenons, who could use the square and scratch-awl, had a practical knowledge that gave him great advantage. His practiced eye could decide in an instant what shape the structure should have. The man who, when a boy of sixteen, could cut two cords of wood a day, knew what men could do with axes. The man who bought the second algebra he had ever seen, who had mastered the problems of geometry, who supplemented the practical by the theoretical, who, in his early student days, had "a definite object in view" and had attained it; who made it a rule of life to accomplish whatever he undertook to do, — is it any wonder that he quickly accomplished the task assigned him?

The hardships of the campaign were beginning to tell upon him. He was exposed day and night to the malarious influences of the swamps, and, though endowed by nature with a grand physique, his health gave way; he was placed upon the sick-list and allowed leave of absence.

He left the army August 1st, but soon after coming home orders reached him from the War Department to proceed to Cumberland Gap and relieve General G.

W. Morgan, who was in command at that important post, but he was too ill to comply with the order. In October he was ordered to Washington, having been selected as one of the court-martial for the trial of Fitz-John Porter, upon the conclusion of which he was appointed chief of staff to General Rosecrans, then in command of the Army of the Cumberland.

XVI.

TULLAHOMA CAMPAIGN.

AFTER the battle of Stone River, or Murfreesboro', the Army of the Cumberland, under Rosecrans, went into position, January 5, 1863, at Murfreesboro'. Rosecrans's chief of staff, Garesché, having been killed, General Garfield, as has been stated, was appointed to the position.

Soon after the occupation of Murfreesboro', elaborate fortifications were projected, and then construction began, the whole army doing nothing except to erect earthworks and mount cannon. All through the winter and spring the army of Rosecrans remained at Murfreesboro'.

General Bragg was a few miles south with a large army. He had a force of cavalry under Forrest and Morgan, who, taking advantage of Rosecrans's inactivity, went pretty much where they pleased. On the last of January they cut round Rosecrans to his rear. There were numerous reconnoissances and affairs of outposts, but no determined movement on the part of Rosecrans. General Halleck urged him to advance. After General Grant had commenced his campaign against Vicksburg, Halleck became more urgent,

maintaining that Rosecrans's inactivity would enable Bragg to send a portion of his command to Pemberton, who was defending Vicksburg.

Rosecrans maintained that the roads were in such condition that there was no time during the spring when he could advance ; that he had not sufficient cavalry or transportation ; that he could not move till the cornfields were in condition to support his mules. He also maintained that military considerations forbade his advance while Grant was in progress.

It was, to say the least, strange reasoning that if he should compel Bragg to retreat it would enable that officer to send reinforcements to the West. He also advanced the idea that if Grant should chance to fail at Vicksburg, all the Confederates of that section and those under General Joseph E. Johnston in Mississippi would be hurled against him.

Possibly General Rosecrans did not know that Bragg had dispatched a portion of his force to reinforce Pemberton ; but such was the fact. He was too late, however, for Grant had already executed the movement which had shut Pemberton into Vicksburg, — the movement which had more genius in it than any other in all his successful career, — that of sending the steamboats past the batteries at Vicksburg by night, protected by barges piled with bales of hay ; marching his troops down the west bank of the Mississippi, crossing to the east bank, striking eastward to Jackson, defeating Johnson, taking possession of the town of Jackson, turning to the right-about, marching west, closing in on Vicksburg, opening communication with his fleet

above the town, — the movement ending in the surrender of the place, opening the Mississippi through its entire length.

General Bragg occupied a strong position, but General Garfield believed that he could be moved out of it. In this connection we are to behold him as a strategist.

There are two railroads leading southward from Nashville, — one, the Nashville and Chattanooga running southeast through Murfreesboro', Wartrace, Tullahoma, Dechard, on to Stevenson, on the north bank of the Tennessee. The other runs southwest through Columbia. Both of these roads cross Duck River; the first near Wartrace, the second at Columbia. The river is a small stream with steep banks, has its rise just east of Wartrace, runs west, and empties into the Tennessee.

Ten miles west of Wartrace is Shelbyville, the county seat of Bedford, connected with Wartrace by a railroad.

Shelbyville was Bragg's headquarters and the center of his lines. His infantry was posted along the railway, on the north side of the river, while one division of cavalry was posted at McMinnville, twenty-five miles east of Wartrace — the town being the county seat of Warren. Another division of cavalry was at Columbia. Bragg's line therefore was sixty miles long, with his two wings slightly advanced.

Duck River was a strong natural defense. Twenty miles farther south was Elk River, another natural

defense ; behind that were the Cumberland Mountains. How dislodge him ? — that was the question.

From 4th January to June 24th, General Rosecrans lay at Murfreesboro'. Through five months of this delay General Garfield was with him. The War Department demanded an advance, and, when spring opened, urged it with unusual vehemence. General Rosecrans delayed, waiting for cavalry, for reinforcements, for Grant's movements before Vicksburg, for the movements of the enemy, for the opinion of his generals. The *Chief* of Staff at first approved of the delays till the army should be strengthened and massed ; but long before the delaying officers were ready, he was urging movements with all his power. He had established a secret-service system, then perhaps the most perfect of any in the Union armies. From the intelligence it furnished he felt sure that Bragg's force had been considerably reduced, and was now greatly inferior to that of Rosecrans. As he subsequently said, he refused to believe that this army, which defeated a superior foe at Stone River, could not now move upon an inferior one, with reasonable prospects of success.

Finally General Rosecrans formally asked his corps, division, and cavalry generals as to the propriety of a movement. With singular unanimity, though for diverse reasons, they opposed it. *Out of seventeen generals not one was in favor of an immediate advance*, and not one was even willing to put himself upon the record as in favor of an early advance.

General Garfield collated the seventeen letters sent in from the generals in reply to the question of their

Many of the answers to these questions are not categorical, and cannot be clearly set down as affirmative or negative. Especially in answer to the first question there is much indefiniteness, resulting in the difference of judgment as to how great a detachment could be a 'material reduction' of Bragg's strength. For example: One officer thinks it has been reduced ten thousand, but not 'materially weakened.'

The answers to the second question are modified in some instances by the opinions that the Rebels will fall back behind the Tennessee River, and thus no battle can be fought successful or unsuccessful.

So far as these opinions can be stated in tabular form, they will stand thus:

	Yes.	No.
Answer to first question, . . .	6	11
Answer to second question, . . .	2	11
Answer to third question, . . .	4	10
Answer to fourth question, . . .		15
Answer to fifth question . . .		2

On the fifth question, three gave it as their opinion that this army ought to advance as soon as Vicksburg falls, should that event happen.

The following is a summary of the reasons assigned why we should not, at this time, advance upon the enemy:

1. With Hooker's army defeated, and Grant's bending all its energies in a yet undecided struggle, it is bad policy to risk our only reserve army to the chances of a general engagement. A failure here would have

most disastrous effects on our lines of communication, and on politics in the loyal States.

2. We should be compelled to fight the enemy on his own ground, or follow him in a fruitless stern chase; or if we attempted to outflank him and turn his position, we should expose our line of communication and run the risk of being pushed back into a country well known to the enemy and little to ourselves.

3. In case the enemy should fall back without accepting battle, he could make our advance very slow, and with a comparatively small force posted in the gaps of the mountains could hold us back while he crossed the Tennessee River, where he would be measurably secure, and free to send reinforcements to Johnston. His forces in East Tennessee could seriously harass our left flank, and constantly disturb our communications.

4. The withdrawal of Burnside's Ninth Army Corps deprives us of an important reserve and flank protection, thus increasing the difficulty of an advance.

5. General Hurlburt has sent the most of his forces away to General Grant, thus leaving West Tennessee uncovered, and laying our right flank and rear open to raids of the enemy."

The following incidental opinions are expressed :

" 1. One officer thinks it probable that the enemy has been strengthened rather than weakened, and that *he* (the enemy) would have a reasonable prospect of victory in a general battle.

2. One officer believes that the results of a general

battle would be doubtful, a victory barren, and a defeat most disastrous.

3. Three officers believe that an advance would bring on a general engagement. Three others believe it would not.

4. Two officers express the opinion that the chances of success in general are nearly equal.

5. One officer expresses the belief that our army has reached its maximum strength and efficiency, and that inactivity will generally impair its effectiveness.

6. Two officers say that an increase of our cavalry by six thousand men would materially change the aspect of affairs, and give us a decided advantage."

General Garfield then gave a carefully prepared estimate of Bragg's forces, based on information obtained by his secret-service bureau. He maintained that it was inferior to Rosecrans's army, and brought forward such an array of facts, and supported them by such cogent arguments, that Rosecrans finally became convinced of the correctness of his views.

He submitted the following considerations :

" 1. Bragg's army is now weaker than it has been since the battle at Stone River, or is likely to be again for the present, while our army has reached its maximum strength, and we have no right to expect reinforcements for several months, if at all.

2. Whatever be the result at Vicksburg, the determination of its fate will give large reinforcements to Bragg. If Grant is successful, his army will require many weeks to recover from the shock and strain of

his late campaign, while Johnston will send back to Bragg a force sufficient to insure the safety of Tennessee. If Grant fails, the same result will inevitably follow, so far as Bragg's army is concerned.

3. No man can predict with certainty the result of any battle, however great the disparity in numbers. Such results are in the hand of God. But, viewing the question in the light of human calculation, I refuse to entertain a doubt that this army, which in January last defeated Bragg's superior numbers, cannot overwhelm his present greatly inferior forces.

4. The most unfavorable course for us that Bragg could take would be to fall back without giving us battle, but this would be very disastrous to him. Besides the loss of *material* of war, and the abandonment of the rich and abundant harvest now nearly ripe in Central Tennessee, he would lose heavily by desertion. It is well known that a wide-spread dissatisfaction exists among his Kentucky and Tennessee troops. They are already deserting in large numbers. A retreat would greatly increase both the desire and the opportunity for desertion, and would very materially reduce his physical and moral strength. While it would lengthen our communications, it would give us possession of McMinnville, and enable us to threaten Chattanooga and East Tennessee ; and it would not be unreasonable to expect an early occupation of the former place.

5. But the chances are more than even that a sudden and rapid movement would compel a general

engagement, and the defeat of Bragg would be in the highest degree disastrous to the rebellion.

6. The turbulent aspects of politics in the loyal States renders a decisive blow against the enemy at this time of the highest importance to the success of the Government at the polls, and in the enforcement of the Conscription Act.

7. The Government and War Department believe that this army ought to move upon the enemy; the army desires it, and the country is anxiously hoping for it.

8. Our true objective point is the Rebel army, whose last reserves are substantially in the field, and an effective blow will crush the shell, and soon be followed by the collapse of the Rebel government.

9. You have, in my judgment, wisely delayed a general movement hitherto, till your army could be massed and your cavalry could be mounted. Your mobile force can now be concentrated in twenty-four hours, and your cavalry, if not equal in numerical strength to that of the enemy, is greatly superior in efficiency and morals.

For these reasons I believe an immediate advance of all our available forces is advisable, and under the providence of God will be successful."

Twelve days after the reception of this report the army moved, to the great dissatisfaction of the leading generals. One of the three corps commanders, Major-General Thomas L. Crittenden, approached the Chief of Staff at the headquarters on the morning of advance.

"It is understood, sir," he said, "by the general officers of the army, that this movement is your work. I wish you to understand that it is a rash and fatal move, for which you will be held responsible."

This "rash and fatal move" was the Tullahoma campaign; a campaign perfect in its conception, excellent in its general execution, and only hindered from resulting in the complete destruction of the opposing army by the delays which had too long postponed its commencement. It might even yet have destroyed Bragg, but for the terrible season of rain which set in on the morning of advance, and continued uninterruptedly for the greater part of a month. With a week's earlier start it would have ended the career of Bragg's army in the war.

On June 23d General Granger's corps and a part of General Thomas's men started southeast, and on the following morning the entire force, except the garrison left to hold Murfreesboro', marched in the same direction.

Instead of striking for McMinnville, General Thomas marched down the Manchester turnpike. The cavalry and infantry in advance encountered the Confederate outposts and drove them.

General Garfield believed that under cover of a feint of attacking at Shelbyville, by one or two divisions, the army might sweep round to the left, drive in the cavalry at McMinnville, or separate it from the center, turn Bragg's right flank, and force him to retreat, or else accept battle on ground of Rosecrans's choos-

ing. The movement would threaten his communication with Chattanooga. He must fight or retreat.

The outline of operations as given by Garfield was accepted ; a division of cavalry taking possession of the gap in the hills. In one engagement General Johnson's division of Bragg's army lost two hundred and thirty-one killed and wounded.

General Bragg seems not to have understood the meaning of the movement till Rosecrans was abreast of Wartrace, nearly east of that place, having not only turned his flank, but having crossed Duck River, which was but a rivulet on Rosecrans's line of march.

While Rosecrans was moving on Manchester and Dechard with the main body of the army, the force which had been detailed to make the feint at Shelbyville was vigorously at work.

Bragg having discovered the meaning of the movement, began to move southeast to counteract it ; but he was too late, and there was the spectacle of both armies marching south on nearly parallel lines. Bragg along the railway to Dechard ; Rosecrans farther east.

The Union cavalry under Mitchell and the brigades of infantry under Colonel Minty, boldly attacked the Confederate troops under Wheeler, whom Bragg had detailed to hold Shelbyville, pushing on with such impetuosity that the Confederates suffered a total defeat, losing more than five hundred men, several pieces of artillery, and a large amount of supplies.

From McMinnville, Wilder's brigade was sent to tear up the railroad north of Dechard. The troops started in the early morning, struck the railroad at eight in the

evening, tore up one thousand feet of the track, and burned the rest, but were obliged to fall back before a superior force, avoiding a division of Rebel cavalry, re-joining the main body, which all the while was advancing, reaching Manchester at noon, June 30th.

"Bragg has fled," said a farmer to General Rosecrans as his army advanced to within two miles of Tullahoma on the morning of June 30th.

The army pressed on, overtaking Bragg's rear-guard, pressing it all the way southward to the Tennessee.

It was a nine days' campaign, in which Rosecrans had lost 85 killed, 413 wounded, and 13 captured. Bragg's loss in killed and wounded was far greater, 50 being officers; 1575 prisoners were captured, together with 8 field-pieces, and 3 rifled siege-guns, beside a vast amount of material abandoned in the retreat.

Bragg had been forced south of the Tennessee; and with the movement of Burnside to East Knoxville, the State of Tennessee was brought once more under the dominion of the old flag.

It was the genius of James A. Garfield that had brought it about; the courage to set forth his own convictions in opposition to every other commander; and his persuasive power over his commander-in-chief. He planned the campaign, and aided in carrying it out.

XVII.

TO CHICKAMAUGA.

THE Tennessee River, flowing from the east for a long distance, has a general southwestern course. The village of Chattanooga, on its southern bank, in 1863 contained about fifteen hundred inhabitants. It is situated in a mountain gate-way. Lookout Mountain, a long ridge lying parallel to the river, rising twenty-four hundred feet above the level of the sea, presents on its northern face an almost perpendicular bluff. Its eastern and western sides are more sloping and partially wooded.

Between Lookout and the Tennessee is a lower ridge, the northern portion of which is called Raccoon Mountain, and the southern portion Sand Mountain. Eastward of Lookout is Missionary Ridge, an elevation much lower than Lookout. It is about twenty-five miles long, and West Chickamauga Creek flows along its eastern base, and empties into the Tennessee at Chattanooga. East of the creek is still another ridge called Pigeon Mountain.

The railroad from Chattanooga to Atlanta runs due east from Chattanooga almost five miles, bends southwest, crosses the Georgia line just above the town of

Ringold, and then runs on to Dalton, where it forms a junction with the railroad coming down from Knoxville, Eastern Tennessee.

The whole country is one of long mountain ranges lying parallel to each other, with streams flowing northward to the Tennessee and southward to the Coosa, which empties into the Gulf of Mexico.

The movement of Rosecrans upon Tullahoma had forced Bragg across the Tennessee. He held Chattanooga, and his army was posted along the southern bank of the stream, holding every important position for a long distance. It was of the utmost importance to the Confederacy to prevent the Union army from crossing the stream and moving up the Chickamauga valley, or advancing by any other route to central Georgia and Alabama, from which the Confederates were receiving their supplies.

General Burnside had moved into Eastern Tennessee, and was in possession of Knoxville. Bragg could therefore have no communication with Lee in Virginia by that route, but only through Georgia. Rosecrans's front from East Tennessee extended west far beyond Chattanooga, making a line of positions fully one hundred and fifty miles long. The problem before him was a movement which should compel Bragg to retire from Chattanooga. How could that be done? Certainly not by attempting to cross the Tennessee at Chattanooga, with all of Bragg's cannon ready to hurl a storm of shot, shell, and canister upon the engineer corps if they attempted to lay their pontoons.

To General Garfield was assigned the task of devising

a movement which would compel Bragg to evacuate Chattanooga. Rosecrans did not wish to fight a battle except upon grounds of his own choosing. It may seem an easy matter to plan a campaign, but he who undertakes must study all the factors in the problem, — by what routes the army can march ; what obstacles it will encounter, of rivers, mountains, forests ; how fast it can move, how it can subsist, how it can be concentrated ; what the probable movements of the enemy will be, which routes it will take, where it will make a stand, whether it can be reinforced. It is a problem of vast proportions.

General Garfield saw that the only movement which could be made would be by the right flank crossing the Tennessee, Raccoon and Sand Mountains, Lookout Range, gain the valley of the Coosa, and threaten Bragg's communications with Atlanta. This would involve on the part of Rosecrans a cutting loose from his base of supplies, the crossing of the mountain by gaps wide apart separating his corps, hazarding an attack upon one of the three by Bragg's whole force, and its possible annihilation before either of the others could join it.

Bragg's army numbered fifty-nine thousand ; Rosecrans's, after deducting those necessary to guard the railroad and his supplies, was several thousand less. Could Rosecrans hope to make such a movement and concentrate his force before being overwhelmed in detail by Bragg ? What could Bragg do ? Generals must see what the enemy will be likely to do. Would not such a movement threatening Bragg's communications with Atlanta compel him to retreat ?

General Halleck, sitting at his desk in the War Department at Washington, was telegraphing Rosecrans to move at once upon Bragg. Early in August Halleck had issued peremptory orders for him to move. On August 5, Halleck sent this despatch: "The orders for the advance of your army are peremptory."

There was nothing for Rosecrans to do but to move on. Subordinates must obey orders. Halleck had set it down that Bragg would at once retreat from Chattanooga and fall back toward Atlanta. He even thought it possible that Bragg was depleting his army by sending troops to Lee in Virginia. On August 11, Halleck asked Rosecrans to ascertain, if Bragg was sending troops to Virginia.

Rosecrans having moved Bragg out of Tullahoma by following the plan laid before him by General Garfield, thought that Bragg would retreat. In this he and Halleck agreed, and the idea was so firmly fixed in his mind that it could only be changed by the stern logic of events.

General Garfield perfected his plans. The army was to cross the river at different points below Chattanooga. Crittenden's corps, after crossing, was to advance up the southern bank of the river upon Chattanooga, while Thomas and McCook were to cross Raccoon and Sand ridges by different routes, descend into Lookout Valley, climb Lookout Ridge, pass through gaps, and descend the other side, — Thomas upon the little town of Lafayette, and McCook upon Summerville, twenty miles farther south. Bragg probably would retreat. Crittenden would take possession of Chatta-

nooga and move down and join them. The gap through which Thomas would cross Lookout Ridge was twenty-six miles south of Chattanooga, while the gap which McCook would utilize was twenty-five miles south of Thomas, thus making it fifty-two miles from Crittenden to McCook. Everything was ready.

On August 21 the whole army was across the Cumberland mountains and on the bank of the Tennessee, but it was stretched out more than one hundred miles. Preparations were made for crossing. The pontoons were brought forward, timber prepared and materials obtained for the construction of two bridges. This was done with great secrecy, for Bragg's signal corps on the summit of Lookout with their field-glasses could see every movement in Rosecrans's army for a long distance.

The crossing began on the 29th, and by the 4th of September all were across except the troops left to guard the railroad, until relieved by General Gordon, Granger's reserve corps.

The crossing was made at three points—Shell Mount, twenty-five miles below Chattanooga; Bridgeport, ten miles farther down; and Caperton's Ferry, opposite Stevenson, ten miles farther.

Crittenden turned northeast and began to move up the river. Thomas crossed Raccoon Mountain to the little village of Trenton, in Lookout Valley, turned south ten miles, then east, climbed Lookout Ridge through Stevens' and Cooper's Gap.

McCook with Stanley's Division crossed at Caperton's Ferry, marched southeast, crossed Sand Mountain,

and descended into Lookout Valley, climbed Lookout Ridge, heading directly for Summerville, which is nearly sixty miles south of Chattanooga.

While Rosecrans's troops are on the march, let us step into Chattanooga and see what Bragg is doing. He knows every movement of Rosecrans, sees him separating his corps.

Instead of retreating toward Atlanta, in accordance with Halleck's and Rosecrans's reasoning, Bragg withdraws all his troops from Chattanooga except one brigade, marches south about thirty miles, and takes position, facing west, toward Lookout Ridge.

General Bragg thus writes of his movements:

"On the 9th of September it was ascertained that a column, estimated at from four to eight thousand, had crossed Lookout Mountain by way of Stevens' and Cooper's Gap. Thrown off his guard by our rapid movements, — *apparently* in retreat, when in reality we had concentrated opposite his center, and deceived by the information from deserters and others sent into his lines, — the enemy pressed on his columns to intercept us, and thus exposed himself in detail."

Bragg has asked for reinforcements. Lee is sending Longstreet's veteran corps, which has been in all the fights around Richmond, Manassas, Chancellorville, and Gettysburg. Buckner's command from eastern Tennessee is ordered to join him. Joseph E. Johnston dispatches some of his troops from Mississippi, and there are militia regiments from Georgia.

Bragg outnumbers Rosecrans by several thousand. He is concentrated, while Rosecrans is divided. Bragg

is close to his supplies, while Rosecrans is moving away from his.

The movement of Rosecrans had compelled Bragg to withdraw nearly all his troops from Chattanooga. Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry appeared upon the northern bank, opened fire from a battery of light artillery, drove Bragg's force out; and Crittenden marched in, pushed out over Missionary Ridge to Lee and Gordon's Mill, on West Chickamauga Creek, fifteen miles, bringing him that much nearer to Thomas.

From Rossville, situated near the northern end of Missionary Ridge, ten miles from Chickamauga, two roads run south, — one, the Dry Valley road, along the western slope of the ridges, and the other the Lafayette road along the east side. Ten miles due south from Rossville, the Lafayette road crosses Chickamauga Creek at Lee and Gordon's Mill. The road after crossing the creek keeps straight on to Lafayette, fifteen miles distant.

There are several roads leading eastward from Missionary Ridge to bridges and fords across the Chickamauga, so that Bragg could move his troops rapidly from Chattanooga across the creek to positions between the mill and Lafayette, or back again, when the proper time came.

While Rosecrans was moving across the mountains, General Burnside with a large force was taking possession of Knoxville, driving out Buckner, who retreated to join Bragg. If Burnside had pushed on, if Halleck had ordered him to hasten to Chattanooga, he would have brought twenty thousand men to Rosecrans, but

he was not so ordered till it was too late. Halleck had made several mistakes, one in ordering Rosecrans peremptorily to move on, another in maintaining that Bragg was in full retreat ; a third in concluding that Bragg was sending men to the aid of Lee, while on the contrary Lee was sending Longstreet to Bragg ; and now he made a fourth in not ordering Burnside to hasten after Buckner and join Rosecrans.

The features of the country are such that by the time the last division of Rosecrans was across the Tennessee, the foremost was far on its way over Lookout Valley and on Lookout Mountain.

On the 9th of September, Crittenden took possession of Chattanooga.

"It is ours without a struggle," was the despatch sent by Rosecrans to Halleck.

Ah ! he did not know that almost at that moment Bragg was issuing orders to two of his division commanders to move on Negley's division of Thomas's corps which was descending the east side of Lookout Ridge from Stevens' Gap, that Cleburne and Hindman together outnumbered Negley two to one.

Negley is on the east side of the ridge with five thousand men. His nearest support Baird's division of six thousand, four miles distant ; while the other two divisions of Thomas's corps are on the west side of Lookout, at Trenton.

Bragg, to make all sure, ordered up Cheatham's and Walker's divisions to support Hindman and Cleburne, making twenty-five thousand, with a large force of cav-

alry in addition, to fall upon Negley and Baird with only eleven thousand.

Rosecrans was in utter ignorance of the state of affairs. Bragg's spies sent in purposely had done their work well.

"All the information I have received," wrote Rosecrans to Thomas on the evening of the 9th, "induces the belief that there is no considerable Rebel force this side of Dalton."

General Negley's scouts had a different tale to tell, — so different, that that officer, with wise precaution, started his train back toward Baird's position, and moved his troops in the same direction two miles.

Bragg ordered Hindman to begin the attack early in the morning. Cleburne was to advance as soon as he heard Hindman's guns. The morning came and passed, none of Hindman's cannon were thundering; forenoon passed, still no artillery. Courier after courier was sent to know the reason of the silence. Not till three o'clock was Hindman ready to advance.

It is not known why Hindman was not ready. Bragg does not inform us in his report; but at three o'clock Hindman's guns began to play, and Cleburne advanced.

Two companies of the 19th Illinois Infantry were behind a wall biding their time. Cleburne's line was coming on. Suddenly the stone wall was all aflame, and thirty of Cleburne's men went down. The next moment two of Negley's guns on a hill in the rear, began to hurl shells into the advancing column, which came to a stand-still. The golden moment had slipped

away. Negley and Baird could not be successfully assailed, and Cleburne withdrew his troops. He had failed in his design.

What next should Bragg do? He resolved to leave Thomas and McCook, recross Pigeon Mountain at Lafayette, turn north, and annihilate Crittenden before Thomas and Crittenden could join their forces. Then he would attend to McCook. Major-General Polk, who had laid aside a bishop's gown to wear the stars of a major-general, had command of Bragg's right. He was only three miles east of Lee and Gordon's Mills, and opposite a part of Crittenden's corps which had advanced to that point.

"You have a fine opportunity of crushing Crittenden in detail, and I hope you will avail yourself of it to-morrow morning," was Bragg's message to Polk, at 6 P. M. September 12.

"Attack at daylight," said Bragg's second despatch.

The morning of the 13th dawned. Bragg rode in haste northward from Lafayette to see Polk crush first one, and then another of Crittenden's divisions, which were then three miles apart, when, lo and behold! Major-General Polk was quietly eating his breakfast, and his troops were showing no sign of advancing! General Bragg made use of many words, which were more forcible than elegant.

Another golden opportunity had slipped through Bragg's fingers by no fault of his own. How shall we account for it? Was it that a Divine hand was directing affairs? General Rosecrans saw that himself, and Halleck had been mistaken in the supposition of what

Bragg would do. He began to see that all the pleasant stories told him by men who had come into his camp, informing him of Bragg's retreat, were lies. Bragg, instead of retreating, was preparing to cut him up piecemeal. Now was the time for action.

General Garfield instantly comprehended the situation of affairs. The army must be concentrated. There must be quick marching. Crittenden was at Lee and Gordon's Mill, McCook was fifty miles south of him, and Thomas twenty-five miles from Crittenden, who must hold the roads leading across Missionary Ridge to Chattanooga till Thomas and McCook could join him.

The salvation of the army depended upon the carrying out of this plan. Couriers rode at break-neck speed, carrying orders. Bragg was hastening his troops north. Bragg had the shortest distance to march, but he must cross Pigeon Mountain, cross Chickamauga Creek, and seize the roads in the rear of Crittenden, which would compel Rosecrans to fight on ground of Bragg's choosing. It was on the morning of the 13th that he abandoned his effort to annihilate Negley. On that day he decided to move north.

"Go over the Pigeon Mountain, and make a demonstration against the Union left," were Bragg's orders to Wheeler's cavalry. At the same time he ordered Forrest to proceed north and threaten Crittenden's connections with Chattanooga. He had decided under cover of these demonstrations to move his army north, cross Chickamauga, and get possession of Missionary Ridge. He decided to go, but did not start. For four

days he remained inactive! Why? Possibly for this reason: Longstreet was on his way, and he would wait. The golden thread dropped from his grasp once more. Well for our country that it was so, for, had he moved on the 13th, there can be little doubt that Rosecrans's army would have been swept from the face of the earth — cut up, a division at a time. He did not move till the night of the 17th, and all through those hours, Thomas and McCook were marching.

Who can measure the value to the country, of that unaccountable delay of Bragg? Not till Rosecrans's three corps were almost in supporting distance of each other, did Bragg give the order to advance.

There are several roads leading eastward from the Lafayette road along the east side of Missionary Ridge to fords and bridges across the creek. The first ford north of Lee's mill, a mile distant, is called Dalton's; a half mile farther is Smith's; a half mile beyond that is Alexander's bridge; a little farther is another ford; beyond that is Reed's bridge; and beyond that is Dyer's bridge. The distance in a straight line from the mill to Dyer's bridge is about five miles. On the Dry-Gulf road, leading along the west side of Missionary Ridge, about a mile and a half from the mill, is the house of Wisdom Glen, where Rosecrans established his headquarters.

XVIII.

FIRST DAY AT CHICKAMAUGA.

THUS far we have been dealing with movements. We come to the morning of the 19th of September. Bragg has a well-defined plan to cross the Chickamauga at the different bridges and fords, move rapidly by his right flank, seize the road leading from Rossville to Lafayette, push across Missionary Ridge to Rossville, cutting off Rosecrans from Chattanooga. Having done that, he will close in upon the Union troops and overwhelm them by his superior numbers.

Rosecrans has made his movements over Lookout Ridge to compel Bragg to evacuate Chattanooga, and he has succeeded. Crittenden holds it. Rosecrans does not wish to fight a superior force, but sees that a battle is inevitable. If he can meet Bragg and hold on to Chattanooga, even though he may be compelled to fall back from Missionary Ridge, he will have attained the primary object of the campaign. If Bragg does not drive Rosecrans out of Chattanooga and across the Tennessee, his attack will be a failure, even though he may drive Rosecrans from Missionary Ridge.

Rosecrans and his chief of staff General Garfield,

though neither of them had ever been to Rossville or up the Lafayette road, saw the necessity of holding that highway. They fully comprehended the move which Bragg was making, or saw rather what he would be likely to do.

Fortunate the selection of troops ; fortunate the selection of a commander to hold the right — George H. Thomas, the imperturbable, well-poised, clear-headed, self-reliant general, who had won the battle of Mill Springs, who at Pittsburg Landing on the second day, and at Stone River, had shown sterling qualities as a general, greatly beloved by his troops for his strict, firm discipline ; not that of a martinet, but of a judicious commander, who had only the welfare of his men in view. "Papa Thomas" they called him. They would do anything for him.

The enthusiasm which he had inspired in them was not that which manifests itself in hurrahs, the swinging of caps, but it was the holding-on quality, endurance, pluck, the never-giving-in determination which transforms a line of men into a wall of adamant !

The 18th was a day of great anxiety to Rosecrans and Garfield. They could see clouds of dust east of the creek extending far to the north ; but not till the head of McCook's column reached Crawfish Spring, a mile and a half south of Lee & Gordon's mill, did Rosecrans dare to put Thomas in motion toward Rossville, along the Lafayette road.

All night long Thomas's men were on the march past Rosecrans's headquarters at widow Glenn's house. When daylight dawned on the morning of the 19th,

Thomas was wheeling into position east of Kelley's house, his troops facing eastward.

The men threw themselves on the ground, ate their hardtack and cold meat, and drank their coffee. Long and wearisome had been the rapid marchings. They had been on a race with Bragg, and had distanced him.

They were planted on the spot which he had hoped to secure, and to obtain it now he must fight for it.

At sunrise then on the morning of the 19th, Rosecrans's infantry are extended from Crawfish Spring on the right to Kelley's farm on the left, with the cavalry beyond, holding the road leading from Dyer's bridge to Rossville.

Rosecrans's cavalry had been doing great service during the night. At every bridge and ford across the Chickamauga they had confronted Bragg's divisions, holding them in check. "The resistance," says Bragg in his report, "offered by the enemy's cavalry, and the difficulties arising from the bad and narrow country roads, caused unexpected delays."

When General Walker's division of Bragg's army reached Alexander's bridge, they found Wilder's mounted infantry on the opposite bank. Wilder set his light artillery to work, and threw such a shower of shells across the stream that Walker's troops recoiled ; and under cover of the fire of the small arms, a squad of Wilder's command rushed down to the bridge and set it on fire, compelling Walker to retrace his steps and cross at one of the fords.

From daylight till nine o'clock, Thomas's wearied men had a chance to rest, but at that hour the turmoil of battle began.

Bragg's troops were getting into position with Forrest's cavalry in advance, Walker's division following.

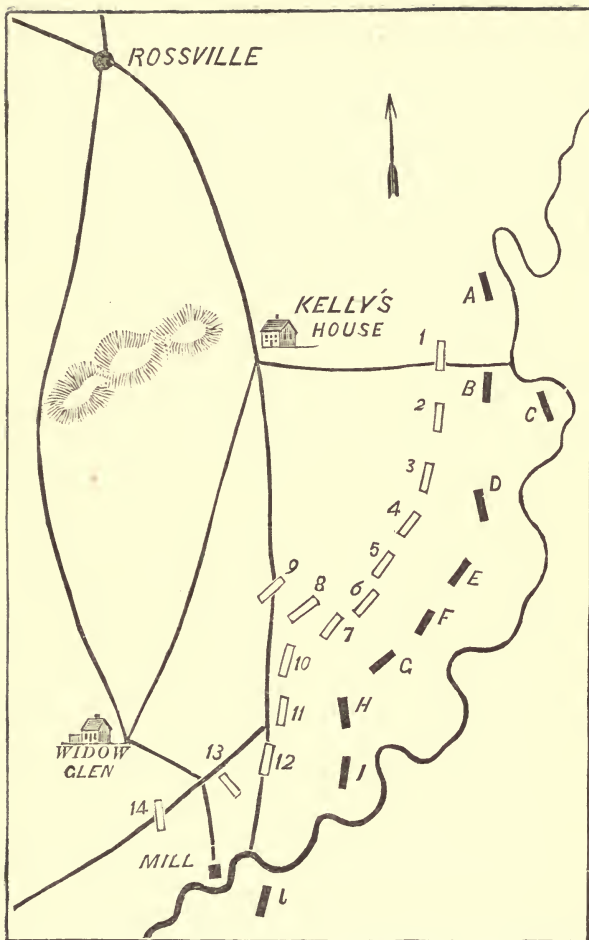
General Thomas sent Croxton's brigade of Brannan's division against Forrest. Croxton drove him half a mile, but was stopped by Ector's brigade sent in by Walker; whereupon Thomas sent in the whole of Baird's division, driving Walker.

This was not heavy fighting, but an advance on the part of Bragg to discover what there was between his right wing and Rossville. He had hoped to find at least only a small force blocking it, which he would sweep away as if it were only a cobweb. If he had been there hours earlier, he would have had little opposition; but he was too late.

Noon. Bragg settled himself for serious work on his right. He must obtain possession of the Lafayette road. He orders up Cheatham's division to Walker's aid. Cheatham advances on Baird, striking his left flank, throws two of Baird's brigades into confusion, capturing his artillery, driving him back toward Kelley's house.

Thomas calmly beholds the discomfiture. A messenger rides to Reynolds and Johnson, who are south of Kelley's house, and where Cheatham's men in their exultation with wild yells are proclaiming their success, but they find themselves whirled back in confusion by Reynolds and Johnson, and forced to leave behind the cannon which they had captured from Baird.

Stewart's division of Bragg's army hastens to take part in the melee. Palmer's of Rosecrans's comes, Clayton's, Brown's, and Bates's brigade of Stewart's advance,



BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA. FIRST DAY.

Union Troops.

- 1—Brannan, 1st Position.
- 2—Baird. 3—Johnson.
- 4—Palmer.
- 5—Reynolds.

- 6—Brannan, 2d Position.
- 7—Van Cleave, 1st Position.
- 8—Negley, 2d Position.
- 9—Van Cleave, 2d Position.

- 10—Davis.
- 11—Wood.
- 12—Sheridan.
- 13—McCook.

Confederate Troops.

- A—Forrest.
- B—Walker.
- C—Breckenridge.

- D—Cleburne.
- E—Cheatham.
- F—Stewart.

- G—Hood.
- H—B. R. Johnson.
- I—Preston. J—Anderson.

one after the other, and are all driven back before the tremendous fire of Reynolds, Palmer, and Johnson.

In a few minutes, four hundred of Clayton's men fell. Brown and Bates advanced close upon Thomas's lines, but were turned back with great loss.

Two o'clock. The battle began to roll up the creek. Hood and Johnson advancing against Van Cleve and Davis. Bragg sent in part of Preston's division against Wood.

From two till four the contest was sharp. Van Cleve was driven, and Negley was brought down from the right to take his place. That was at half-past four.

Hood, Johnson, and Preston were driving on with so much vigor, that Rosecrans's line was pushed back nearly to widow Glen's house, around which the Rebel shells were constantly exploding.

But Sheridan came down from the extreme right, and stopped the onward movement of the Rebels.

In the center, where Van Cleve was pushed back, Palmer's flank had been left exposed, but Hazen moved in and made the line good once more. He planted twenty cannon on a knoll, which poured a murderous fire upon Cheatham, who was moving up to fall upon Reynolds.

The sun sinking behind Lookout threw its departing beams over the murky field. The Union troops supposed that the conflict for the day was over, when Cleburne and Preston made a sudden attack upon Johnson's and Baird's divisions, but without avail; they were driven, and night closed in — both armies

lying down upon the field to renew the struggle in the morning.

Bragg had not accomplished what he had set out to do — to crush Rosecrans's left, and gain the Lafayette road.

Every division sent against Thomas had been rolled back as the billows of the ocean are hurled from the rocky ledges along the shore.

The battle began on Kelley's farm, and there the last shots were fired as night set in.

How should the battle be fought on the morrow? What would Bragg attempt — what could he do? How could the Union position be strengthened. These were the questions which were considered in Rosecrans's headquarters, by officers in consultation during the evening of the 19th. From the nature of the ground, it was plain that Bragg could not change his attack to the other flank; he would therefore aim to get possession of the Lafayette road. It was plain that Rosecrans's line was too long, that it must be contracted. Orders were issued, therefore, for the drawing in of the right to widow Glenn's house, thus shortening the line more than a mile. Just north of the widow's cottage there is a hill, and the line was formed around the southern side, with Sheridan facing west, Davis south, Wood east. Then came Brannan, Reynolds, Palmer, Johnson, and Baird. The line was much like a fish-hook in its contour — Sheridan being the barbed point. Such a line would have its advantages, and also its disadvantages.

Among the disadvantages was that of the possi-

bility of being subjected to an enfilading fire, and if anything should happen to break the center, the driving in of a wedge by Bragg at that point would be doubly disastrous, dividing the army at its center. To make the trains secure, they were sent along the Dry Valley road, on the west side of the ridge toward Chattanooga.

All of the Union troops have been engaged—all have suffered; but, owing to Bragg's superior force, all must be ready to take part in the struggle on the morrow.

Bragg also was holding a consultation with his officers. He gave a hearty grip of the hand to General Longstreet, who arrived during the evening. His troops had preceded him. Bragg handed him a map, showed him the roads, bridges, hillocks, and line of battle.

"The battle will begin at daylight," said Bragg, "on the right, and will be taken up successively all along the line to the left. The general movement will be a wheel upon your extreme left as a pivot. You are assigned to the command of the left wing."

Longstreet had Hood, Hindman, Johnson, Stewart, and Preston, with a large number of batteries. McLawes' division had not yet arrived, but when it came, would be put in line.

At midnight the Confederate officers retired to their commands, to get a few hours sleep before the beginning of the final struggle, which was, as they confidently expected, to crush the Union army, and drive its shattered battalions across the Tennessee.

XIX.

SECOND DAY AT CHICKAMAUGA.

FOR the battle of September 20th, Bragg had no plan except to pound away at Rosecrans's left, drive Thomas from Kelley's farm, and gain possession of the road leading to Rossville. If he could carry out this plan, he could annihilate the Union army.

Bragg's right wing, under Polk, was composed of Breckenridge's, Cheatham's, Cleburne's, and Walker's divisions. They were to begin the attack, and when Breckenridge, who held the extreme right, gained possession of the road in rear of Thomas, Longstreet was to push on.

It will be interesting just here to note the difference we sometimes see in men — between the stately, dignified, kind-hearted, slow and easy general, who before the outbreak of the war had been preaching sermons — Lieutenant-General Polk, and the bold, resolute, energetic West Point graduate, Longstreet.

Polk was to attack at daylight. As the sun began to light up the summit of Lookout, Bragg and his staff leaped into their saddles, expecting to hear Polk's guns breaking the stillness of the morning ; but they heard nothing save the rumbling of distant wagons,

and the hum that rises from the bivouac of a great army. A half hour passed. Bragg was restless. An hour, he was chafing with impatience. Another half hour, patience was exhausted. He turned to Major Lee for aid.

"Ride, sir, to Lieutenant-General Polk, ascertain the reason for his delay, and urge him to attack at once."

Major Lee disappeared down the road. It took him nearly half an hour to reach Polk, who was leisurely partaking of a sumptuous breakfast with his staff.

The clerical general was fond of display. His staff was a brilliant one, and wherever he rode, they followed. Like the peacock, he was fond of displaying his tail.

Major Lee saluted the lieutenant-general, and gave his message. Polite and courtly the reply :

"Please inform the general commanding that I have already ordered General Hill to open the action ; that I am waiting for him to begin ; and do please say to General Bragg that my heart is overflowing with anxiety for the attack — with anxiety, sir."

Major Lee returned to General Bragg, reporting the reply literally.

The Southern historian of the war, Pollard, has not recorded the exact words that fell from Bragg's lips, but he says that the preacher-general and all his division officers and everybody else were consigned to perdition by Bragg, who was ready to burst with anger.

"Ride," he shouted, "all along the line ; tell every captain to take his men instantly into action !"

The aids departed, and a few minutes later Polk's troops were moving to the attack.

Are events coincidences, or is there a hand unseen directing human affairs, — taking control in battle, marshalling events, — to bring about results affecting ultimate human destiny ?

How happened it that the same easy-going Polk was in command of Bragg's right, and the resolute, energetic Longstreet, noted for persistence as a hammerer, was in command of the left ? Bragg assigned them their separate positions ; he might have reversed them. Why didn't he ? The right was the place where thunderbolts should be hurled upon the Union line ; the left was to press on with all its force ; but the key could only be seized by the right.

Passing over to the Union lines we see Thomas just where he ought to be. Was it obtuseness on the part of Bragg, and far-sightedness on the part of Rosecrans, that placed Polk on one side, and Thomas on the other, where they were ? Whether it was a happening, or the evolution of law, or the directing power of a Divine Providence, it is certain that the assignment of those commanders to their several positions had much to do with the issue of the battle.

The three hours' delay by Polk, till after his elaborate breakfast, were of inestimable value to Rosecrans, who from sunrise till ten o'clock was strengthening his lines, and preparing for the tremendous struggle.

Rosecrans, at the beginning of the battle on the 19th, had not far from sixty thousand men, including cavalry. Bragg, with the reinforcements that came, had fully seventy thousand. Bragg, in his report of the battle, says that his loss amounted to two-fifths of

his entire army. The most reliable data of his losses places them at eighteen thousand. If that is a true statement, it would swell his army to ninety thousand. From all evidences attainable, it is clear that Rosecrans's army as it stood in line at ten o'clock on the morning of September 20th, was confronted by an army outnumbering it at least ten thousand.

When General Thomas returned from Rosecrans's headquarters at two o'clock in the morning, he inspected his lines, set all his ax-men at work cutting down trees and strengthening his position. He saw that Bragg would make a desperate effort to turn his flank, and asked for more troops. Rosecrans ordered Negley's division to move over to the left, but at seven o'clock in the morning it had not arrived, for Bragg's skirmishers were advancing upon Negley, and Rosecrans did not dare to withdraw him from his position. Beatty's brigade only was sent. The brigade took position on the extreme left, beyond Baird's division. Fifteen minutes later, Baird and Beatty were assailed by Breckenridge and Cleburne so furiously that they were driven back toward Missionary Ridge, and Breckenridge was in possession of the Rossville road, but only for a few moments, for Thomas ordered up one of Brannan's, and one of Wood's brigades, who drove Breckenridge back over the ground he had gained.

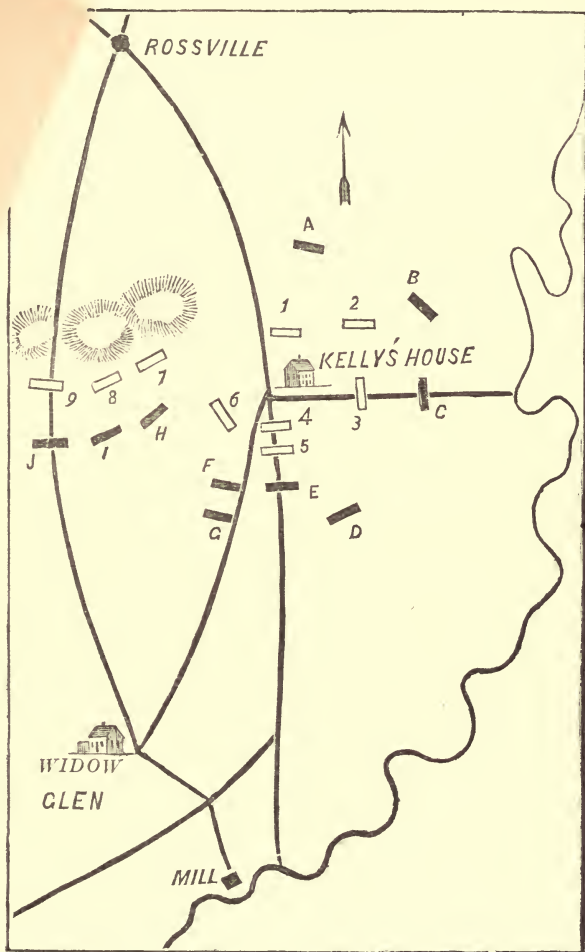
While Breckenridge and Cleburne were thus attempting to get in Thomas's rear, Bragg hurled Stewart, B. R. Johnson, and Walker against Palmer and Reynolds. "The first attempt," says Thomas in his report, "was continued at least two hours, making assault after as-

sault with fresh troops, which were met by my troops with a most determined coolness and deliberation. Having exhausted his utmost energies to dislodge us, he apparently fell back entirely from our front, and we were not disturbed again until toward night."

Polk was pushing on his divisions with renewed energy. Breckenridge was facing south, Walker southwest, Cheatham west, forming a semicircle around Thomas, but not one inch could they move him. The stubbornness of his soldiers in refusing to be moved was upsetting all of Bragg's calculations. Polk was to have been the moving column and Longstreet the pivot; in other words, the Confederate line was to swing like a door, Longstreet being its hinge. The door could not swing because Thomas blocked the way. Longstreet was getting impatient, and so was Bragg. Polk was making no progress, accomplishing nothing except to have divisions cut in pieces.

"Let every officer advance his command at once," was the order sent by Bragg all along his lines. Longstreet had, beginning on the right, Stewart, B. R. Johnson, Hood, McLawes, and Preston, — five divisions. Stewart was first engaged. His troops advanced, but were driven back with great loss.

It is past eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The pressure on Thomas is so tremendous that he calls on Rosecrans for more troops. The aid whom he sends to General Rosecrans with the request gallops past Reynolds's division. Reynolds's troops are standing in such a way that this officer thinks they are not in line and so informs General Rosecrans. He does not see



BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA. SECOND DAY.

Union Troops.

- 1—Beatty.
- 2—Baird.
- 3—Johnson.

- 4—Palmer.
- 5—Reynolds.
- 6—Hazen.

- 7—Wood.
- 8—Braunan.
- 9—Steedman.

Confederate Troops.

- A—Breckenridge.
- B—Walker.
- C—Cheatham.

- D—Cleburne.
- E—Stewart.
- F—B. R. Johnson.
- G—Preston.

- H—Hood.
- I—McLowes.
- J—Hindman.

that Reynolds has formed his brigade in *echelon*, that is, one brigade behind and overlapping the one in front. The troops are really in line ; the officer has jumped at a conclusion. Reynolds has formed them as they stand purposely, and his troops are in position to take part the moment he gives the order.

General Garfield is with Rosecrans, receiving messages, reading them to him, and writing responses. All of his orders are clear and explicit, brief and to the point. The mastery of Webster's spelling-book in his youthful years is of service to him now. He knows the meaning of words, and no officer is at loss to understand General Garfield's despatches.

For the moment General Garfield has other duty in hand, and an aid writes an order to General Wood. An officer rides in hot haste down to Wood and delivers it : "The general commanding directs that you *close up* on Reynolds as far as possible, and *support* him." I have italicized the important words.

General McCook is talking with Wood at the moment. What is the meaning of the order? Brannan is between Wood and Reynolds. Thus stands the division : *Davis, Wood, Brannan, Reynolds*. How can he close up on Reynolds while Brannan stands between? How can he *support* Reynolds? Only by marching in rear of Brannan and forming behind Reynolds. Such a movement will leave a wide gap between Brannan and Davis. But there is the order.

"His not to reason why."

"Would it not be well for you to move up and close the gap?" is Wood's suggestion to McCook.

"I will do so," McCook replied.

Wood's division faces left, moves out in column in rear of Brannan on the double-quick. Down in yonder woods Hood's division of Longstreet's corps is just ready to move, under Bragg's order for all to advance. Hood beholds with glee Wood's division take its departure. His time has come. He will drive his division into that gap and cut the Union army in two at its center.

Strange the happenings! Bragg issuing an order for the advance and the voluntary opening of that gap in the Union lines at the same time! If there had been a consultation and agreement, it could not have been any better for Bragg.

There are only two divisions of Rosecrans west of the gap—Davis and Sheridan. Longstreet outnumbered them four to one. Hood moves out from the forest, sweeps over the cleared field, his men in lines of brigades. Brannan opens upon him from the right, but there are no Union troops in front. With a wild exultant yell the Confederates rush on, entering the gap, striking Brannan on one side and Davis on the other. The hurly-burly begins. There is terrific fighting. Lytche's Brigade of Ohio troops are moving at the moment to close the gap made by Wood's withdrawal. They force once more to the front. "If we are to die we will die here," says the brave man to his men. A bullet pierces his spine, but he still sits in his saddle.

"Charge!" he shouts, and his men obey. They have a tender love for him. At Murfreesboro' they

made him a present of a Maltese cross studded with emeralds and diamonds. They will die for him if need be. They are few, the oncoming Confederates many, and they are swept back. Three Confederate bullets almost at the same instant strike General Lytle. Captain Green and an aid catch him in their arms. Others come — two to fall dead, while a third is wounded in the terrible storm.

“Lay me down and save yourselves.” The words do not fall from his lips, but they read them in his eloquent eyes. They lay him beneath a tree. He hands them his sword; he would not have it fall into the hands of his country’s enemies. Years ago he wrote of death as if in prophecy of what his own might be :

“On some lone spot, where, far from home and friends,
The way-worn pilgrim on the turf reclining,
This life and much of grief together ends.”

His troops retreat, and the enemy come upon his lifeless body, beholding him lying there in the beauty and glory of a vigorous manhood, with a smiling face.

He has given his life for his country, and he has left behind him one single poem worthy almost to give him a place among the immortals : —

“I am dying, Egypt dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arms, O Queen, enfold me;
Hush thy sobs and bend thine ear,
Listen to the great heart secrets
Thou and thou alone must hear,

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore,
Though no glittering guards surround me
Brought to do thy Master's will, —
I must perish like a Roman,
Die, the great Triumvir still."

It is Antony's death.

Nobler than the great Triumvir's death was his —
for Liberty, Justice, Right.

The Confederate divisions sweep on. Vain the efforts of the officers of Rosecrans, Garfield, McCook, and Sheridan to stay the panic-stricken soldiers. Appeals and commands alike are unheeded. Rosecrans leaves Garfield with instructions to do what he can toward rallying the troops at Rossville. There is work for him to do at Chattanooga. He must secure his bridges across the Tennessee, or all will be lost.

Garfield hears Thomas's cannon still thundering, and rolls of musketry like the surge of the ocean-billows. He rides in that direction in front of Hood's advancing lines. Cannon-shot plow the ground beneath his horse's feet, shells burst around him. He rides through a shower of leaden rain — runs a gauntlet of fire, and comes out upon a knoll where he can overlook the battlefield. He sees Thomas standing where he has stood through all the tremendous struggle. More than this, he sees Gordon Granger moving down with the reserve corps. Steedman's division in advance. Granger had heard the roar of battle coming nearer. He has

had no orders to advance, but has moved of his own accord.

Granger's muskets flash in the faces of Longstreet's advancing divisions. The front of Hood's line melts away as a straw in a candle's flame. Granger's action is like the shutting of a gate in a sluice-way, rolling back the tide.

The exultant barbaric yell born of slavery, which a moment ago was echoing over the wooded knolls of Missionary Ridge, suddenly ceases. Whole ranks go down before the awful fire flaming from Granger's and Thomas's lines.

General Garfield beholds the scene. It is the one supreme moment of his life. The battle is not lost after all.

"Our flag is still there!"

Never such sweet music to his ear as the answering roll and roar from Thomas's and Granger's lines. Again and again the Confederate troops are driven back and the sun goes down behind Lookout, leaving Thomas still master of the situation. He holds the road to Rossville, — the one thing for which Bragg has been fighting!

Rosecrans's has reached Chattanooga and has established a line behind which his troops can rally, and which they can hold against Bragg. He sends a despatch to Washington, with the information that his right wing has been driven. Abraham Lincoln reads it with a sad heart. Another defeat; thousands of lives sacrificed; the army in retreat; to-morrow it will be across the Tennessee.

But the battle is not lost. Longstreet has been driving on his divisions one after another, only to see them rolled back again by Granger and Thomas. He has pushed Rosecrans's right along the Dry Valley road, has captured cannon, small arms, and prisoners ; but Sheridan, Davis, and Wood still block his way, while Granger is thundering upon him from the center.

An officer dashes into Chattanooga with a despatch from Garfield. "Thomas is holding the right. Granger the left. Soldiers are rallying. Bragg cannot drive them from their position!" The news electrifies the country.

The sun goes down behind Lookout, with Granger and Garfield in person directing a battery that defiantly hurls shot and shells into the ranks of the Confederates. Two-fifths of Bragg's army have been killed or wounded during the two days' struggles [Bragg's Report]. He has lost his aggressive power. He has not routed the Union army ; he has only pushed back its right wing. He has been fighting to gain possession of the Rossville road and has been foiled in all his efforts.

The battle is not lost ; the campaign is won. General Garfield planned it to gain possession of Chattanooga, and Rosecrans has succeeded. Never again will the stars and bars be planted on the banks of the Tennessee.

The battle has been fought and the campaign won on the slope of Missionary Ridge ; but neither there nor at Rossville is the proper place for holding what has been gained, and General Rosecrans withdraws

his army without molestation to Chattanooga, builds defenses, and waits the arrival of reinforcements and supplies.

The President recognizes the value of General Garfield's services in the campaign and on the field of battle, by appointing him a major-general.

XX.

ELECTION TO CONGRESS.

THE lives of some men seemingly shape themselves. Events sweep them on. Their own volition is not called into exercise. As the Gulf Stream bears the sea-weed grown on the reefs of Florida far away to northern seas, so some men are, as it were, caught up by the current of events and borne on to their destiny. But that is the superficial view. There is a law which governs the tides of the ocean, and which sets the Gulf Stream — that great river of the Atlantic — in motion; the turning of the earth on its axis is the final cause, so far as we know; and so long as the sun shall rise and set, that mighty current will continue to run. There is a law, equally immutable, governing the lives of men. If a man is swept on in any particular course, there is a reason for it. It does not come by chance.

“All successful men,” says Ralph Waldo Emerson, “have agreed in one thing — they were *causationists*. They believed that things went not by luck, but by law; that there was not a weak or a cracked link in the chain that joins the first and last of things.”

We have seen the boy who planed boards, who

chopped wood, who drove mules on the tow-path, who made mortises and tenons, leaving physical and taking up intellectual labor. He begins brain-work. He finds that mind is more powerful than muscle. He makes the acquaintance of the old mind-masters, whose brain force was so great that their names, and their thoughts, have come down to us over the ages, and are still potent to move men to action. As the sailor in mid-ocean gazes steadily upon the compass and guides his ship by it, so James A. Garfield fixed his eye "upon a definite object," and bent all his energies to attain it.

"All great captains," said Bonaparte, "have performed vast achievements by adjusting efforts to obstacles."

When a man summons his resolution — when he determines, and brings all his powers to bear upon the determination, he is acting in accordance with law — and success will come of it. James A. Garfield never would have been a teacher if he had not determined to be one. The training of his powers to that end fitted him to command men ; to be a strategist, a general. When he sat in the lecture-room at Williams, listening to President Mark Hopkins on the domain of law, he was beginning his training as a statesman. When the time came — when his country needed him as a military commander, as a chief-of-staff — he was fitted for it ; he filled the place. Such a man makes events. Events do not merely come along and pick men — such men — up. Bonaparte made Austerlitz and Eylau. James A. Garfield did his share in making Middle Creek, Tullahoma, and Chickamauga.

The law of progress that carried him from the tow-path to Hiram, brought him the award for meritorious conduct on that last field of battle. The time had come when it was to carry him farther, and in a new direction.

The death of Joshua R. Giddings, representative in Congress from Ashtabula, necessitated the selection of a new man to fill the vacancy. Who should it be? Two men, Whittlesey and Giddings, had represented the district for a long period. They were men of energy, character, animated by profound convictions of Justice, Right, and Liberty. They were honored and respected by their constituents, as few members of Congress have been; they never were in doubt about their re-election. Their unswerving devotion to their principles was their guarantee, and it never failed them. Whom should the citizens of Ashtabula select to succeed such men? There was one man whom they could trust—James A. Garfield. They knew him; he had proved himself—as teacher at Hiram, as legislator at Columbus. He was serving his country—maintaining his convictions on the battlefield. With one voice they selected him to succeed Mr. Giddings. He was nominated and elected, without any action on his part, and while he was with the army. Seemingly his life was shaping itself, but the shaping had been done long before.

Though elected in 1862, he remained in the army till after the battle of Chickamauga in 1863. Nor did he leave it of his own volition, but at the solicitation of President Lincoln, who had become greatly im-

pressed with General Garfield's ability. The Democratic party was making strenuous efforts to stop the war, by getting control of the House of Representatives and withholding supplies ; and President Lincoln and the leaders of the Republican party saw the necessity of bringing in congressmen of ability, whose loyalty to the Constitution and the Union was as changeless as the stars in the heavens. More than that, General Garfield had been elected by a constituency which in its vital statistics is almost without a parallel. It is a district which perhaps, relatively, has less crime and illiteracy than any other in the country. It is a constituency true to Liberty.

From the very beginning General Garfield represented the higher phase of American politics. During his first term he served in the Committee of Military Affairs ; during the second term in the Ways and Means Committee ; in the fortieth Congress he was chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs ; in the forty-first, chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee ; in the forty-second and afterwards he occupied the chairmanship of the Appropriation Committee, until the Democrats came to power in 1875.

He began with his arrival at Washington a regular course of solid readings on all topics with which he was called upon to deal as a legislator, particularly constitutional law, finance, the tariff, taxation, and the public service.

The Index of the Congressional Record shows that General Garfield has participated in the discussion of

almost every important question brought before Congress since 1863.

On June 28, 1864, he made a speech upon the confiscation of certain Rebel estates. In February following he spoke against a draft law, and opposed the appointment of a lieutenant-general, and favored the sale of gold by the Treasury for the relief of the market.

To give a list of his speeches would be to copy many pages of the Index of the Congressional Record. They were not speeches made at random, but with preparation and research.

His acquaintance with the French and German language, his wide reading of history, biography, philosophy, his love of belle-lettres, and acquaintance with general literature, based on a thorough classical education, gives him great facility in debate, and his speeches have always commanded the attention of the House. His sentences are smooth, terse, and often epigrammatic ; his periods rounded and impressed. A listener is never at a loss to understand his meaning.

William Pitt the younger used words to cover up his ideas ; and Lord Palmerston, when he chose, could employ them to mask his opinion. It has been said that Talleyrand never made a sincere and honest speech ; but there never is any subterfuge in the speeches of General Garfield. No one need be in the fog as to his meaning.

The mastery of Webster's Spelling-book in his early boyhood, as well as his more extended philological studies, gave him facility in the use of language.

Having honest and decided convictions, his speeches

are as clear-cut as diamonds. They are never dry reading.

"There is nothing," said Daniel Webster, "so dry as statistics."

To most statistical speeches the remark would be applicable; but the writer has seen General Garfield the center of an eager group of members of both political parties, while delivering a speech full of statistics upon the sugar question — the amount consumed, and the best method of determining the value of the article, for the collection of revenue.

All of his nominations to Congress came spontaneously from his constituents, who have unbounded faith in him.

XXI.

SPEECHES IN CONGRESS.

ON April 8th, 1864, the House of Representatives went into committee of the whole on the consideration of the President's message. Mr. Long of Ohio, a prominent leader of the Bourbon democracy, made a speech to which Mr. Garfield replied. To understand the force of Mr. Garfield's speech, it is needful to take a view of the state of affairs at the time.

To go back a few months. The year 1863 opened gloomily for the Union armies. In December, 1862, the army of the Potomac had been defeated at Fredericksburg. It had remained inactive through the winter, and had again been defeated at Chancellorsville. The attempt of the navy at Charleston had failed. Then came the invasion of Pennsylvania, followed by the first great decisive victory for the Army of the Potomac, at Gettysburg, in July, 1863. The tide of victory rolled down the Mississippi, sweeping in Vicksburg and Port Hudson, opening the river the entire length to the flag of the Union.

Then came a lull. Through the winter of '63 and '64 the Army of the Potomac was on the north bank of the Rapidan, Lee on the south bank, with the lar-

gest and most effective army that the Confederacy had put into the field. Sherman had spent the winter at Chattanooga, confronted by a large army. The war had been going on three years, at a great expense of men and money. The Democracy were clamoring for peace. There were some men in the Democratic party who doubtless were sincere in their belief that war was infinitely worse than any evils that could come from secession ; but there was in the Democratic party an element in sympathy and league with the Confederacy. They raised the cry of "Peace on any terms." In Indiana were the "Knights of the Golden Circle,"—a secret organization, formed to aid the Confederacy. One of the most prominent of the Northern sympathizers was Vallandigham, member of Congress from Ohio, who after the adjournment of the 37th Congress, made speeches through Ohio, counselling resistance to the draft which the administration had ordered. He charged the government with aiming, under the pretext of restoring the Union, to crush out Liberty, and establish a despotism, and of deliberately rejecting the propositions made by which the Southern States could have been brought back.

General Burnside, commanding the military department of Ohio, had issued an order—No. 38, forbidding certain disloyal practices. Vallandigham defiantly announced that he intended to disobey it, and called upon his party to sustain him, for which he was arrested, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be confined in some fortress of the United States.

President Lincoln was wiser than the court. To

hold him as a prisoner in confinement would beget sympathy for him, but no one could find fault if he was sent South ; and with grim humor the President sent him inside the Rebel lines, forbidding his return while hostilities lasted.

Vallandigham, after passing some weeks in Richmond, escaped in a blockade runner and made his way to Canada, to lay plots with English, Canadian, and American sympathizers to raise a rebellion in the Northern States.

President Lincoln had wisely judged that his arrest would be regarded as an arbitrary act, and that the Democracy would make the most of it. The Democratic party organized meetings in nearly every State to protest against the action of the government, and the party in Ohio carried their folly to a climax by nominating him governor. The Republican party of that State showed its wisdom by nominating John Brough, a former Democrat, but who was giving heart, soul and money to the support of the government. He was elected by more than one hundred thousand majority. Strenuous efforts had been made by the Democracy to secure the House of Representatives. If they could accomplish that, they could withhold supplies, cripple the administration, and put an end to the war, — the Southern States establishing the Confederacy. The Republicans obtained a majority of twenty.

Under such circumstances the spring of 1864 opened. It was the year for the election of President. The Republicans had no thought of any other candi-

date than Abraham Lincoln, while the Democrats were thinking of McClellan, who had been removed from the command of the Army of the Potomac.

The peace party, notwithstanding its defeat the preceding autumn, was fully organized, and hoped, with McClellan as candidate, to divide the soldiers' vote, to secure enough from disaffected Republicans to insure his election.

The speech of Mr. Long was the first bugle-blast of the Democracy for the approaching campaign. It was carefully prepared, the sentences studied, and the whole worked up with consummate art.

He said at the beginning: "Mr. Chairman, I speak to-day for the preservation of the government, and, although for the first time within these walls, I propose to indulge in that freedom and latitude so freely exercised by other gentlemen for the past four months; but for what I may say, and the position I shall occupy upon this floor and before the country, I alone will be responsible, and in the independence of a representative of the people, I intend to proclaim the deliberate conviction of my judgment in this fearful hour of our country's peril."

The speech is too long for insertion here; its tenor and boldness will be sufficiently seen by quoting a few paragraphs. Mr. Long said:

"The brief period of three short years has produced a fearful change in this free, happy, and prosperous government, — so pure in its restraints upon personal liberty, and so gentle in its demands upon the resources

of the people, that the celebrated Humboldt, after traveling through the country on his return to Europe, said, 'That the American people have a government which you neither see nor feel.' So different is it now, and so great the change, that the inquiry might well be made to-day, whether we are not in Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Rome, or Paris.

"Military governors and their provost marshals override the laws, and the echo of the armed heel rings forth as clearly now in America as in France or Austria ; and the President sits to-day guarded by armed soldiers at every approach leading to the Executive Mansion. So far from crushing the rebellion, three years have passed away, and from the day on which the conflict began, up to the present hour, the Confederate army has not been forced beyond the sound of their guns from the dome of the Capitol, in which we are assembled. . . .

"Can the Union be restored by war ? I answer most unhesitatingly and deliberately : No, never. *War is final and eternal separation.* My first and highest ground against its further prosecution is *that it is wrong.* It is a violating of the Constitution and of the fundamental principles on which this Union was founded.

"My second objection is, that, as a policy, it is not *reconstructive*, but *destructive*, and will if continued result speedily in the destruction of the government and the loss of civil liberty, to both the North and the South, and it ought therefore to immediately close. . . .

"The words Shiloh, Antietam, Gettysburg, Murfrees

boro', Richmond, Vicksburg, and Fort Donelson, are words of division, disunion, and will serve to bring emotions of eternal hate."

Mr. Long's hour having expired, the hammer fell.

Mr. Washburn of Illinois said, that as the speech was to be the key-note in the approaching campaign, he hoped there would be no objection to the finishing of the speech. No objection was given, and the speech was finished in all its bitterness.

Mr. Garfield arose as Mr. Long sat down. He had premeditated no reply, but had listened attentively. What came from his lips was the outburst of a loyal heart on fire for the welfare of his country. Rising to his full stature, he said :

"Mr. Chairman, I should be obliged to you if you would direct the sergeant-at-arms to bring a white flag and plant it in the aisle between myself and my colleague who has just addressed you.

"I recollect on one occasion when two great armies stood face to face, that under a white flag just planted I approached a company of men dressed in the uniform of the rebel Confederacy, and reached out my hand to one of the number and told him I respected him as a brave man. Though he wore the emblems of disloyalty and treason, still underneath his vestments I beheld a brave and honest soul.

"I would produce that scene here this afternoon. I say, *were* there such a flag of truce — but God forbid me if I should do it under any other circumstances! I

would reach out this right hand **and** ask that gentleman to take it; because I honor his bravery and his honesty. I believe what has just fallen from his lips are the honest sentiments of his heart, and in uttering it he has made a new epoch in the history of this war; he has done a new thing under the sun; he has done a brave thing. It is braver than to face cannon and musketry, and I honor him for his candor and frankness.

“But now I ask you to take away the flag of truce; and I will go back inside the Union lines and speak of what he has done. I am reminded by it of a distinguished character in ‘Paradise Lost.’ When he had rebelled against the glory of God, and ‘led away a third part of heaven’s sons, conjured against the Highest;’ when, after terrible battles in which mountains and hills were hurled down ‘nine times the space that measures day and night,’ and after the terrible fall lay stretched prone on the burning lake, — Satan lifted up his shattered bulk, crossed the abyss, looked down into Paradise, and, soliloquizing, said:

‘Which way I fly is hell, myself am hell;’

it seems to me in that utterance he expressed the very sentiment to which you have just listened; uttered by one not less brave, malign, and fallen. This man gathers up the meaning of this great contest, the philosophy of the moment, the prophecies of the hour, and, in sight of the paradise of victory and peace, utters them all in this wail of terrible despair, ‘Which way I fly is hell.’ He ought to add, ‘Myself am hell.’

“Mr. Chairman, I am reminded of two characters in the War of the Revolution as compared with two others in the war of to-day.

“The first was Lord Fairfax, who dwelt near the Potomac, a few miles from us. When the great contest was opened between the mother-country and the colonies, Lord Fairfax, after a protracted struggle with his own heart, decided that he must go with the mother-country. He gathered his mantle around him and went over grandly, solemnly, impressively, and joined the fortunes of Great Britain, against the home of his adoption.

“But there was another man who cast in his lot with the struggling colonies, and continued with them till the war was well-nigh ended. But in a day of darkness, which just preceded the glory of the dawn, that other man, deep down in the damned pits of a black heart, hatched the treason to surrender forever all that had been gained, to the enemies of his country. *Benedict Arnold* was that man.

“Fairfax and Arnold find their parallel in the struggle of to-day.

“When this war began, many good men stood doubting what they ought to do. Their doctrine of State rights, their sympathies, all they had ever loved and longed for, were in the South, and after long and painful hesitation went with the enemies of the nation.

“At that time Robert E. Lee sat in his home across the river here, doubting and delaying, and going off at last, almost tearfully, to join the enemies of his coun-

try. He reminds me in some respects of Lord Fairfax, the stately royalist of the Revolution.

“But now, when hundreds of thousands of brave souls have gone up to God under the shadow of the flag, and when thousands more, maimed and shattered in the contest, are sadly awaiting the deliverance of death ; now, when three years of terrific warfare have raged over us, when our armies have pushed the Rebellion back over mountains and rivers, and crowded it back into narrow limits, until a wall of fire girds it ; now, when the uplifted hand of a majestic people is about to let fall the lightning of its conquering power upon the Rebellion ; now, in the quiet of this hall, hatched in the lowest depths of a similar dark treason, there arises a Benedict Arnold and proposes to surrender us all up, body and spirit, the nation and its flag, its genius and its honor, now and forever, to the accursed traitors to our country. And that proposition comes—God forgive and pity my beloved State—it comes from a citizen of the honored and loyal commonwealth of Ohio.

“I implore you, brethren in this House, not to believe that many such births ever gave pangs to my mother-State such as she suffered when that traitor was born. [Suppressed applause and sensation.] I beg you not to believe that on the soil of that State another such growth has ever deformed the face of nature and darkened the light of God’s day. [An audible whisper, Vallandigham.] But ah, I am reminded there are other such. My zeal and love for Ohio have carried me too far. I retract. I remember that only a few days since

a political convention met at the capital of my State, and *almost* decided to select from just such material a representative for the Democratic party in the coming contest; and to-day, what claim to be a Democracy of that State, say that they have been cheated or they would have made that choice. I therefore sadly take back that boast I first uttered in behalf of my native State.

“But, sir, I will forget States. We have something greater than States and State pride to talk of here to-day. All personal or State feeling aside, I ask you, what is the proposition the enemy of his country has just made? What is it?”

“For the first time in the history of this contest, it is proposed in this hall to give up the struggle, to abandon the war, and let treason run riot through the land! I will, if I can, dismiss feeling from my heart and try to consider only what bears upon the logic of the speech to which we have just listened.

“First of all, the gentleman tells us that the right of secession is a constitutional right. I do not propose to enter into the argument. I have hitherto expressed myself on State sovereignty and State rights, of which this proposition of his is the legitimate child.

“But the gentleman takes higher ground—and in that I agree with him, namely, that five million or eight million people possess the right of revolution. Grant it: we agree there. If fifty-nine men can make revolution successful, they have the right of revolution. If one State wishes to break its connection with the Federal government, and does it by force maintaining

itself, it is an independent State. If the eleven Southern States are resolved and determined to leave the Union, to secede, to revolutionize, and can maintain that revolution by force, they have revolutionary right to do so. Grant it. I stand on that platform with the gentleman.

“And now the question comes, is it our constitutional duty to let them do it? That is the question. And in order to reach it, I beg to call your attention, not to argument, but to the condition of affairs that would result from such action — the mere statement of which becomes the strongest possible argument. What does this gentleman propose? Where will he draw the line of division? If the Rebels carry into secession what they desire to carry, if their revolution envelops as many States as they intend it shall envelop, if they draw the line where Isham G. Harris, the Rebel governor of Tennessee, in the Rebel camp near our lines, told Mr. Vallandigham they would draw it,— along the line of the Ohio and Potomac,— if they make good their statement to him, that they will never consent to any other line, then I ask, what is the thing the gentleman proposes to do?

“He proposes to leave to the United States a territory reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and one hundred miles wide in the center! From Wellsville on the Ohio to Cleveland on the lakes is one hundred miles. I ask you, Mr. Chairman, if there be a man here so insane as to suppose that the American people will allow their magnificent, national proportions to be shorn to so deformed a shape as this?

"I tell you, and I confess it here, that while I hope I have something of human courage, I have not enough to contemplate such a result. I am not brave enough to go to the precipice of successful secession and look down into its damned abyss. If my vision was keen enough to pierce to its bottom, I would not dare to look. If there is a man here who dare contemplate such a scene, I look upon him either as the bravest of the sons of women, or as a downright madman. Secession to gain peace! Secession is the tocsin of eternal war. There can be no end to such a war as will be inaugurated, if this thing be done.

"Suppose the policy of the gentleman were adopted to-day. Let the order go forth; sound the 'recall' on your bugles, and let it ring from Texas to the far Atlantic, and tell the armies to come back. Call the victorious legions back over the battlefield of blood forever now disgraced. Call them back over the territory which they have conquered. Call them back, and let the minions of secession chase them with derision and jeers as they come. And then tell them that the man across the aisle, from the free State of Ohio, gave birth to the monstrous proposition.

"Mr. Chairman, if such a word should be sent forth through the armies of the Union, the wave of terrible vengeance that would sweep back over this land could never find a parallel in the records of history. Almost in the moment of final victory, the 'recall' is sounded by a craven people not desiring freedom. We ought every man to be made a slave should we sanction such a sentiment.

"The gentleman has told us there is no such thing as coercion justifiable under the Constitution. I ask him for one moment to reflect, that no statute ever was enforced without coercion. It is the basis of every law in the universe, — God's law as well as man's. A law is no law without coercion behind it. When a man has murdered his brother, coercion takes the murderer, tries him, and hangs him. When you levy your taxes, coercion secures their collection ; it follows the shadow of the thief and brings him to justice ; it accompanies your diplomacy to foreign courts, and backs a declaration of the nation's right by a pledge of the nation's power. Again, he tells us that oaths taken under the amnesty proclamation are good for nothing. The oath of Galileo was not binding upon him. I am reminded of another oath that was taken ; but perhaps it was an oath on the lips alone to which the heart made no response.

"I remember to have stood in a line of nineteen men on that carpet yonder on the first day of the session, and I remember that another oath was passed round and each member signed it as provided by law, utterly repudiating the rebellion and its pretenses. Does that gentleman not blush to speak of Galileo's oath ? Was not his own its counterpart ?

"He says that the Union can never be restored because of the terrible hatred engendered by the war. To prove it he quotes what some Southern man said a few years ago, that he knew no hatred between people in the world like that between the North and the South.

And yet that North and South have been one nation for eighty-eight years !

“ Have we seen in this contest anything more bitter than the wars of the Scottish border ? Have we seen anything more bitter than those terrible feuds in the days of Edward when England and Scotland were the deadliest foes on earth ? And yet for centuries those countries have been cemented in an indissoluble union that has made the British nation one of the proudest of the earth !

“ I said a little while ago that I accepted the proposition of the gentleman that rebels had the right of revolution ; and the decisive issue between us and the rebellion is, whether they shall revolutionize and destroy, or we shall subdue and preserve. We take the latter ground. We take the common weapons of war to meet them ; and if these be not sufficient, I would take any element which will overwhelm and destroy ; I would sacrifice the dearest and best beloved ; I would take all the old sanctions of law and the Constitution and fling them to the winds, if necessary, rather than let the nation be broken in pieces and its people destroyed with endless ruin.

“ What is the Constitution that these gentlemen are perpetually flinging in our faces whenever we desire to strike hard blows against the rebellion ? It is the production of the American people. They made it ; and the creator is mightier than the creature. The power which made the Constitution can also make other instruments to do its great work in the day of dire necessity.”

MR. ELDRIDGE. "I desire to ask the gentleman a question. I want to know if he did not just say that with nineteen others he stepped forward to the speaker's desk and swore to support the Constitution?"

MR. GARFIELD. "I did; and I am very happy the gentleman has reminded me of it at this time; and I remember in the very preamble of that Constitution, it is declared to be ordained for the purpose of promoting the general welfare and providing for the common defense; and on that very ground, based on that very statement of its declared object, I not only lifted up my hand to swear to support that Constitution before God, but it makes me now sorry that there had not been a sword in it when I lifted it up, against any and all who would oppose the use of all the means God has placed in our power for overthrowing the rebellion for ever.

"I am reminded here of a fact which I had well-nigh forgotten. Last summer I remember a Union spy came to camp bringing letters addressed to 'Major-General John C. Breckenridge, C. S. A.' They were letters of introduction, stating that the bearer desired to obtain a position in the Rebel army, and commending him as a gallant and reliable man whom Breckenridge could trust. One of these letters was signed by a man who lately held a seat in this House." [Cries of 'Name him!' from the Democratic side of the house.]

MR. GARFIELD. "I will produce the letter in due time. It is not here with me. The other letter was from an associate of his, prominent in the local Democratic politics of Indiana. I am responsible for producing those letters." [Cries of 'Name.']

MR. HOLMAN. "I hope the gentleman will give the names now."

MR. GARFIELD. "When I produce the letters, any further testimony that may be called for can be had at my hands.

"Mr. Chairman: Let me mention another class of facts in this same connection. We were compelled last year to send our secret-service men to ferret out the insidious work of that organization known as the 'Knights of the Golden Circle,' which was attempting to corrupt the army and destroy its efficiency; and it was found, by the most subtle and secret means, the signs and passwords of that order were being made known to such men in the army as were disaffected, or could be corrupted. Witness also the riots and murders their agents are committing throughout the loyal North, under the lead and guidance of the party, whose representatives sit yonder across the aisle; and now, just as the time is coming on when we are to select a President for the next four years, one rises among them and fires the beacon, throws up the blue-light which will be seen and rejoiced over at the Rebel capitol in Richmond, as the signal that the traitors in our camp are organized and ready for their hellish work. I believe that the utterance of to-day is the uplifted banner of revolt. I ask you to mark the signal that blazes here, and see if there will not soon appear the answering signals of traitors all over the land. If I am wrong in this prediction I shall be thankful, but I am only too fearful of its truth.

"Let me say, in conclusion, if these men do mean to

light the torch of war in all our homes ; if they have resolved to begin the fearful work which will redden our streets and this capitol with blood, the American people should know it at once, and prepare to meet it."

REPLY TO FERNANDO WOOD.

When the war closed, the great question of reconstruction came before the country, What should be the status of the freedmen ? Upon this question General Garfield took strong ground in favor of giving them all the rights of citizenship. Along with this question was the Constitutional amendment prohibiting slavery in the domain of the United States for all coming time. It seems strange to us, and it will be a marvel to coming generations in turning over the history of our own times, to learn that the leader of the Democratic party — a citizen of New York — Fernando Wood, made a speech in defense of the institution of slavery ; that a great political party, of which he was the exponent, would have ignored the logic of events, turned back the hands upon Time's dial, and restored the Southern States as they were before the war, with slavery and all its iniquities. How the following sentences go through such a speech as that of Fernando Wood, like shot from a rifled cannon through a worm-eaten hulk !

"All along the coast of our political sea these victims of slavery lie like stranded wrecks, broken on the headlands of freedom. How lately did its advocates, with impious boldness, maintain it as God's own, to be ven-

erated and cherished as divine. It was another and higher form of civilization. In its mad arrogance it lifted its hand to strike down the fabric of the Union, and since that fatal day it has been a fugitive and vagabond upon the earth. It has sought in all the corners of the Republic to find some hiding-place in which to shelter itself from the death it so richly deserves. It sought an asylum in the untrodden Territories of the West, but, with a whip of scorpions, indignant freemen drove it thence. I do not believe that a loyal man can now be found who would consent that it should again enter them. It has no hopes of harbor there. It found no protection or favor in the hearts or consciences of the freemen of the Republic, and has fled for its last hope of safety behind the shield of the Constitution. We propose to follow it there, and drive it thence as Satan was exiled from heaven."

THE FREEDMEN.

How vivid Gen. Garfield's convictions of Liberty, Justice, and the Rights of Man! The diamond does not reflect a clearer light than the words which illumine the accompanying paragraph in regard to the rights of the freedmen:

"In the extremity of our distress we called upon the black man to help us save the Republic, and amid the very thunder of battle we made a covenant with him, sealed both with his blood and ours, and witnessed by Jehovah, that when the nation was redeemed he should be free and share with us the glories and blessings of freedom. In the solemn words of the great Proclama-

tion of Emancipation, we not only declared the slaves forever free, but we pledged the faith of the nation to maintain their freedom — mark the words, ‘to maintain their freedom.’ The Omniscient witness will appear in judgment against us if we do not fulfil that covenant. Have we done it? Have we given freedom to the black man? What is freedom? Is it a mere negation? The bare privilege of not being chained, bought and sold, branded and scourged? If this be all, then freedom is a bitter mockery, a cruel delusion, and it may well be questioned whether slavery were not better. But liberty is no negation. It is a substantial, tangible reality. It is the realization of those imperishable truths of the declaration, that all men are created equal; that the sanction of all just government is the consent of the governed. Can these truths be realized till each man has a right to be heard on all matters relating to himself? We have passed the Red Sea of slaughter; our garments are yet wet with its crimson spray. We have crossed the fearful wilderness of war, and have left our four hundred thousand heroes to sleep beside the dead enemies of the Republic. We have heard the voice of God amid the thunders of battle, commanding us to wash our hands of iniquity, to proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof. When we spurned His counsels we were defeated, and the gulfs of ruin yawned before us. When we obeyed His voice He gave us victory. And now at last we have reached the confines of the wilderness. Before us is the land of promise, the land of hope, the land of peace, filled with possibilities of

greatness and glory too vast for the grasp of the imagination. Are we worthy to enter it? On what condition may it be ours to enjoy and transmit to our children's children? Let us pause and make deliberate and solemn preparation. Let us, as representatives of the people whose servants we are, bear in advance the sacred ark of republican liberty, with its tables of the law inscribed with the 'irreversible guarantees' of liberty. Let us here build a monument on which shall be written not only the curses of the law against treason, disloyalty, and oppression, but also an everlasting covenant of peace and blessing with loyalty, liberty, and obedience, and all the people will say Amen."

STATE SOVEREIGNTY.

When secession lighted the flames of civil war, the loyal States entered upon the conflict for the preservation of the Union; and they accept the result as demonstrating to the world that the United States is a Nation. Not so the Southern States; not so the Democratic party. Ever since the beginning of the conflict of ideas, ever since the formation of the Republican party, the South and the Democratic party have exalted State sovereignty and ignored the idea of nationality. There is no mistaking the position of General Garfield upon this question. He fought for the nation, and these are his burning words in a speech on Federal Authority:

"Do these elements belong to any State of this republic? Sovereignty has the right to declare war.

Can New Jersey declare war? It has the right to conclude peace. Can New Jersey conclude peace? Sovereignty has the right to coin money. If the legislature of New Jersey should authorize and command one of its citizens to coin a half dollar, that man if he made it, though it should be of solid silver, would be locked up in a felon's cell for the crime of counterfeiting the coin of the real sovereign. A sovereign has the right to make treaties with foreign nations. Has New Jersey the right to make treaties? Sovereignty is clothed with the right to regulate commerce with foreign states. New Jersey has no such right. Sovereignty has the right to put ships in commission upon the high seas. Should a ship set sail under the authority of New Jersey it would be seized as a smuggler, forfeited and sold. Sovereignty has a flag. But, thank God, New Jersey has no flag; Ohio has no flag. No loyal State fights under the 'lone star,' 'the rattlesnake,' or the 'palmetto tree.' No loyal State of this Union has any flag but the banner of beauty and of glory, the flag of the Union. These are the indispensable elements of sovereignty. New Jersey has not one of them. The term cannot be applied to the separate States save in a very limited and restricted sense, referring mainly to municipal and police regulations. The rights of the States should be jealousy guarded and defended. But to claim that sovereignty, in its full sense and meaning, belongs to the States, is nothing better than rankest treason."

XXII.

TRIBUTE TO GENERAL ROSECRANS.

THERE is an unwritten law in Congress that a new member must not take part in debates ; that he must wait awhile before allowing his voice to be heard. It is the same feeling that manifests itself on the college campus — the question of hats and canes between Freshmen and Sophomores ; but there are individuals on the campus and in legislatures who are endowed with sufficient power to break over unwritten laws. General Garfield from the first made his influence felt in the Representatives' Hall. He at once entered the arena of debate and became the compeer of Thaddeus Stevens, E. B. Washburn, James G. Blaine, Nathaniel P. Banks, Roscoe Conkling, and the old leaders of the Republican party in Congress.

In February, 1864, a joint resolution of thanks to Major-General George H. Thomas and the officers under his command at the battle of Chickamauga, was introduced. General Garfield regarded it as invidious. To pass such a resolution would be a slight upon his old chief, General Rosecrans. Possibly it was not intended to be so regarded, but such would be its effect in the estimation of the public. Possibly the War

department intended it to be a reflection upon Rosecrans, who was not liked by Halleck. There had been many passages at arms between them before and during the Chickamauga campaign. General Garfield, as chief of staff, had done much to soften asperities ; but after Chickamauga, Rosecrans had been deprived of his command, and Grant, fresh from Vicksburg, was appointed to succeed him. Rosecrans turned over his command gracefully, but keenly felt his displacement nevertheless. The public demanded another commander, and the exigencies of the service made it imperative that to a general of greater energy and force should be given the task of driving Bragg from the Tennessee back upon Atlanta.

General Garfield saw that exigency as clearly as anybody else ; but to pass a vote of thanks to General Thomas and the officers of his command was in fact to censure Rosecrans, Sheridan, Davis, and all the other division commanders who did their duty nobly and effectively in that struggle. To leave out Granger and Steedman would have been especially invidious ; for had it not been for their arrival, Thomas would have unquestionably been driven from his position, and the battle would have resulted in disaster.

The public had been misled in regard to the battle ; it was regarded as a defeat. Rosecrans's own despatch had given a wrong impression at the outset, which the later intelligence never removed. Quite likely most people to-day, if asked in regard to Chickamauga, would say that Rosecrans was defeated, not distinguishing between the battle and the campaign.

General Garfield had received the commendation of the President—the appointment of Major-General. The public did not know that he had planned the campaign and was entitled to double honor; it only knew that he had done his whole duty gallantly and bravely. But General Garfield had too high a sense of honor to sit silent in the House of Representatives and permit the passage of a resolution which, while rightly doing honor to General Thomas and his command, by implication would be a censure upon Rosecrans and all the other division and brigade commanders and their men. The time had come for him to speak. He would stand by his old commander, by the Division and Brigade commanders.

The resolution was read a first and second time. General Garfield addressed the chair. “Mr. Speaker: Is it in order to move an amendment to that resolution?”

“It is.”

“Then I move to amend by inserting the name of Major-General W. S. Rosecrans before that of General Thomas, so that it will read ‘To Major-General W. S. Rosecrans and Major-General George H. Thomas, and to the officers and men under them.’”

MR. WILSON. I believe that this house has already passed a joint resolution of thanks to General Rosecrans.

MR. GARFIELD. The gentleman is mistaken.

MR. STEVENS. We had better wait and have a separate resolution for General Rosecrans.

MR. FARNSWORTH. So I think. I believe that these

resolutions ought to stand each by itself. This is a special resolution of thanks to the officers and men who fought the battle of Chickamauga, and I am not prepared, with the information I have in regard to that battle, to vote for or against a resolution of thanks to Major-General Rosecrans. At all events it seems to me that each resolution should be acted upon separately.

MR. GARFIELD. "Mr. Speaker, I regret that this resolution has come before the House of Representatives as it is now presented. I had hoped I should not be compelled to refer publicly to the matters involved in it; and before I speak to the merits of the resolution itself, I must be indulged in the expression of my opinion in regard to the custom which is growing up in this body in reference to this class of resolutions. The practice of this House during the brief period in which I have been a member led me to fear that the thanks of the Congress of the United States were becoming too cheap an article in the eulogistic literature of the world. Time was when a man must stand grandly pre-eminent in the estimation and affection of the American people to receive through the solemn forms of law the thanks of the nation through its representatives in Congress assembled. To merit that was worth a lifetime of sacrifice and heroism. We have changed this worthy custom. Since this session began many resolutions of thanks have been passed without being referred to the appropriate committees, without remarks, and almost without notice. They have been passed tacitly by a kind of common consent. We have not only thanked officers who were

chiefs of armies, but also those who held subordinate positions in the various armies of the republic. No question has been asked whether the officer was entitled to this distinction, or whether by thanking one, another was not robbed of his merited honor. I repeat that I have seen these things with a feeling that we are cheapening the thanks of Congress by distributing them without discrimination, without question. I have been so willing to thank any man who has served the country in this war, that I have not felt to interpose objection.

"In many of the instances referred to, I have had no knowledge of the merits of the case. But when it comes so close to my own experience and knowledge of the history of the war, I cannot permit a resolution of this kind to pass without my protest against this hasty and thoughtless style of legislation. I have been surprised that the honorable members of this House should treat so lightly the matters involved in thanking the public servants of the nation. I now appeal to your sense of justice, whether it be right to single out a subordinate officer, give him the thanks of Congress, and pass his chief in silence. On what ground are you now ready to ignore the man who has won so many of the proudest victories? I do not believe that such is the purpose or wish of this House.

"This resolution proposes to thank Major-General Thomas and the officers and men under his command for gallant service in the battle of Chickamauga. It meets my hearty approval for what it contains, but my protest for what it does not contain. I should be

recreant to my own sense of justice did I allow this omission to pass without notice. No man here is ready to say — and if there be such a man I am ready to meet him — that the thanks of this Congress are not due to Major-General W. S. Rosecrans for the campaign which culminated in the battle of Chickamauga. It is not uncommon throughout the press of the country, and among many people, to speak of that battle as a disaster to the army of the United States, and to treat of it as a defeat. If that battle was a defeat, we may welcome a hundred such defeats. I should be glad if each of our armies would repeat Chickamauga. Twenty such would destroy the Rebel army and the Confederacy forever.

“What was that battle, terminating as it did a great campaign whose object was to drive the Rebel army beyond the Tennessee, and to obtain a foothold on the south bank of that river, which should form the basis of future operations in the Gulf States? We had never yet crossed that river, except far below in the neighborhood of Corinth. Chattanooga was the gateway of the Cumberland Mountains, and until we crossed that river and held the gateway, we could not commence operations in Georgia. The army was ordered to cross the river, to grasp and hold the key of the Cumberland Mountains. It did cross, in the face of superior numbers; and after two days of fighting, more terrible, I believe, than any since this war began, the Army of the Cumberland hurled back, discomfited and repulsed, the combined power of three Rebel armies, gained the key to the Cumberland Moun-

tains, gained Chattanooga, and held it against every assault. If there has been a more substantial success against overwhelming odds, since this war began, I have not heard of it.

“We have had victories — God be thanked — all along the line, but in the history of this war I know of no such battle against such numbers: forty thousand against an army of not less by a man than seventy-five thousand. After the disaster to the right wing in the last bloody afternoon of September 20, twenty-five thousand men of the Army of the Cumberland stood and met seventy-five thousand hurled against them. And they stood in their bloody tracks immovable and victorious when night threw its mantle around them. They had repelled the last assault of the Rebel army. Who commanded the Army of the Cumberland? Who organized, disciplined, and led it? Who planned its campaigns? The general whose name is omitted in this resolution, — Major-General W. S. Rosecrans.

“And who is this General Rosecrans? The history of your country tells you, and your children know it by heart. It is he who fought battles and won victories in Western Virginia under the shadow of another’s name. When the poetic pretender claimed the honor and received the reward as the author of Virgil’s stanzas in praise of Cæsar, the great Mantuan wrote on the walls of the imperial palace :

‘Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores.’

“So might the hero of Rich Mountain say, ‘I won this battle, but another has worn the laurels.’

“From Western Virginia he went to Mississippi, and there won the battles of Iuka and Corinth, which has aided materially to exalt the fame of that general upon whom this House has been in such haste to confer the proud rank of Lieutenant-General of the Army of the United States, but who was not upon either of these battlefields.

“Who took command of the Army of the Cumberland, found the army at Bowling Green, in November, 1862, as it lay disorganized, disheartened, driven back from Alabama and Tennessee, and led it across the Cumberland, planted it in Nashville, and thence, on the first day of the New Year, planted his banners at Murfreesboro', in torrents of blood, and in the moment of our extremest peril, throwing himself into the breach, saved by his personal valor the Army of the Cumberland and the hopes of the Republic? It was General Rosecrans. From the day he assumed the command at Bowling Green, the history of that army may be written in one sentence, — it advanced and maintained its advanced position, — and its last campaign under the general it loved was the bloodiest and most brilliant. The fruits of Chickamauga were gathered in November, on the heights of Mission Ridge and among the clouds of Lookout Mountain. That battle at Chattanooga was a glorious one, and every loyal heart was proud of it. But, sir, it was won when we had nearly three times the number of the enemy. It ought to have been won. Thank God it was won! I would take no laurel from the brow of the man who won it, but I would remind gentlemen here, that while the battle of

Chattanooga was fought with vastly superior numbers on our part, the battle of Chickamauga was fought with still vaster superiority against us.

“If there is any man upon earth whom I honor, it is the man who is named in this resolution — General George H. Thomas. I had occasion, in my remarks on the conscription bill a few days ago, to refer to him in such terms as I delighted to use ; and I say to gentlemen here that if there is any man whose heart would be hurt by the passage of this resolution as it now stands, that man is General George H. Thomas. I know, and all know, that he deserves well of his country, and his name ought to be recorded in letters of gold ; but I know equally well that General Rosecrans deserves well of his country. I ask you then, not to pain the heart of a noble man, who will be burdened with the weight of these thanks that wrong his brother officer and superior in command. All I ask is that you will put both names into the resolution, and let them stand side by side.”

XXIII.

REMARKS ON ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE young man who, in this year, 1880, is about to cast his first vote, knows nothing of the two greatest griefs ever experienced by the people of the United States,—the surrender of Fort Sumter, and the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. The grief over the humiliation of the flag of the nation became a mighty transforming power. The world never saw a grander flaming up of patriotism than that of the spring of 1861.

It was a grief, however, that did not reach beyond the loyal States. The aristocracy of England could hardly conceal its satisfaction at the prospect of the crumbling of the edifice reared by Democracy. Shop-keeping England rubbed its hands in glee over the prospect of large gains in trade with the Unionists and Confederates.

“The Great Republic is gone,” wrote W. H. Russell, in one of his first letters to the *London Times*, and the English people accepting it as gospel truth, acted accordingly. Not all the English public, however, for Lancashire never faltered in its faith in the Republic. By instinct the cotton spinners of Rochdale and Old-

ham knew that the struggle of the Northern States was not only for the Union but for human rights, and even the cotton famine and starvation could not swerve them from the idea. Their grief over the surrender of Sumter was genuine, but beyond Lancashire, beyond the laboring classes of England and Germany, there was little sorrowing over the lowering of the Stars and Stripes in Charleston harbor, in 1861.

Far different the sorrow of 1865: then the whole world put on mourning. There was scarcely a government on the face of the earth that did not make formal expression of its sympathy — from Great Britain and China, down to Tunis, down to the petty duchies of Baden and Saxe-Meiningen. Legislative bodies, governmental departments, municipalities, gatherings of citizens, civic associations, religious assemblies, lodges, schools, societies, newspapers of every country, sent tributes in memory of the martyred President.

The *London Punch*, which had delighted in caricaturing Abraham Lincoln, pictured Britannia laying *immortelles* upon his bier with humble confession of past wrong:

“ You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln’s bier,
 You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
 Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
 His length of shambling limbs, his furrowed face.

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
 His gait uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
 His lack of all we prize as debonair
 Of power, or will to shine or art to please.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utters one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high,
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came."

Pulpit and press throughout the Northern States voiced the nation's grief.

A year passed and the anniversary of President Lincoln's death came round. Congress met as usual, but before any business was transacted General Garfield rose in his seat and moved to adjourn, supporting his motion by the following remarks :

"MR. SPEAKER : I desire to move that this House do now adjourn ; and before the vote upon that motion is taken, I desire to say a few words.

"This day, Mr. Speaker, will be sadly memorable so long as this nation shall endure, which, God grant, may be 'till the last syllable of recorded time,' when the volume of human history shall be sealed up and delivered to the Omnipotent Judge.

"In all future time, on the recurrence of this day, I doubt not that the citizens of this Republic will meet in solemn assembly to reflect on the life and character of Abraham Lincoln, and the awful tragic event of April 14, 1865, — an event unparalleled in the history of nations, certainly unparalleled in our own. It is eminently proper that this House should this day place upon its records a memorial of that event.

"The last five years have been marked by wonderful developments of human character. Thousands of our people before unknown to fame, have taken their

places in history, crowned with immortal honors. In thousands of humble homes are dwelling heroes and patriots, whose names shall never die. But greatest among all these developments were the character and fame of Abraham Lincoln, whose loss the nation still deploras. His character is aptly described in the words of England's great laureate — written thirty years ago — in which he traces the upward steps of some —

“ ‘Divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green ;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blow of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star :

Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys
To mold a mighty State's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne :

And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope,
The pillar of a people's hope,
The center of a world's desire.’

“Such a life and character will be treasured forever as the sacred possession of the American people and of mankind. In the great drama of the rebellion, there were two acts. The first was the war, with its battles and sieges, victories and defeats, its sufferings and tears. That act was closing one year ago to-night, and just as the curtain was lifting on the second and final act, the restoration of peace and liberty, — just as the

curtain was rising upon new events and new characters,—the evil spirit of the Rebellion, in the fury of despair, nerved and directed the hand of the assassin to strike down the chief character in both.

“It was no one man who killed Abraham Lincoln ; it was the embodied spirit of treason and slavery, inspired with fearful and despairing hate, that struck him down in the moment of the nation’s supremest joy.

“Ah, sir, there are times in the history of men and nations when they stand so near the veil that separates mortals from immortals, time from eternity, and men from their God, that they can almost hear the beatings and feel the pulsations of the heart of the Infinite ! Through such a time has this nation passed. When two hundred and fifty thousand brave spirits passed from the field of honor through that thin veil to the presence of God, and when at last its parting folds admitted the martyr President to the company of the dead heroes of the Republic, the nation stood so near the veil that the whispers of God were heard by the children of men.

“Awe-stricken by His voice, the American people knelt in tearful reverence and made a solemn covenant with Him and with each other that this nation should be saved from its enemies, that all its glories should be restored, and on the ruins of treason and slavery the temples of freedom and justice should be built, and should survive forever. It remains for us, consecrated by that great event, and under a covenant with God, to keep that faith, to go forward in the great work until it shall be completed.

“ Following the lead of that great man, and obeying the high behests of God, let us remember that —

“ ‘ He has sounded forth a trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat.
Be swift my soul to answer him, be jubilant my feet;
For God is marching on.’ ”

Upon the conclusion of General Garfield's remarks the motion was adopted, and the House adjourned.

XXIV.

ADDRESSES.

THE world worships success. In 1860 General Grant was unknown beyond the streets of Galena ; but in 1880 the whole world turns out to honor him. The great names of history are of men who have succeeded in what they have undertaken. Peace hath victories mightier than those of the sword. Men are beginning to estimate victories by the benefits which they confer upon the human race. Not in the future, as in the past, will they be estimated by the number of soldiers slain, the cannon taken, or the rout of a defeated army, but by what men can do for their fellow-men.

Bernard Pallissy, a poor potter in France, saw an enameled cup that had been brought from Italy. How was the glazing put on ? He would find out. It is this determination to accomplish things which is the starting-point on the road to success. Pallissy built a furnace, made experiments, but the enamel would not fuse. Six nights in succession, with scarcely a wink of sleep, he sat beside the furnace. His fuel was gone. He had not time to go for more, nor had he money to buy it. He broke up the chairs and hurled them in,

split the table into kindling-wood. More wood ! More wood ! He rips up the floor and feeds the flame. His weeping wife thinks him a lunatic. Victory ! The enamel melts, and he becomes the world's benefactor.

The walks of life are illumined by such successes. James A. Garfield determined to be a teacher. It was a "definite object." He succeeded ; and all that has followed is the natural outgrowth of his determination. What are the elements of success ? " You must select your work," says Emerson ; " you shall take what your brain can and drop all the rest." No one is so competent to tell us how to succeed as he who has succeeded, and so we turn to an address given by General Garfield before the Consolidated Business College in Washington in 1869, on the Elements of Success.

" Ladies and gentlemen," he said, " I have consented to address you this evening chiefly for two reasons, — one of them personal to myself, the other public. The personal reason is, that I have a deep and peculiar sympathy with young people who are engaged in any department of education. Their pursuits are to me not only matters of deep interest, but of profound mystery. It will not, perhaps, flatter you older people when I say I have less interest in you than in these young people. With us, the great questions of life are measurably settled. Our days go on, their shadows lengthening as we approach nearer to that evening which will soon deepen into the night of life ; but before these young people are the dawn, the sunrise, the coming noon — all the wonders and mysteries of life. For ourselves, much

of all that belongs to the possibilities of life is ended, and the very angels look down upon us with less curiosity than these, whose lives are just opening. Pardon me, then, if I feel more interest in them than in you.

“ I feel a profounder reverence for a boy than a man. I never meet a ragged boy on the street without feeling that I owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under his shabby coat. When I meet you in the full flush of mature life, I see nearly all there is of you ; but among these boys are the great men of the future, — the heroes of the next generation, the philosophers, the statesmen, the philanthropists, the great reformers and molders of the next age. Therefore, I say, there is a peculiar charm to me in the exhibitions of young people engaged in the business of education.

“ The people are making a grave charge against our system of higher education when they complain that it is disconnected from the active business of life. It is a charge to which our colleges cannot plead guilty and live. They must rectify the fault, or miserably fail of their great purpose. There is scarcely a more pitiable sight than to see here and there learned men, so called, who have graduated in our own and the universities of Europe with high honors, — men who know the whole gamut of classical learning, who have sounded the depths of mathematical and speculative philosophy, — and yet who could not harness a horse or make out a bill of sale if the world depended upon it.

“ The fact is that our curriculum of college studies was not based on modern ideas and has not grown up

to our modern necessities. The prevailing system was established at a time when the learning of the world was in Latin and Greek ; when, if a man would learn arithmetic, he must first learn Latin ; and if he would learn the history and geography of his own country, he could acquire that knowledge only through the Latin language. Of course, in those days it was necessary to lay the foundation of learning in a knowledge of the learned languages. The universities of Europe, from which our colleges were copied, were founded before the modern languages were born. The leading languages of Europe are scarcely six hundred years old. The reasons for a course of study then are not good now. The old necessities have passed away. We now have strong and noble living languages, rich in literature, replete with high and earnest thought, — the language of science, religion, and liberty, — and yet we bid our children feed their spirits on the life of dead ages, instead of the inspiring life and vigor of our own times. I do not object to classical learning ; far from it ; but I would not have it exclude the living present. Therefore I welcome the Business College in the form it has taken in the United States, because it meets an acknowledged want, by affording to young people of only common scholastic attainments, and even to the classes that graduate from Harvard and Yale, an opportunity to learn important and indispensable lessons before they go out into the business of life.

“The present chancellor of the British Exchequer, the Right Honorable Robert Lowe, one of the brightest minds in that kingdom, said in a recent address be-

fore the venerable University of Edinburgh: 'I was a few months ago in Paris, and two graduates of Oxford went with me to get our dinner at a restaurant, and if the white-aproned waiter had not been better educated than all three of us, we might have starved to death. We could not ask for our dinner in his language, but fortunately he could ask us in our own language what we wanted.' There was one test of the insufficiency of modern education.

"There is another reason why I am glad that these Business Colleges have been established in this country, and particularly in the city of Washington. If there be any city on this continent where such institutions are needed more than in any other, it is here in this city, for the benefit of the employés of the United States.

"Allow me, young ladies and gentlemen, to turn aside for one moment to speak of what relates to your business life. If I could speak one sentence which would be echoed through every department of the government, addressing myself not to those in middle life whose plans for the future are fixed, but to those who are beginning life, I would say to every young man and woman in the civil service of the government, 'Hasten by the most rapid steps to get out of these departments into active, independent business life.' Do not misunderstand me. Your work is honorable — honorable to yourselves and necessary to the government. I make no charge on that score; but to a young man, who has in himself the magnificent possibilities of life, it is not fitting that he should be permanently commanded; he should be

a commander. You must not continue to be *the employed*; you must be an *employer*. You must be promoted from the ranks to a command. There is something, young men, which you can command — go and find it, and command it. You can at least command a horse and dray, can be generalissimo of them, and may carve out a fortune with them. And I did not fall on that illustration by accident, young gentlemen. Do you know the fact? If you do not, let me tell it you: that more fortunes have been won and fewer failures known in the dray business than in wholesale merchandising.

“Now, young gentlemen, let me for a moment address you, touching your success in life; and I hope the very brevity of my remarks will increase the chance of their making a lodgment in your minds. Let me beg you, in the outset of your career, to dismiss from your minds all idea of succeeding by luck. There is no more common thought among young people than that foolish one that by-and-by something will turn up by which they will suddenly achieve fame or fortune. No, young gentlemen; things don't turn up in this world unless somebody turns them up. Inertia is one of the indispensable laws of matter, and things lie flat where they are until by some intelligent spirit (for nothing but spirit makes motion in this world) they are endowed with activity and life. Do not dream that some good luck is going to happen to you and give you fortune. Luck is an *ignis fatuus*. You may follow it to ruin, but not to success. The great Napoleon, who believed in his destiny, followed it until he saw his star go

down in blackest night, when the Old Guard perished round him, and Waterloo was lost. A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.

“Young men talking of trusting to the spur of the occasion ! That trust is vain. Occasion cannot make spurs, young gentlemen. If you expect to wear spurs, you must win them. If you wish to use them, you must buckle them to your own heels before you go into the fight. Any success you may achieve is not worth having, unless you fight for it. Whatever you win in life you must conquer by your own efforts, and then it is yours — a part of yourself.

“Again : in order to have any success in life, or any worthy success, you must resolve to carry into your work a fullness of knowledge — not merely a sufficiency, but more than a sufficiency. In this respect, follow the rule of the machinists. If they want a machine to do the work of six horses, they give it a nine-horse power, so that they may have a reserve of three. To carry on the business of life you must have surplus power. Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing. Let every one know that you have a reserve in yourself ; that you have more power than you are now using. If you are not too large for the place you occupy, you are too small for it. How full our country is of bright examples ! not only those who occupy some proud eminence in public life, but in every place you find men going on with steady nerve, attracting the attention of their fellow-citizens, and carving out for themselves names and fortunes from small and humble beginnings, and in face of formidable obstacles. Let me cite an

example of a man I recently saw in the little village of Norwich, N. Y. If you wish to know his name, go into any hardware store and ask for the best hammer in the world, and if the salesman be an intelligent man, he will bring you a hammer bearing the name of D. Maydole. Young gentlemen, take that hammer in your hand, drive nails with it, and draw inspiration from it.

“Thirty years ago a boy was struggling through the snows of the Chenango Valley, trying to hire himself to a blacksmith. He succeeded, and learned his trade ; but he did more. He took it into his head that he could make a better hammer than any other man had made. He devoted himself to the task for more than a quarter of a century. He studied the chemistry of metals, the strength of materials, the philosophy of form. He studied failures. Each broken hammer taught him a lesson. There was no part of the process that he did not master. He taxed his wit to invent machines to perfect and cheapen his processes. No improvement in working steel or iron escaped his notice. What may not twenty-five years of effort accomplish when concentrated on a single object ? He earned success ; and now, when his name is stamped on a steel hammer, it is his note, his bond, his integrity embodied in steel. The spirit of the man is in each hammer, and the work, like the workman, is unrivaled. Mr. Maydole is now acknowledged to have made the best hammer in the world. Even the sons of Thor, across the sea, admit it.

“While I was there, looking through his shop, with all its admirable arrangement of tools and machinery,

there came to him a large order from China. The merchants of the Celestial Kingdom had sent down to the little town, where the persistent blacksmith now lives in affluence, to get the best that Anglo-Saxon skill had accomplished in the hammer business. It is no small achievement to do one thing better than any other man in the world has done it.

“Let me call your attention to something nearer your own work in this college. About forty years ago, a young lad who had come from the Catskill Mountains, where he had learned the rudiments of penmanship by scribbling on the sole leather of a good old Quaker shoemaker (for he was too poor to buy paper) till he could write better than his neighbors, commenced to teach in that part of Ohio which has been called ‘benighted Ashtabula’ — (I suggest ‘beknighted’ as the proper spelling of the word). He set up a little writing-school in a rude log cabin, and threw into the work the fervor of a poetic soul and a strength of heart and spirit that few men possess. He caught his ideals of beauty from the waves of the lake, and the curves they made upon the white sand beach, and from the tracery of the spider’s web; studying the lines of beauty as drawn by the hand of Nature, he wrought out the system of penmanship which is now the pride of our country, and the models of our schools. It is the system you have been learning in this college, and which is so worthily represented by the son of its author — my friend, Professor Spencer, your able instructor. This is an example of what a man may do by putting his whole heart into whatever he undertakes.

“Only yesterday, on my way here, I learned a fact which I will give, to show how by attending to things, and putting your mind to the work, you may reach success. A few days ago, in the city of Boston, there was held an exhibition of photography; and to the great surprise of New England, it turned out that Mr. Ryder, a photographer from Cleveland, Ohio, took the prize for the best photography in America. But how did this thing happen? I will tell you. This Cleveland photographer happened to read in a German paper of a process practiced by the artists of Bohemia—a process of touching-up the negative with the finest instruments, thus removing all chemical imperfections from the negative itself. Reading this, he sent for one of these artists, and at length succeeded in bringing the art of Bohemia into the service of his own profession.

“The patient German sat down with his lenses, and bringing a strong clear light upon these negatives, working with the finest instruments, rounding and strengthening the outlines, was able at last to print from the negative a photograph more perfect than any I have seen made with the help of an India-ink finish. And so Mr. Ryder took the prize. Why not? It was no mystery; it was simply taking time by the forelock, securing the best aid in the business, and bringing to bear the force of an energetic mind to attain the best possible results.

“That is the only way, young ladies and gentlemen, in which success is gained. These men succeed, because they deserve success. Their results are wrought

out ; they do not come to hand already made. Poets may be born, but success is made.

“ Young gentlemen, let not poverty stand as an obstacle in your way. Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify ; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard, and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance I have never known one to be drowned who was worth saving. This would not be wholly true in any country but one of political equality like ours. The editor of one of the leading magazines of England told me, not many months ago, a fact startling enough in itself, but of great significance to a poor man. He told me that he had never yet known, in all his experience, a single boy of the class of farm-laborers (not those who own farms, but mere farm-laborers), who had ever risen above his class. Boys from the manufacturing and commercial classes had risen frequently, but from the farm-labor class he had never known one.

“ The reason is this : in the aristocracies of the Old World, wealth and society are built up like the strata of rock which compose the crust of the earth. If a boy be born in the lowest stratum of life, it is almost impossible for him to rise through this hard crust into the higher ranks ; but in this country it is not so. The strata of our society resemble rather the ocean, where every drop, even the lowest, is free to mingle with all others, and may shine at last on the crest of the highest wave. This is the glory of our country, young gentlemen, and you need not fear that there are any

obstacles which will prove too great for any brave heart. You will remember what Burns, who knew all meanings of poverty and struggle, has said in homely verse :

‘ Though losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There’s wit there, you’ll get there,
You’ll find no otherwhere.’

“ One thought more and I will close. This is almost a sermon, but I cannot help it, for the occasion itself has given rise to the thoughts I am offering you. Let me suggest, that in giving you being, God locked up in your nature certain forces and capabilities. What will you do with them ? Look at the mechanism of a clock. Take off the pendulum and ratchet and the wheels go rattling down, and all its force is expended in a moment ; but properly balanced and regulated it will go on, letting out its force tick by tick, measuring hours and days, and doing faithfully the service for which it was designed. I implore you to cherish and guard and use well the forces that God has given to you. You may let them run down in a year, if you will. Take off the strong curb of discipline and morality, and you will be an old man before your twenties are passed. Preserve these forces. Do not burn them out with brandy, or waste them in idleness and crime. Do not destroy them. Do not use them unworthily. Save and protect them that they may save for you fortune and fame. Honestly resolve to do this, and you will be an honor to yourself and to your country.”

FUTURE OF THE REPUBLIC.

General Garfield was invited to address the Literary Societies of Hudson College at its commencement in 1873. He chose for his theme on that occasion, "The Future of the Republic: its Dangers and its Hopes," — a theme which is of vital interest to every American citizen. It is the one question of all others, to-day, demanding the attention of thinking men.

Seven years have passed since the delivery of the address, and the subjects taken up by the orator are still before the American people.

After a brief introduction, he entered directly upon the subject, inquiring if we may rationally hope that its life and success will be permanent, or whether it has entered upon a career of brilliant and brief immortality. "What do men mean," he asked, "when they predict the immortality of anything earthly?"

"The first Napoleon was one day walking through the galleries of the Louvre, filled with the wonders of art which he had stolen from the conquered capitals of Europe. As he passed the marvelous picture of Peter Martyr, one of the seven masterpieces of the world, he overheard an enthusiastic artist exclaim, 'Immortal work!' Turning quickly upon his heel, the Emperor asked, 'What is the average life of an oil-painting?' 'Five hundred years,' answered the artist. 'Immortal!' the Corsican scornfully repeated as he passed on, thinking doubtless of Austerlitz and Marengo. Six years ago, the wonderful picture of P  ter Martyr was dissolved in the flames of a burning church at Venice,

and, like Austerlitz, is now only a memory and a dream.

“When the great lyric poet of Rome ventured to predict immortality for his works, he could think of no higher human symbol of immortality than the Eternal City and her institutions, crowded with seven centuries of glorious growth; and so Horace declared that his verses would be remembered, as long as the high-priest of Apollo and the silent vestal virgin should climb the steps of the Capitol. Fifteen centuries ago, the sacred fires of Vesta went out, never to be re-kindled. For a thousand years, Apollo has had no shrine, no priest, no worshiper on the earth. The steps of the Capitol, and the temples that crowned it, live only in dreams, and to-day the antiquary digs and disputes among the ruins, and is unable to tell us where on the Capitoline hill the great citadel of Rome stood.

“There is much in the history of dead empires to sadden and discourage our hope for the permanence of any human institution. But a deeper study reveals the fact that nations have perished, only when their institutions have ceased to be serviceable to the human race; when their faith has become an empty form, and the destruction of the old is indispensable to the growth of the new. Growth is better than permanence; and permanent growth is better than all. Our faith is large in time; and we

‘Doubt not through the ages, an increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns.’

“It matters little what may be the forms of national

institutions, if the life, freedom, and growth of society are secured. To save the life of a nation it is sometimes necessary to discard the old form and make room for the new growth ; for

‘ Old decays but foster new creations ;
Bones and ashes feed the golden corn ;
Fresh elixirs wander every moment
Down the veins through which the live part feeds its child, the
life unborn.’

“There are two classes of forces whose action and reaction determine the condition of a nation,—the forces of repression and expression. The one acts from without ; limits, curbs, restrains. The other acts from within ; expands, enlarges, propels. Constitutional forms, statutory limitations, conservative customs belong to the first. The free play of individual life, the opinion and action, belong to the second. If these forces be happily balanced, if there be a wise conservation and correlation of both, a nation may enjoy the double blessing of progress and permanence.

“How are these forces acting upon our nation at the present time ?

“Our success has been so great hitherto, we have passed safely through so many perils, which at the time seemed almost fatal, that we may assume that the Republic will continue to live and prosper unless it shall be assailed by dangers which outnumber and outweigh the elements of its strength. It is idle to boast of what we are, and what we are to be, unless at the same time we compare our strength with the magnitude of our dangers.

“What, then, are our dangers ; and how can they be conquered ? . . .

“In the first place, our great dangers are not from without. We do not live by the consent of any other nation. We must look within, to find the elements of danger. The first and most obvious of these is territorial expansion, overgrowth,—the danger that we shall break in pieces by our own weight. This has been the commonplace of historians and publicists for many centuries ; and its truth has found many striking illustrations in the experience of mankind. But we have fair ground for believing that new conditions and new forces have nearly if not wholly removed the ground of this danger. Distance, estrangement, isolation have been overcome by the recent amazing growth in the means of intercommunication. For political and industrial purposes, California and Massachusetts are nearer neighbors to-day, than were Philadelphia and Boston in the days of the Revolution. The people of all our thirty-seven States know more of each other’s affairs than the Vermonter knew of his Virginia neighbors fifty years ago. It was distance, isolation, ignorance of separate parts, that broke the cohesive force of the great empires of antiquity. Public affairs are now more public, and private less private, than in former ages. The Railroad, the Telegraph and the Press have virtually brought our citizens, with their opinions and industries, face to face ; and they live almost in each other’s sight. The leading political, social, and industrial events of this day will be reported and discussed at more than two millions of American breakfast-tables to-morrow

morning. Public opinion is kept in constant exercise and training. It keeps itself constantly in hand — ready to approve, condemn, and command. It may be wrong — it may be tyrannical ; but it is all-pervading, and constitutes, more than ever before, a strong band of nationality."

General Garfield set forth the absorbing power of the Republic and its territorial extent, and maintained that we had little to fear in that direction. He continued :

"After all, territory is but the body of a nation. The people who inhabit its hills and its valleys are its soul, its spirit, its life. In them dwells its hope of immortality. Among them, if anywhere, are to be found its chief elements of destruction.

"And this leads me to consider an alleged danger to our institutions, which, if well founded, would be radical and fatal. I refer to the allegation that universal suffrage as the supreme source of political authority, is a fatal mistake. When I hear this proposition urged, I feel, as most Americans doubtless do, that it is a kind of moral treason to listen to it, and that to entertain it would be political atheism. That the consent of the governed is the only true source of national authority, and is the safest and firmest foundation on which to build a government, is the most fundamental axiom of our political faith. But we must not forget that a majority — perhaps a large majority — of the thinkers, writers, and statesmen of Christendom declare that our axiom is no axiom ; indeed is not true, but is a delusion and a snare — a fatal heresy."

General Garfield reviewed a letter written by Lord Macaulay in 1857, to a gentleman in New York, — the great English historian maintaining that purely Democratic institutions would sooner or later destroy liberty or civilization, or both. The letter is well known to students of history. In reviewing it General Garfield said :

“Certainly this letter contains food for serious thought ; and it would be idle to deny that the writer has pointed out what may become serious dangers in our future. But the evils he complains of are by no means confined to Democratic governments, nor do they, in the main, grow out of popular suffrage. If they do, England herself has taken a dangerous step since Macaulay wrote. Ten years after the date of this letter she extended the suffrage to 800,000 of her working-men, a class hitherto ignored in politics. And still later we have extended it to an ignorant and lately enslaved population of more than four millions. Whether for weal or for woe, enlarged suffrage is the tendency of all modern nations. I venture the declaration that this opinion of Macaulay is vulnerable on several grounds :

“In the first place, it is based upon a belief from which few if any British writers have been able to emancipate themselves, viz. : the belief that mankind are born into permanent classes, and that, in the main, they must live, work, and die in the fixed class or condition in which they were born. It is hardly possible for a man reared in an aristocracy like that of England

to eliminate this conviction from his mind, for the British empire is built upon it. Their theory of national stability is that there must be a permanent class which shall hold in their own hands so much of the wealth, the privilege, and the political power of the kingdom, that they can compel the admiration and obedience of all other classes.

“At several periods of English history there have been serious encroachments upon this doctrine. But on the whole, British phlegm has held to it sturdily, and still maintains it. The great voiceless class of day-laborers have made but little headway against the doctrine. The editor of a leading British magazine told me, a few years ago, that in twenty-five years of observation he had never known a mere farm-laborer in England to rise above his class. Some, he said, had done so in manufactures, some in trade, but in mere farm labor not one. The government of a country, where such a fact is possible, has much to answer for.

“We deny the justice or the necessity of keeping ninety-nine of the population in perpetual poverty and obscurity, in order that the hundredth may be rich and powerful enough to hold the ninety-nine in subjection. Where such permanent classes exist, the conflict of which Macaulay speaks is inevitable. And why? Not that men are inclined to fight the class above them, but they fight against any artificial barrier, which makes it impossible for them to enter that higher class, and become a part of it. We point to the fact that in this country there are no classes, in the British sense of the word — no impassable barriers of caste. Now that

slavery is abolished, we can truly say that through our political society there run no fixed horizontal strata through which none can pass upward. Our society resembles rather the waves of the ocean, whose every drop may move freely among its fellows, and may rise toward the light, until it flashes on the crest of the highest wave.

“Again, in depicting the dangers of universal suffrage, Macaulay leaves wholly out of the account the great counterbalancing force of universal education. He contemplates the government delivered over to a vast multitude of ignorant, vicious men, who have learned no self-control, who have never comprehended the national life, and who will wield the ballot solely for personal and selfish ends. If this were indeed the necessary condition of democratic communities, it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to escape the logic of Macaulay’s letter. And here is a real peril—the danger that we shall rely upon the mere extent of the suffrage as a national safeguard. We cannot safely, even for a moment, lose sight of the *quality* of the suffrage, which is more important than its quantity. . . .

“Our faith in the democratic principle rests upon the belief that intelligent men will see that their highest political good is in liberty, regulated by just and equal laws ; and that in the distribution of political power it is safe to follow the maxim, ‘Each for all, and all for each.’ We confront the dangers of the suffrage by the blessings of universal education. We believe that the strength of the State is the aggregate strength of its individual citizens, and that the suffrage is the link

that binds in a bond of mutual interest and responsibility the fortunes of the citizens to the fortunes of the State. Hence, as popular suffrage is the broadest base, so when coupled with intelligence and virtue it becomes the strongest—the most enduring base on which to build the superstructure of government.

“There is another class of dangers, unlike any we have yet considered—dangers engendered by civilization itself, and made formidable by the very forces which man is employing as the most effective means of bettering his condition and advancing civilization.

“The railway problem is an example of this class.”

General Garfield proceeded to set forth the development of the railway system and its powers, discussing the question of vested rights, State control, the powers of private corporations, under the famous Dartmouth College law, as presented by Daniel Webster, and the decision of the Supreme Court thereon.

To present the address in full would be beyond the scope of this volume; but for clearness and cogent reasoning, and far-reaching views, it will take rank with the ablest addresses upon the future of the Republic. In conclusion, General Garfield said:

“The intelligence and national spirit of our people exhibit their capacity for dealing with difficult problems. Those who saw the terrible elements of destruction that burst upon us twelve years ago, in the fury of civil war, would have been called dreamers and enthusiasts had they predicted that 1873 would witness the conflict ended, its cause annihilated, the bitterness and hatred it had occasioned nearly gone, and the nation,

with union and unity restored, smiling again over the turf of half a million soldiers' graves.

"Finally, our great hope for the future — our great safeguard against danger — is to be found in the general and thorough education of our people, and in the virtue which accompanies such education. And all these elements depend in a large measure upon the intellectual and moral culture of the young men who go out from our higher institutions of learning. From the standpoint of this general culture we may trustfully encounter the perils that assail us. Secure against dangers from abroad ; united at 'home by the strongest ties of common interest and patriotic pride ; holding and unifying our vast territory by the most potent forces of civilization ; relying upon the intelligent strength and responsibility of each citizen, and most of all upon the power of truth, — without undue arrogance, we may hope that in the centuries to come our Republic will continue to live and hold its high place among the nations as

'The heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time!''

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

On the Saturday night before the Ohio State election in 1879, General Garfield addressed the young men of Cleveland upon the issues of the hour, eliciting at almost every sentence great applause. The following extract will show its spirit :

"Now, fellow-citizens, a word before I leave you on the very verge of the holy day of God — a fit moment

to consecrate ourselves finally to the great work of next Tuesday morning. I see in this great audience to-night a great many young men, young men who are about to cast their first vote. I want to give you a word of suggestion and advice. I heard a very brilliant thing said by a boy the other day up in one of our northwestern counties. He said to me, 'General, I have a great mind to vote the Democratic ticket.'

"That was not the brilliant thing. I said to him, 'Why?' 'Why,' said he, 'my father is a Republican, and my brothers are Republicans, and I am a Republican all over; but I want to be an independent man, and I don't want anybody to say, "That fellow votes the Republican ticket just because his dad does;" and I have half a mind to vote the Democratic ticket just to prove my independence.'

"I did not like the thing the boy suggested, but I did admire the spirit of the boy that wanted to have some independence of his own.

"Now, I tell you, young man, don't vote the Republican ticket just because your father votes it. Don't vote the Democratic ticket, even if he does vote it. But let me give you this one word of advice, as you are about to pitch your tent in one of the great political camps: Your life is full and buoyant with hope now, and I beg you when you pitch your tent, pitch it among the living and not among the dead.

"If you are at all inclined to pitch it among the Democratic people, and with that party, let me go with you for a moment while we survey the ground where I hope you will not shortly lie. It is a sad place, young

man, for you to put your young life into. It is to me far more like a graveyard than like a camp for the living.

“Look at it! It is billowed all over with the graves of dead issues, of buried opinions, of exploded theories, of disgraced doctrines. You cannot live in comfort in such a place. Why, look here! Here is a little double mound. I look down on it and I read, ‘Sacred to the Memory of Squatter Sovereignty and the Dred Scott Decision.’ A million and a half of Democrats voted for that, but it has been dead fifteen years — died by the hand of Abraham Lincoln; and here it lies Young man, that is not the place for you.

“But look a little further. Here is another monument, a black tomb, and beside it, as our distinguished friend said, there towers to the sky a monument of 4,000,000 pairs of human fetters taken from the arms of slaves, and I read on its little headstone this: ‘Sacred to the Memory of Human Slavery.’

“For forty years of its infamous life the Democratic party taught that it was divine — God’s institution. They defended it; they stood around it; they followed it to its grave as a mourner. But here it lies, dead by the hand of Abraham Lincoln; dead by the power of the Republican party; dead by the justice of Almighty God. Don’t camp there, young man.

“But here is another — a little brimstone tomb, and I read across its yellow face in lurid, bloody lines these words: ‘Sacred to the Memory of State Sovereignty and Secession.’ Twelve millions of Democrats mustered round it in arms to keep it alive; but here it lies, shot to death by the million guns of the Republic.

Here it lies, its shrine burned to ashes under the blazing rafters of the burning Confederacy. It is dead! I would not have you stay in there a minute, even in this balmy night air, to look at such a place.

"But just before I leave it I discover a new-made grave, a little mound — short. The grass has hardly sprouted over it, and all around it I see torn pieces of paper with the word 'fiat' on them, and I look down in curiosity, wondering what the little grave is, and I read on it: 'Sacred to the Memory of the Rag Baby; nursed in the brain of all the Fanaticism of the World; rocked by Thomas Ewing, George H. Pendleton, Samuel Cary, and a few others throughout the land. But it died on the 1st of January, 1879, and the 140,000,000 dollars of gold that God made, and not fiat power, lie upon its little carcass to keep it down forever.'

"Oh, young man, come out of that! That is no place in which to put your young life. Come out, and come over into this camp of liberty, of order, of law, of justice, of freedom, of all that is glorious under these night stars.

"Is there any death here in our camp? Yes! yes! Three hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, the noblest band that ever trod the earth, died to make this camp a camp of glory and of liberty forever.

"But there are no dead issues here. There are no dead ideas here. Hang out our banners from under the blue sky this night until it shall sweep the green turf under your feet! It hangs over our camp. Read away up under the stars the inscription we have written on it, lo! these twenty-five years.

“Twenty-five years ago the Republican party was married to Liberty, and this is our silver wedding, fellow-citizens. A worthily married pair love each other better on the day of their silver wedding than on the day of their first espousals ; and we are truer to liberty to-day and dearer to God than we were when we spoke our first word of liberty. Read away up under the sky across our starry banner the first word we uttered twenty-five years ago ! What was it ? ‘Slavery shall never extend over another foot of the territory of the Great West.’ Is that dead or alive ? Alive, thank God, for evermore ! And truer to-night than it was the hour it was written ! Then it was a hope, a promise, a purpose. To-night it is equal with the stars — immortal history and immortal truth.

“Come down the glorious steps of our banner. Every great record we have made we have vindicated with our blood and with our truth. It sweeps the ground and it touches the stars. Come there, young man, and put in your young life where all is living, and where nothing is dead but the heroes who defended it. I think these young men will do that.

“Gentlemen, we are closing this memorable campaign. We have got our enemies on the run everywhere. And all you need to do in this noble old city, this capital of the Western Reserve, is to follow them up and finish it by snowing the rebellion under once more. We stand on an isthmus. This year and next is the narrow isthmus between us and perpetual victory. If you can win now and win in 1880, then the very stars in their courses will fight for us. The census

will do the work, and will give us thirty more free men of the North in our Congress that will make up for the rebellion of the South. We are posted here as the Greeks were posted at Thermopylæ to meet this one great Barbarian Xerxes of the Isthmus. Stand in your places, men of Ohio! Fight this battle, win this victory, and then one more puts you in safety forever!"

XXV.

ADDRESS ON THE FINANCES.

NO nation can go to war without money. It has been called the "sinews of war."

"Which will conquer, the North or the South?" asked a gentleman of one of the Rothschilds at the breaking out of the Rebellion.

"The North."

"Why?"

"She has the most money."

It was the statement of a great financier who understood the power of money, and that the South would be soonest exhausted. A war disturbs financial relations, and all governments sooner or later, during a long-continued war, must issue promises to pay. In every country there is always trouble about such promises, as to how and when they shall be paid. Upon no subject have men been so much at sea as upon the finances since the close of the Rebellion. General Garfield is one of the few members of Congress whose views have been clear from the outset. He has given expression to them many times, in Congress and upon the platform. It is conceded by his friends that no abler speech has been made upon the financial question than

one delivered in Faneuil Hall, Boston, September 10th, 1878, on Honest Money. It is a speech which the historian will turn to in the future, for it goes to the bottom of things.

“To-day,” said General Garfield, “in the foreground, is the financial question. To this I invite your consideration. And this great question has its two faces. One of them looks back to the war out of which it sprung; the other looks forward to the future of the people and to their interests, and the system of finance that settles the issue rightly will respect all the past and provide for the future. The finances of the war, fellow-citizens, can be summed up in a sentence. While the nation went out into all our homes and laid its strong hand upon our bravest and best, and took them into the field to die, if need be, it went out to all the people, and laid the heavy hand of taxation upon them to support and maintain the war. It went to all, rich and poor alike, and asked for contributions to maintain the war. At that time the man who helped the Government with his means was regarded almost equal in honor to those who helped with their lives. If you will read the record of that legislation, if you will read the record of events in the messages of our President, you will find them everywhere praising the patriotism of the citizens that came forward with their money and helped the Government. In 1864, President Lincoln said in one of his messages: ‘It is a most gratifying fact that of eighteen hundred millions loaned to the Government of the United States, almost every

dollar has been loaned by citizens.' And he congratulated himself that so many comparatively poor people had put their mite into the loan to help the Government; and he went so far as to suggest in the message to which I refer, that there should be a law in the States for the exemption of a certain amount of bonds in the hands of poor people from seizure for debt, in order that the patriotism they have exhibited in these loans shall not be lost by the hard hand of suffering that may be laid upon them. I recall these facts, because we are so apt to forget the events of fourteen years ago. But taxes and loans, great as they were, were insufficient to supply the enormous demands of war.

"When the officers of the Government found they could not borrow money fast enough, in their extremity and distress they took a step the American nation had never taken before since the Constitution was formed. They took the step of forcing a loan upon the people, to meet the immediate emergencies of the war. I want to call your attention to the remarkable fact, that when they took that step in 1862, there are not now known to have been ten men on this continent who did not believe that paper money should be redeemable in coin at the will of the holder. That was a nation of thirty-one millions of Americans. Whatever has occurred since to change the minds of men has occurred within sixteen years. Now let us take that as the basis of the discussion to-night. No man ever understood better than they thought they understood the danger that step led to. The President of the United States — that glorious man, so filled with love

for all that is good and true and patriotic — deplored this issue of paper money.

“Every senator and representative in Congress deplored the necessity that compelled them to abandon, for the time being, the ground of acknowledged safety, and issue a paper that could not be at all times exchangeable for coin. Both President and Congress sought earnestly to avoid the known dangers of such a step.

“In the first act that authorized the issue of greenbacks, they limited the amount, and provided for funding them in a coin bond. Later, when an additional issue was unavoidable, they made it a fundamental condition that the volume should never exceed four hundred millions, and fifty millions additional, for redeeming a temporary loan.

“That Pledge stands in our Law to-day — as yet unbroken, and covers, with its high sanctions, every outstanding greenback. That was not all. They firmly anchored themselves to coin by providing in the same bill that created the greenbacks that all our revenues from customs should be received in coin and laid away, to be held for paying the interest on our debt, and the bonds issued in connection with that, to redeem and take up the greenback currency as soon as possible. Let it not be forgotten that this was the basis on which the men of 1862 started out.

“But another element was added. The men of 1862 saw that the two thousand State banks were bound by no tie of immediate interest to aid the nation ; and they sought to bring them to the help of the Government,

and at the same time to preserve those instrumentalities by which the supply of currency should be determined by the law of supply and demand. To meet both these objects, President Lincoln, in his message of December, 1862, recommended the organization of national banks. He declared that such banks would greatly aid the public credit, and 'would at once protect labor against the evils of a vicious currency.' These were Lincoln's words in recommending the National Banking System.

"Great as were the tasks undertaken by him and his associates, they did not claim wisdom enough to regulate the inexorable laws of value and of trade.

"And here, fellow-citizens, let me pause long enough to consider a phrase much used in the political discussion of the day — a statement that we want a currency large enough to meet the wants of trade. We do. I concur in that statement. But will any man here tell me what the wants of trade are? Is there any man in America wise enough to measure the wants of trade and tell just how much currency is needed? Who forgets the infinite difficulty to find a man with brain enough and resource enough to feed an army and to clothe it and to house it? Its house is of the rudest — only a piece of cloth; its clothing is of the simplest, and its food is a definitely prescribed ration. But it is considered worthy of the glory of one glorious life to be able to feed and clothe and house an army of a hundred thousand men. Now, fellow-citizens, suppose somebody should offer to take the contract of feeding, clothing, and housing Boston and its suburbs, includ-

ing half a million of men. Remember that all nations are placed under contribution to supply the city of Boston: every clime sends its supplies: every portion of our own land, all our roads of transportation are looked to to supply the tables, houses, and the clothing of this community. Do you suppose any man in the world is wise enough, is skilful enough, to supply the wants of this population, in a circle of twenty miles around Boston? Now multiply that by a hundred, and get the population of the United States. Is there any man in this world wise enough, is there any congress in the world wise enough to measure the wants of 45,000,000 of people and tell just what is needed for their supplies? No, fellow-citizens. But there is something behind legislation that does — does all so quietly and so perfectly. Every man seeking his own interest, millions of men acting for themselves, acting under the great law of supply and demand, the laws of trade, feed Boston, feed the United States, clothe, house, and transport the nation, and carry on all its mighty works in perfect harmony and with ease, because the higher law above legislation — the law of demand and supply — pervading and covering all, settles that great question far above the wisdom of one man, or a thousand men to determine it.

“And now, one of the great means by which all these mighty transactions are carried on is the currency that circulates and exchanges values among all these people. Every transaction, abroad or at home, of the eleven hundred million dollars’ worth of trade we have with Europe and Asia, of the ten times greater

value of our home trade, is carried on and regulated by that great pervading law, higher than legislation and wiser than the wisdom of men. To that law we must conform our currency system, or it will perish. Any congress, or any party that tells you they are going to vote a sufficient supply of currency for the wants of trade, tells you they are going to do an impossibility. It cannot be. And it was for that reason that the men of 1862 and 1864 established a system of banking to be diffused throughout the Republic, which was held to the strictest accountability for the character of its securities to the depositors and billholders; but the volume of its circulation was to depend, not upon the uncertain will and more uncertain wisdom of Congress, but upon the law of demand and supply. Bound always to redeem their notes in greenbacks or coin, their own interests and safety would lead them to enlarge or contract that volume, as the tide of business should ebb or flow.

“Such was the origin, and such the character of the financial system established by the men who guided the war for the Union.

“That system is to-day attacked with a vehemence and fury hardly parallel in the annals of political warfare. The wisdom of Lincoln and Chase is denounced as folly. Their patriotism is branded as crime. We are told that the system they established and the obligations they incurred are intolerable oppression, and must be overthrown.

“Especially we are told that all our subsequent efforts

to honor these pledges, and maintain the system thus established, are unpatriotic and unjust.

“Let us go deeper into the heart of this question. Let us consider the relation of the national government to the great commercial and financial distress from which our people have been suffering during the last five years.

“Doubtless it is in great part due to the vast economic disturbance caused by the war; though it must be remembered that once in about twenty years such periods of distress have occurred, not here alone, but throughout the civilized world, and have often sprung from causes wholly beyond the reach of human legislation.

“What can the Government do to help a people in distress? That question you have a right to ask; and whatever legislation can do it ought to do. What it cannot do we are unwise to demand of it, and it is futile to demand. Now, let me tell you some of the things that Government can do; and, first of all, the best thing Government can do, the first great thing that Government can do, is to get out of the way and not be an obstruction to the return of prosperity.

“No one will deny that the heavy burden imposed by the war has been and is a hindrance to the business prosperity of our people. Let us try to measure the vastness of that burden. In 1865, the funded debt alone, imposed upon us by the war, amounted to two billions seven hundred and fifty-seven millions of dollars. Upon that debt we were compelled to pay interest to the sum of \$151,000,000 in coin, a dreadful

annual burden. During the year after the war, we paid over the national counter \$520,000,000 to meet current demands upon the Treasury, including interest on the public debt. These tremendous burdens it seemed for a time we could not carry ; and there were wicked men who said we ought not to try to carry them, and despairing men who said we could not ; but the brave nation said, this burden is the price of our country's life, the price of blood and the price of liberty ; and therefore we will bow ourselves and take up the burden. We will carry it upon the stalwart shoulders of the Republic. . . .

“There has arisen among us, within the last few years, a body of men who claim to have made a discovery of the greatest possible importance ; and I want to say for them, if their discovery is what they believe it to be, it is the most important discovery ever announced to man on the subject of finance. I wish to treat them with all the fairness of getting their own problem, their own proposition, from themselves. They claim to have discovered that there is no longer any room for the old notion which the United States has believed in for a hundred years, that everybody believed in in 1862 and 1865, — the notion that there ought to be value behind paper money.

“They claim that money being itself a creature of law, that law alone can create it, and can create it out of whatever it pleases, and make that money which it declares to be money. Let us give them the full benefit of this proposition. They declare that as the Creator said, ‘Let there be light, and there was light,’ so a

sovereign government may say, 'Let this piece of paper be money, and it will be money.' Let the Republic pronounce its fiat over a piece of paper and that becomes money, and hence they call it 'fiat money.' As to what they will do with the fiat money, as to how much they will have of it, they are not agreed.

"There were three things our fathers put into the Constitution which they evidently believed Congress could do. They said Congress shall have the power to fix the standard of weights and measures, and to coin money, and declare the value of coins. Let us try to get down to these fundamental ideas.

"What can Congress do about a standard of measures? Can it create measures? What is a standard of measure? It is something which measures what we call extension, length, breadth, or height. Who made extension? Did Congress create it? Did human law invent it? Extension is a quality of the elements which pervade the universe, and is independent of human laws as the stars above the earth are independent of it. Can you conceive of such a thing as a legislature creating length? Unless, indeed, of session.

"This is what the law can do. It can take something that has length, and name it a yard; it can separate that into three equal parts, and call each part a foot; it can separate that into twelve equal parts, and call each part an inch; but it can no more create length than it could create the universe. It can subdivide and name the standard, but it can create none of the elements which go to make up extension. Try to conceive of a standard of length which has no length in

itself. The thing is inconceivable. I challenge the intelligence of any man who hears me to think of such a thing as a measure of length which has no length in itself. Suppose you were to say that the light which gleams from this burner shall be called a foot. Suppose a lady to say, 'I will call the fragrance of a moss-rose the standard of a foot,' does that mean anything?

"It is inconceivable. No; by laws higher than human legislation, length, depth, height were created; men can only name and declare a definite length as the standard. And so with weight. When Congress came to fix a standard of weight, it could not create weight, but it could take a piece of metal — that has weight in itself—and name it a pound; could subdivide it into sixteen parts, and call each one an ounce; but it could not create a standard of weight unless the weight was there.

"Now let us consider the idea of value. It is more complicated and abstract than the notion of length or weight, but it is no less real. What you and I call value, what the business world calls value, is real and tangible. Your merchandise has value for the qualities which are in it; your grain, your products, all that go to make up wealth, have value for the exchangeable qualities in them. And in seeking a measure for that value, I ask any man who hears me to-night if it be conceivable that you can measure value by that which has no value in itself, any more than you can measure length by that which has no length, or weight by that which has no weight?

"I defy any man to describe that operation of mind

by which you can conceive a measure of value that in itself has no value. I recollect once to have read a singular sentence from Horace Greeley, in his book on 'Political Economy,' in which he said he did not know but it was possible to get a standard of values that was not so costly as coin. 'For instance,' said he, 'I suppose a gold yardstick would be a very nice thing to have, but it would be a costly yardstick. I think we might have one of paper, or of wood, or of iron, that would answer just as well, if it would measure just as exact.' Certainly, we could ; but can you have a yardstick that has no-length ? If not, can you find a measure of values that has no value ? It is inconceivable, and the fiat of the law cannot create it.

"When our fathers established the measure of value, they took a fixed quantity of the precious metals, coined them by stamping upon them the certificate of the Government that the weight and fineness of the coin was precisely what it professed to be. They sought not to create, but to ascertain and declare the value of their coins as determined in the markets of the world.

"The supreme test of real money is this : Cast a hundred dollars of real money into the smelting-pot, and the blackened melted mass will sell in the market for just one hundred dollars less the waste of melting.

"But at this point some one says, 'That is all very well as a matter of philosophy, but, Mr. Garfield, you probably have a dollar-bill in your pocket, and with it you can go out and buy a shovel, can you not ? Do you say that you buy it with something that has no

value? Does not every dollar-bill refute the theory you have offered?' Not in the least, if you will follow me a moment further.

"What is paper money, so called? Is it money? It is a title to money, a deed for money, but it is not money. Your farmer has his deed for a hundred acres of land; is that the land? It is paper, but it is his evidence that he owns the farm. Suppose you want to buy his farm; you look at his deed; the first question you raise is, is it genuine or counterfeit? If you find that it is genuine, that it has been issued by the requisite authority, you still have another question. You see it calls for one hundred acres of land, but you sent a surveyor out, he traces the line; he takes the angles; he makes the measurements, and when he has come back with his measurement and declared there are in the within boundaries described one hundred acres of land, then the deed is the evidence of all it pretends to be.

"If he finds no land at all behind the deed, he must be content with a 'fiat' farm. But suppose the surveyor finds land behind the deed, but on measuring it declares that there are but ninety-nine acres of land, what do the figures or the deed amount to in the face of the fact? Suppose the farmers in your agricultural districts should say, 'We are in distress; our great need is more land; if we had more land we would get on better with our affairs; and now let us get a law through the General Court that every man may surrender up his deed and have a new one written, with two acres for every one.' When you can enlarge your farm by changing the figures in your deeds; when

your dairy-maid can make more butter and cheese by watering her milk ; when you can have more cloth by decreasing your yardstick one half ; when you can sell more tons of merchandise by shortening your pound one half, — then, and not until then, you can increase the value of your property or labor by decreasing your standard of values.

“ But some one meets me with this : After all, whatever you may say about the fact, your paper dollar will pay a debt, no matter how much depreciation may have smitten it ; and what we want is a money that will pay debts. There is an element of truth in this suggestion, and it touches the very core of the evil of a depreciated paper currency. A currency that is not at par and is a legal tender, has these two qualities in it : One, its debt-paying power ; the other, its purchasing power ; and wherever these two values disagree, you notice the utmost confusion and injustice in the business of life, from the highest to the lowest.

“ If the debt-paying power and the purchasing power of your money are not alike, you are in a confusion which can never be healed except by making them equal. They have been made unequal by the operations of the law ; by the law alone their equality can be restored. I suppose, if by the brute force of Congressional vote and Presidential approval we should be wicked enough to do it, probably Congress might wipe out all debts by a universal law of bankruptcy that declared on a certain day all debts should be counted as cancelled ; but the man who would counsel that, or would counsel the making of a paper dollar that would

accomplish the same thing, would be denounced by every fair-minded man in the world as a villain ; and if that is what the Greenback movement means, we dare our enemies to face it."

SPECIE RESUMPTION.

"Now, fellow-citizens, we go back to the primary question in this fight. I affirm, against all opposers, that the highest and foremost present duty of the American people is to complete the resumption of specie payments ; and first of all, because the sacred faith of this republic is pledged to resumption ; and if it were never so hard to do it, if the burdens were ten times greater than they are, this nation dare not look in the face of God and men, and break its plighted word.

"It is a fearful thing for one man to stand up in the face of his brother man and refuse to keep his pledge ; but it is a forty-five million times worse thing for a nation to do it. It breaks the main-spring of faith. It unsettles all security, it disturbs all values, and it puts the life of the nation in peril for all time to come. If we should break our faith now, who would trust the Republic again in the hour of danger ? If we break our faith now, we should not deserve to be saved when we are again in peril.

"I am almost ashamed to give any other reason for resumption than this one I have given. It is so complete that no other is needed ; but there is another almost as strong. If there were no moral obligations resting upon the nation, if there were no public faith.

pledged to it, I affirm that the resumption of specie payment is demanded by every interest of business in this country, and so imperatively demanded that it can be demonstrated that every honest interest in America will be strengthened and bettered by the resumption of specie payment. . . .

“Several years ago it was said in Congress, in praise of our irredeemable greenbacks, that we had a dollar that would stay by us, a dollar that was not a coward, like gold and silver, which went away from us during the war, a patriotic dollar that would stay with us. You want a non-exportable dollar, you Greenback men! You want all its blessings confined to us, like that citizen of a German town who moved that a gibbet be erected in the town, and resolved that all the blessings, privileges, and benefits thereof be restricted to the citizens of the town. Do you know where that idea of a non-exportable dollar came from? I can read you that very sentence from a book written by John Law two hundred years ago, when he started the Mississippi scheme, that blasted France for a quarter of a century. There are other things that are non-exportable — damaged flour, spoiled cotton, rancid butter, addled eggs — they are all non-exportable. But I have never heard a tradesman thank God for the putrescence that made them so. Our currency has been non-exportable for the same reason. It is so bad, and so uncertain, that no nation would take it, except by law. We want a currency that can walk like an American all over the world. . . . Many leading Democrats of the West have confined themselves chiefly to the abolition of the

national banks, and the issue of \$324,000,000 of greenbacks to take the place of their notes. Now, that is a debatable question, and as you are reasonable men, let us debate it. If it were just as good, I would be in favor of it; if it were better, I would be still more strongly in favor of it. What are the objections? My first objection to that proposition is, that it is a flat violation of the pledge, promise, and faith of this nation that it would never increase the greenbacks above \$400,000,000. If you make this change, you will exceed that volume. (A voice — 'Too thin.') Is good faith too thin for you? Then you are too thin for an able-bodied honest man. Suppose that trouble be got over; suppose there were no obstacle in the way of the public faith; I have another objection to it. If you issue \$324,000,000 more of greenbacks on top of the \$346,000,000 now out, you make redemption impossible; and all who believe in the resumption of specie payments ought to oppose it for that reason. Why do I say that? The United States Treasury can now resume specie payments on the promised day. It could do it sooner. In 1875 we were told we could not resume; that we could not get the gold to resume; that the moment we tried to accumulate the coin, it would increase the value of the coin, and decrease the value of the currency; but in the face of all such Cassandra prophecies, we have accumulated and have to-day in the Treasury, unappropriated for any other purpose, \$135,000,000 of coin waiting. (A voice — 'We lose the interest of it.') Certainly we lose the interest, but it costs something to be honest. In the

next place, while that has been accumulating, the value of our greenback has been going up constantly, from thirteen per cent. discount when the law was passed, until to-day, in the market of America, our greenback was worth $99\frac{3}{4}$ cents on the dollar. What coin we have will certainly be enough to complete that work ; but if it were not, we can readily accumulate, under the law, \$5,000,000 a month more, on top of that, until the day of resumption comes ; so that we are perfectly able to resume, under the law as it now stands. There are the national bank notes, \$324,000,000 of them out. They are compelled to march abreast of 'us in the work of resumption of specie payments. The two thousand national banks are all harnessed to the car of resumption, and when we resume they must resume. If you abolish them, you take away their help—you put the whole weight of the \$670,000,000 on the Treasury, and break it down.

“There is another objection I have to abolishing the national banks and substituting greenbacks for their notes. Now we have the national banks in a shape where they pay a good round share of the taxes, and I am glad of it. They ought to pay it. Since their organization they have paid over \$200,000,000 of taxes to the States and the nation. Last year they paid \$16,000,000 of tax ; \$9,000,000 to the States, and \$7,000,000 to the nation. Their stock is taxed by the States, their circulation is taxed by the nation ; their deposits are taxed by the nation, and a man who holds national bank notes on the day of assessment is taxed upon them. How about the greenbacks ? There are

\$346,000,000 of greenbacks that escape taxation. A rich man can gather them in on the day of assessment and escape taxation. The substitution you talk of would lose \$17,000,000 of taxes a year to the States and the nation, and put \$324,000,000 out of the reach of taxation, — a thing fairly to be complained of, and I object to it for that reason.

“I object to the substitution for still another reason. The national bank notes as they now stand are the only portion of our financial machinery that gears the supply of currency to the laws of supply and demand. Abolish them and put out \$324,000,000 of greenbacks, and the volume of your currency depends upon the votes of Congress. You might as well hope to regulate the movements of the solar system by acts of Congress, as to regulate the necessary volume of currency by votes of partisans in Congress. No men are wise enough to do it, and if they were, dare you trust so delicate a thing as that to partisan votes in Senate and House? If you have so much faith as that in Congress, your faith exceeds mine. There is another thing about it, fellow-citizens. If you abolish the national banking system, you leave it a mere group of brokers' shops, nothing more than that. The banking business of America, besides the circulation of notes, is as necessary to the trade of the United States as the railroads to transportation. Do you know, fellow-citizens, that the modern device for avoiding the use of a large amount of money, is the bank? What proportion of business is carried on in actual money? In England, they tell us, only five per cent. of the trade is

carried on by the actual use of money ; ninety-five per cent. by drafts and checks and commercial bills, and these are handled by the banks. In this country not less than ninety per cent. of our business is carried on in that way. Would you have shaving-shops, irresponsible and independent, or the present system, that holds them all in the grip and control of the law ?

“ I do not hesitate to affirm that while it may not be a perfect system, the present national banking system is the most perfect this country ever knew, and to abolish it is to go back to the wretched old system that prevailed before the war.

“ Now the third point I want to make is, that resumption is so nearly come that it would be a crime to stop it. Whatever evils anybody has prophesied as coming from resumption, whatever hardship resumption was supposed to have brought, have been endured already ; the agony is in fact over. We are almost in reach of shore. We have been tossed these many long years upon the stormy and uncertain sea of irredeemable paper money. It has crippled our industries, shaken our confidence, robbed our poor men, blasted our hopes, it has made it possible that \$1,000,000,000 has been invested for years in the miserable, wretched business of gambling in gold. Now the resumption ends the business of gold gambling forever, for it existed only in the difference in value between paper and gold. After all we have suffered, we are now like a bold and sturdy swimmer almost ashore. Out of the tempest, out of the night, out of the storm and danger of the deep, the republic is just within a stroke of the shore. One

more stroke and her feet will stand upon the rock. And the enemies of resumption would come now and plunge her back into the uncertainty of night, upon a shoreless, bottomless sea, wretched and forlorn ! In the name of sweet peace, in the name of returning prosperity, in the name of the sufferings we have endured, I demand, the Republican party demands, all lovers of honest money demand, that the progress of resumption shall not be hindered. Nothing can now hinder it but the brute force of hostile legislation."

General Garfield glanced at the future of the Republic, of the prediction of its downfall by Macaulay, as given in a previous chapter. In conclusion he said :

"For myself, with all my soul I repel the prophecy as false. I reject it as a Cassandra prophecy that cannot be fulfilled. But why? I will detain you only a moment to give you my reason. A few years ago I sought to answer this indictment. My first answer is this: No man who has not lived among us can understand one thing about our institutions ; no man who has been born and reared under monarchical governments can understand the vast difference between theirs and ours. How is it in monarchical governments? Their society is one series of caste upon caste. Down at the bottom, like the granite rocks in the crust of the earth, lie the great body of laboring men. An Englishman told me not long ago that in twenty-five years of careful study of the agricultural class of England, he had never known one who was born and reared in the ranks of farm-laborers that rose above his class and became a well-to-do citizen. That is a most terrible sentence,

that three millions of people should lie at the bottom of society, with no power to rise. Above them the gentry, the hereditary capitalists ; above *them*, the nobility ; above *them*, the royalty ; and, crowning all, the sovereign, — all impassable barriers of caste.

“ No man born under such institutions can understand the mighty difference between them and us in this country. Thank God, and thank the fathers of the republic who made, and the men who carried out the promises of the Declaration, that in this country there are no classes, fixed and impassable. Here society is not fixed in horizontal layers, like the crust of the earth, but, as a great New England man said, years ago, it is rather like the ocean, broad, deep, grand, open, and so free in all its parts that every drop that mingles with the yellow sand at the bottom may rise through all the waters, till it gleams in the sunshine on the crest of the highest wave. So it is here in our free society, permeated with the light of American freedom. There is no American boy, however poor, however humble, orphan though he may be, that, if he have a clear head, a true heart, a strong arm, he may not rise through all the grades of society, and become the crown, the glory, the pillar of the State.

“ Here, there is no need for the old-world war between capital and labor. Here is no need of the explosion of social order predicted by Macaulay. All we need is the protection of just and equal laws — just alike to labor and to capital. Every poor man hopes to lay by something for a rainy day — hopes to become a capitalist, for capital is only accumulated labor. When-

ever a laborer has earned one hundred dollars more than he needs for daily expenses, he becomes to that extent a capitalist, and needs to be safe in its enjoyment.

“There is another answer to Macaulay. He could not understand—no man could understand until he had seen it—the almost omnipotent power of our system of education, that teaches our people how to be free by teaching them to be intelligent. But, fellow-citizens, who has read the letter of Macaulay that did not remember it a year ago last July, when in ten great States of the Union millions of American citizens and millions of American property were in peril of destruction? when the spirit of mob ran riot; when Pittsburgh flamed in ruin and smoked in blood, and many of our great cities were in peril of destruction,—who did not remember the doctrine of Macaulay then, and did not anew resolve that the bloody track of the Commune should have no pathway on our shore?”

ELECTION AS SENATOR.

On the 14th of January, 1880, General Garfield was elected by the legislature of Ohio as United States senator, to succeed Senator Thurman, whose term of office expired March 4, 1880. During the evening after the election an informal reception was held in the capitol at Columbus. Many of his political opponents were present.

A speech was called for and General Garfield made a brief address. “I should,” he said, “be a great deal more than a man, or a great deal less than a man, if I

were not extremely gratified by this mark of your kindness you have shown me in recent days. I did not expect any such a meeting as this. I knew there was a greeting waiting me, but did not expect so cordial, generous, and general a greeting, without distinction of party, without distinction of interests, as I have received here to-night. And you will allow me, in a moment or two, to speak of the memories this chamber awakens.

“Twenty years ago this last week I first stood in this chamber and entered upon the duties of public life, in which I have been every hour since that time in some capacity or other. I left this chamber eighteen years ago, and I believe I have never entered it since that time. The place is familiar, though it was not peopled alone with faces that I see before me here to-night, but with the faces of hundreds of people that I knew here twenty years ago, a large number of whom are gone from earth.

“It was here in this chamber that the word was first brought of the firing on Fort Sumter. I remember distinctly a gentleman from Lancaster, the late Senator Schleigh — General Schleigh, who died not very long ago, — I remember distinctly as he came down this aisle with all the look of anxiety and agony in his face, informing us that the guns had opened upon Sumter. I remember that one week after that time, on motion of a leading Democratic senator who occupied a seat not far from that position (pointing to the Democratic side of the chamber), that we surrendered this chamber to several companies of soldiers, who had

come to Columbus to tender their services to the imperiled Government. They slept on its carpets and on these sofas, and quartered for two or three nights in this chamber while waiting for other quarters outside of the capitol.

"All the early scenes of the war are associated with this place in my mind. Here were the musterings — here was the center, the nerve-center, of anxiety and agony. Here over 80,000 Ohio citizens tendered their services in the course of three weeks to the imperiled nation. Here, where we had been fighting our political batteries with sharp and severe partisanship, there disappeared, almost as if by magic, all party lines ; and from both sides of the chamber men went out to take their places on the field of battle. I can see now, as I look out over the various seats, where sat men who afterward became distinguished in the service in high rank, and nobly served their constituencies, and honored themselves.

"I came here, fellow-citizens, to receive an expression of your confidence and compliments to me. I do not undervalue the office that you have tendered to me yesterday and to-day: but I say, I think, without any mental reservation, that the manner in which it was tendered to me is far higher to me, far more desirable, than the thing itself. That it has been a voluntary gift of the General Assembly of Ohio, without solicitation, tendered to me because of their confidence, is as touching and high a tribute as one man can receive from his fellow-citizens, and in the

name of all my friends, for myself, I give you my thanks.

“We now come to this place, while so many are gone; but we meet here to-night with the war so far back in the distance that it is an almost half forgotten memory. We meet here to-night with a nation redeemed. We meet here to-night under the flag we fought for. We meet with a glorious, a great and growing republic, made greater and more glorious by the sacrifices through which the country has passed. And coming here-as I do to-night brings the two ends of twenty years together, with all the visions of the terrible and glorious, the touching and cheerful, that have occurred during that time.

“I recognize the importance of the place to which you have elected me; and I should be base if I did not also recognize the great man whom you have elected me to succeed. I say for him, Ohio has had few larger-minded, broader-minded men in the records of our history than that of Allen G. Thurman. Differing widely from him as I have done in politics, and do, I recognize him as a man high in character and great in intellect; and I take this occasion to refer to what I have never before referred to in public—that many years ago, in the storm of party fighting, when the air was filled with all sorts of missiles aimed at the character and reputation of public men, when it was even for his party interest to join the general clamor against me and my associates, Senator Thurman said in public, in the campaign, on the stump,—where men are as likely to say unkind things as at any place in the world,—a most

generous and earnest word of defense and kindness for me, which I shall never forget as long as I live. I say, moreover, that the flowers that bloom over the garden wall of party politics are the sweetest and most fragrant that bloom in the gardens of this world ; and where we can early pluck them and enjoy their fragrance, it is manly and delightful to do so.

“And now, gentlemen of the General Assembly, without distinction of party, I recognize this tribute and compliment made to me to-night. Whatever my own course may be in the future, a large share of the inspiration of my future public life will be drawn from this occasion and these surroundings, and I shall feel anew the sense of obligation that I feel to the State of Ohio. Let me venture to point a single sentence in regard to that work. During the twenty years that I have been in public life, almost eighteen of it in the Congress of the United States, I have tried to do one thing. Whether I was mistaken or otherwise, it has been the plan of my life to follow my conviction at whatever personal cost to myself. I have represented for many years a district in Congress whose approbation I greatly desired ; but though it may seem, perhaps, a little egotistical to say it, I yet desired still more the approbation of one person, and his name was Garfield. He is the only man that I am compelled to sleep with, and eat with, and live with, and die with ; and if I could not have his approbation, I should have bad companionship. And in this larger constituency which has called me to represent them now, I can only do what is true to my best self, applying the same rules.

And if I should be so unfortunate as to lose the confidence of this larger constituency, I must do what every other fair-minded man has to do — carry his political life in his hand and take the consequences. But I must follow what seems to me to be the only safe rule of my life ; and with that view of the case, and with that much personal reference, I leave that subject.

“Thanking you again, fellow-citizens, members of the General Assembly, Republicans and Democrats — all, party-man as I am, — thanking you both for what you have done and for this cordial and manly greeting, I bid you good-night.”

XXVI.

THE CREDIT MOBILIER.

DID ever a noble ship plow the deep without encountering a storm? Did ever an individual come before the public, especially for official position, who was not pecked at? The propensity to pick flaws in a person's character seems to be ingrained in human nature. Lord Hamlet of Denmark understood this trait of the race when he said to the pure Ophelia :

“Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape calumny.”

No great man has ever escaped it. The greatest statesman that ever lived — Moses, the leader of Israel — was pecked at and sorely tried by the rebellious and fault-finding rabble whom he was leading from slavery to freedom. John the Baptist would not make himself a glutton nor a sot, and his calumniators said that he had a devil. The purest Being that ever walked the earth accepted hospitality, and was accused of being a drunkard. He entered the homes of the poor and lowly, and the fault-finders insinuated that his character was not what it should be, if he consorted with tax-gatherers and sinners.

Calumniators are lynx-eyed for the discovery of imperfections, but blind to virtue and goodness. The partisan detractor is an assassin. He premeditates murder, and stabs a man's reputation without remorse, and with fiendish delight.

The man who enters public life must expect to have his acts criticised, his motives maligned, his character picked to pieces. A man who has been before the public twenty years, who has had positive opinions, who has taken part in the discussion of all the great questions growing out of the war, must expect to have the calumniator on his track when he comes before the people as a candidate for President. General Garfield is charged with having been concerned in the *Credit Mobilier*, and of having voted himself extra pay for services as member of Congress.

THE CREDIT MOBILIER.

In 1859, a company was chartered under the law of Pennsylvania for the purpose of building houses, buying land, loaning money, and various other things. It took the name of "*Credit Mobilier*," a term borrowed from the French.

The coming on of the war put a stop to any plans which the projectors may have had in view. Nothing was heard of it till 1866, when the Pacific Railroad was under construction. Whether it was George Francis Train, or some other person, who first brought it to the attention of Mr. Oakes Ames, who was pushing that great enterprise, is not known, but Mr. Ames and his associates saw an opportunity to make money, by using

the charter of the Credit Mobilier. He and his particular associates obtained control, not only of the Credit Mobilier, but of a majority of the stock of the railroad; this was done by obtaining proxies of the other stockholders, who knew nothing of their intended plan. They elected themselves directors.

The self-constituted board of directors made a contract with the Credit Mobilier, in other words, with itself and associates, to build the road at an enormous profit, — in fact, a swindling profit, — which was divided among themselves and the stockholders who furnished the proxies, ignoring entirely the rights and interest of the minority stockholders, who did not loan their proxies, and also that of the United States, which had donated millions of acres of land to aid in building the road, and which also indorsed \$60,000,000 of its bonds, taking as security therefor a second mortgage. For the purpose of guarding against Congressional scrutiny into this gigantic swindle, it was stated that Mr. Ames was distributing some of the Credit Mobilier stock among certain members of Congress, by which to purchase their influence. The real character of the operations of the Credit Mobilier at that time was not known outside of the ring.

The first that General Garfield ever heard of the Credit Mobilier was in 1866 or 1867, when Mr. Train called upon him, soliciting a subscription to the stock. "The object of the company," said Mr. Train, "is to buy land where cities and villages are to spring up. You can double and treble your investment in a year."

General Garfield informed Mr. Train that he had no

money, and that if he had, he should not go into any such enterprise without making a thorough investigation of its affairs.

Mr. Train referred Mr. Garfield to Mr. Oakes Ames. It was natural that Mr. Ames should think well of the project ; but Mr. Garfield did not pursue his inquiries, and the matter dropped.

A year passed. The railroad was under rapid construction. Towns were springing up. It was an open secret that Mr. Ames and his associates were making a great deal of money in the construction of the road.

There came a day when Mr. Ames, who was member of Congress, asked Mr. Garfield if he would not like to invest.

"If you have not the money to spare, I will hold the stock till you can find it convenient to pay for it," said Mr. Ames.

General Garfield said that he would consider the proposition. A few days later they met, and General Garfield informed Mr. Ames that he had decided not to invest.

In July, 1867, General Garfield sailed for England. He traveled in Scotland and on the Continent, returning in November the same year.

In order to obtain funds for the trip, before going he assigned several months' advance-pay of his congressional salary to a banker, who furnished him with money. When he returned, he was in want of \$300, which he obtained from Oak Ames, and which he repaid in money in 1869.

During the winter of '69, '70, Jeremiah Black, a

leading Democrat lawyer, with a large practice before the Supreme Court, who, though differing politically from General Garfield, has a great admiration for him, informed him that his name was upon Oak Ames's book as holding ten shares of the Credit Mobilier.

It was the first intimation that General Garfield ever received that he was a stockholder in that company. He had never subscribed for it, nor had he ever authorized Mr. Ames to hold it for him. No transaction had ever passed between them, except as already mentioned.

In 1872 Henry McComb, of Delaware, who had been a partner in all the Pacific Railroad transactions with Oakes Ames, brought suit in a Pennsylvania court against various parties for a settlement of accounts. Among the papers filed was a letter from Oakes Ames, stating that he had disposed of certain shares of the Credit Mobilier stock to certain persons indicated by initials on a list, and McComb explained that these initials indicated certain persons, members of Congress. Among them were James G. Blaine, the Speaker of the House, General Garfield, and others.

In December of that year after the assembling of Congress, at the instigation of General Garfield and others, Mr. Blaine himself moved the appointment of a Committee of Investigation, of which Judge Poland of Vermont was chairman.

The committee made a thorough investigation, sending for persons and papers.

Mr. Ames appeared before them December 17, 1872. He mentioned sixteen members of Congress with

whom he said he had had dealings in relation to the Credit Mobilier; eleven of them had purchased the stock, but General Garfield was not one of the eleven.

Mr. Ames's testimony in regard to General Garfield was as follows :

"Q. In reference to Mr. Garfield, you say that you agreed to get ten shares for him, and to hold them till he could pay for them, and that he never did pay for them nor receive them ?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. *He never paid any money on that stock, nor received any money from it ?*

A. *Not on account of it.*

Q. *He received no dividends ?*

A. *No, sir ; I think not.* He says he did not. *My own recollection is not very clear.*

Q. So that, as you understand, Mr. Garfield never parted with any money, nor received any money on that transaction ?

A. No, sir ; he had some money from me once, some three or four hundred dollars, and called it a loan. He says that that is all he ever received from me, and that he considered it a loan. *He never took his stock and never paid for it.*

Q. Did you understand it so ?

A. Yes ; *I am willing to so understand it. I do not recollect paying him any dividend, and have forgotten that I paid him any money."*

On January 23, 1873, five weeks after the above testimony was given by Mr. Ames, he appeared the

second time before the committee with a memorandum in which there was an entry under General Garfield's name, to the effect that the stock had been sold for \$329, and that that amount was paid General Garfield in June, 1868 ; that he did not pay it in money, but by a check on the Sergeant-at-Arms.

The Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Dillon, testified, that he paid a check of \$329, but that he paid it to Mr. Ames himself and not to General Garfield (Testimony p. 350).

Mr. Ames's testimony extends over many pages. He admitted that his memory was not good, and that he might be mistaken.

General Garfield in his testimony denied ever having agreed to take any stock, or authorizing Mr. Ames to reserve it for him. Neither had he ever received any dividends. The only transaction that had ever taken place between Mr. Ames and himself was the loan of \$300. General Garfield vindicated himself in a pamphlet in which the following points are clearly established by the evidence :

“ 1. That I neither purchased nor agreed to purchase the Credit Mobilier stock which Mr. Ames offered to sell me ; nor did I receive any dividend arising from it. Thus it appears from my own testimony ; and from the first testimony given by Mr. Ames, which is not overthrown by his subsequent statements, and is strongly confirmed by the fact that in the case of each of those who did purchase the stock, there was produced, as evidence of the sale, either a certificate of stock, receipt

of payment, a check drawn in the name of the payee, or entries in Mr. Ames's diary of a stock account, marked, adjusted, and closed, but that no one of these evidences exist in reference to me. This position is further confirmed by the subsequent testimony of Mr. Ames, who, though he claims that I did receive \$329 from him on account of the stock, yet he repeatedly testifies that beyond that amount I never received or demanded any dividend, that he did not offer me any, nor was the subject alluded to in conversation between us.

"Mr. Ames admits, on page 40 of his testimony, that after December, 1867, the various stock and bond dividends on the stock he had sold amounted to an aggregate of more than 800 per cent. ; and that between January, 1868, and May, 1871, all these dividends were paid to several of those who purchased the stock. My conduct was wholly inconsistent with the supposition of such ownership ; for, during the year 1869, I was borrowing money to build a house here in Washington, and was securing my creditors by giving mortgages on my property ; and all this time it is admitted that I received no dividends, and claimed none.

"The attempt to prove a sale of the stock to me is wholly inconclusive ; for it rests, first, on a check payable to Mr. Ames himself, concerning which he several times says he does not know to whom it was paid ; and second, upon loose undated entries in his diary, which neither prove a sale of the stock, nor any payment on account of it.

"The only fact from which it is possible for Mr.

Ames to have inferred an agreement to buy the stock was the loan to me of \$300. But that loan was made months before the check of June 22, 1868, and was repaid in the winter of 1869 ; and after that date there were no transactions of any sort between us.

“And finally, before the investigation was ended, Mr. Ames admitted that on the chief point of difference between us he might be mistaken.

“On page 356, he said he ‘considered me the purchaser of the stock, unless it was borrowed money I had of him ;’ and on page 461, at the conclusion of his last testimony, he said :

“ ‘ Mr. Garfield understands this matter as a loan ; he says I did not explain it to him.’

“ *Q.* You need not say what Mr. Garfield says. Tell us what you think.

“ *A.* Mr. Garfield might have misunderstood me. . . . I supposed it was like all the rest ; but when Mr. Garfield says he mistook it for a loan, that he always understood it to be a loan, that I did not make any explanation to him, and did not make any statement to him, I may be mistaken. I am a man of few words, and I may not have made myself understood to him.

“2. That the offer which Mr. Ames made to me, as I understood it, was one which involved no wrong or impropriety. I had no means of knowing, and had no reason for supposing, that behind this offer to sell me a small amount of stock lay hidden a scheme to defraud the Pacific Railroad and imperil the interests of the United States. I was not invited to become a party to any scheme of spoliation, much less was I

aware of any attempt to influence my legislative action, or any subject connected therewith; and on the first intimation of the real nature of the case, I declined any further consideration of the subject.

"3. That whatever may have been the facts in the case, I stated them in my testimony as I have always understood them; and there has been no contradiction, prevarication, or evasion on my part.

"If there be a citizen of the United States who is willing to believe that, for \$329, I have bartered away my good name, and to falsehood have added perjury, these pages are not addressed to him. If there be one who thinks that any part of my public life has been gauged on so low a level as these charges would place it, I do not address him; I address those who are willing to believe that it is possible for a man to serve the public without personal dishonor. I have endeavored, in this review, to point out the means by which the managers of a corporation, wearing the garb of honorable industry, have robbed and defrauded a great national enterprise, and attempted by cunning and deception, for selfish ends, to enlist in its interest those who would have been the first to crush the attempt, had their objects been known.

"If any of the scheming corporations or corrupt rings that have done so much to disgrace the country by their attempts to control its legislation, have ever found in me a conscious supporter or ally in any dishonorable scheme, they are at full liberty to disclose it. In the discussion of the many grave and difficult questions of public policy which have occupied the thoughts

of the nation during the last twelve years, I have borne some part : and I confidently appeal to the public records for a vindication of my conduct."

EXTRA CONGRESSIONAL PAY.

In March, 1873, the term "salary grabber"—unknown till then in English language—came into use, through the passage of a retroactive law, by which the pay of members for past services was increased. The bill first made its appearance, together with a report submitted by Mr. B. F. Butler, from the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives, on the 7th of February. On the 10th of February Mr. Butler moved to suspend the rules and adopt a resolution directing the incorporation of this bill with the miscellaneous appropriation bill. The motion was lost, Garfield voting in the negative. It came up again in various forms on the 28th of February, and Garfield voted against it five times. Finally, the measure came before a conference committee of the Senate and the House. Of that committee Garfield was a member. He opposed in the conference that part of the appropriation bill which related to salaries of members of Congress, but signed the report, for reasons which he gave in a speech in the House on the 3d of March. He said :

"I wish to state in a few words the condition of that [salaries-increase] question in the conference. The Senate conferees were unanimous in favor of fixing the salary at \$7,500, and cutting off all allowance except actual individual traveling expenses of a member from his home to Washington and back again, once a session.

That proposition was agreed to by a majority of the conferees on the part of the House. *I was opposed to the increase in the conference as I have been opposed to it in the discussion and in my votes here ;* but my associate conferees were in favor of the Senate amendment, and I was compelled to choose between signing the report and running the risk of bringing on an extra session of Congress. I have signed the report, and I present it as it is, and ask the House to act on it in accordance with its best judgment."

MR. HIBBARD, of New Hampshire. "I desire to ask the gentleman how much plunder will be taken out of the Treasury, if this raising of salaries is adopted?"

MR. GARFIELD. "I am glad the gentleman has asked me that question. The report presented here, taking into account the changes made with reference to the salaries of members and officers of both Houses, will involve an annual increase of expenditure of about three-quarters of a million of dollars."

MR. HIBBARD. "How much for the present Congress?"

MR. GARFIELD. "For the present Congress it involves an additional expenditure of about one and a quarter millions. I think the House ought to know all the facts."

General Garfield believed that Congress had no right to increase its own pay. It was a moral wrong, for which the country would justly hold them responsible ; but the promoters of the plan had attached it to the legislative appropriation bill, which, if defeated during the closing hours of that session, would involve the calling of an

extra session. What should he and those that believed with him do? If the bill was defeated, and an extra session called, would they not be held responsible?

The bill passed, but there was still one course left to those who had opposed it; they could draw their pay, and return it to the Treasury.

On April 29, 1873, a list of those who had so disposed of their back salaries was published by Treasurer Spinner, from which it appears that General Garfield was the fourth who so disposed of the salary that had been voted him, thus washing his hands from any taint of iniquity.

THE DEGOLYER CONTRACT.

Partisan defamers, with all their searching, have been able to bring only one other calumny against General Garfield, and that in relation to a fee which he received for legal services from DeGolyer, McClelland & Chittenden, contractors for paving the streets of Washington. Another member of the firm was Mr. Nickerson, who, having had a falling out with his co-partners sought revenge.

General Garfield's fee was for an argument made before the Board of Public Works for the District of Columbia, and Nickerson charged that his services were secured and rewarded for the sake of his influence in Congress — General Garfield being chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations.

When the charges came before the public, General Garfield demanded a hearing before a committee of investigation. He promptly acknowledged receiving a

fee of five thousand dollars, but denied any improper action. He stated that Mr. Richard C. Parsons, a practicing lawyer at Cleveland, had been retained by DeGolyer and to make a brief of the relative merits of a large variety of wooden pavements, that the Board of Works had agreed to put down a certain amount of wooden, concrete, and other kinds of pavement, that they had fixed a price which they would pay, and that the only thing remaining was to determine which was the best pavement to insure a large contract.

There were forty kinds presented. Mr. Parsons was called suddenly to Cleveland and retained General Garfield to prepare the brief, which he did after the adjournment of Congress, and for which Mr. Parsons paid him five thousand dollars. He had nothing to do with the contract, knew nothing of the conditions.

General Garfield further stated that it never occurred to him that what he was doing would have the remotest connection with the Committee on Appropriation, of which he was a member.

Mr. Wilson, of Indiana, a member of the committee in 1874, when the matter was under investigation in Congress, made the following statement, which is conclusive of the whole matter.

"The Board of Public Works was considering the question as to the kind of pavements that should be laid. There was a contest as to the respective merits of various wooden pavements. Mr. Parsons represented, as attorney, the DeGolyer & McClelland patent, and, being called away from Washington about the time the hearing was to be had before the Board of Public

Works on this subject, procured General Garfield to appear before the Board in his stead and argue the merits on this patent. This he did, and this was the whole of his connection in the matter. It was not a question as to the kind of contract that should be made, but as to whether this particular kind of pavement should be laid. The criticism of the committee was not upon the *pavement* in favor of which General Garfield argued, but was upon the *contract* made with reference to it; and there was no evidence which would warrant the conclusion that he had anything to do with the latter."

"I want to say," said General Garfield to the committee, "that if anybody in the world holds that my fee in connection with this pavement, even by suggestion or implication, had any relation whatever to any appropriation by Congress for anything connected with this District, or with anything else, it is due to me, it is due to this committee, and it is due to Congress, that that person be summoned. If there be a man on this earth who makes such a charge, that man is the most infamous perjurer that lives, and I shall be glad to confront him anywhere in this world."

XXVII.

HOME AND FAMILY.

THE home of General Garfield is in the township of Mentor, twenty-five miles east of Cleveland. The waters of Lake Erie form its northern boundary, and the city of Painsville joins it on the east. The old stage road from Buffalo to Cleveland, the great thoroughfare, a dusty highway once crowded with emigrant wagons, with its frequent inns, passes through the township, along the summit of a sandy ridge which undoubtedly was once the shore of the lake. Now there are few public-houses.

“ To the mossy wayside tavern
Comes the noisy throng no more;
And the faded sign, complaining,
Swings unnoticed at the door.”

This highway leads directly to Euclid Avenue, the most beautiful of Cleveland's streets.

Mentor is an agricultural town. The soil is fertile, and the land in excellent tilth. The farm-houses are large and roomy, indicating thrift. The people are all well-to-do.

“ We have no poor people,” was the remark of a citizen to the writer.

The gentle undulations of the land, the groves of oak, maple, and hickory, the green fields, remind one of some of the charming landscapes of Old England.

The hawthorn hedges, with their milk-white blossoms, are wanting, but here and there are green hedges of the Osage orange. In England, the village church is an ancient stone structure, gray with time, its tower mantled with ivy, while around it,

“ Beneath those rugged elms and yew-tree shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.”

In Mentor, the village churches are plain white structures, with modest spires pointing heavenward. There is the country store, the post-office, the school-house, roomy residences with grand old shade-trees in front, — the homes of the farmers, of lords of the soil, intelligent citizens, descendants of the sturdy New England stock, who can trace their lineage back to the homes of the Puritan ancestors in Nottingham or Devon.

A mile or more west of the Disciples church, on the right hand side of the old highway, stands a farm-house of two stories, with dormer windows in its roof. Carpenters and joiners have been at work upon the edifice during the season, raising, enlarging, and transforming its interior.

There is a wide piazza in front, with old-fashioned arm-chairs. Near by is a small building, the workshop of the proprietor. Behind the house is a barn with stalls for five horses, and a carriage-house. Not far off is

a kitchen-garden, with its beds of beets, turnips, and cabbages. There are cherry and peach trees, currant bushes, and in front of the mansion maples, which cast a graceful shade. This is "Lawnfield," the home of General Garfield, with a farm of one hundred and fifty acres, reaching away toward the blue waters of Lake Erie.

He purchased it four years ago. Prior to that time Hiram was his home, but it is not situated on any railroad, and he moved to Mentor, to be on the great thoroughfare, and at the same time conveniently near Cleveland. This removal was a grief to the citizens of Hiram, but gave great gratification to the people of Mentor and vicinity.

General Garfield has greatly improved his farm since purchasing it. Neat fences have taken the place of the decaying and unsightly zigzag rails. He has recently drained a swampy section, and expects a large yield of grain from what has thus been reclaimed.

During his Congressional vacations, he finds great pleasure in looking after affairs on the farm, occasionally spending a portion of a forenoon in holding a plow, or performing some part in the harvest-field. The premier of England — Gladstone — finds recreation in wood-chopping, and so does General Garfield. He has not forgotten how to swing the ax. The farm is well provided with barns, which are neatly painted. In the pastures are some fine-blooded stock.

In purchasing the farm, General Garfield had in view a home — a place where his children could be under the pure influences of a well-ordered community, where

they would attain simple habits, enjoy healthful exercise and pure fresh air.

"It is strange," said General Garfield to a party of visitors, as he conducted them over his fertile fields, "how a man will revive his early attachments to farm-life. For twenty-five years, I scarcely remained on a farm for a longer period than a few days, but now I am an enthusiast. I can see now what I could not see when I was a boy. It is delightful to watch the growing crops."

It is a great relief to General Garfield, when he can hasten hither from the wearying life at Washington. Here he can find time to revive his acquaintance with the classics ; to commune with Nature. He is not singular in this ; it seems to be a characteristic of statesmen. Washington loved life as he found it at Mount Vernon ; Jefferson delighted in looking after affairs at Monticello. To Henry Clay there was no pleasure like that of Ashland. Beneath the elms of Marshfield, by the sounding sea, or strolling in his pasture, the sleek Jersey cows licking salt from his hand, Daniel Webster found peace and rest after the hot debates of the Senate. So at Lawnfield — his hands upon the plow, the summer sun bronzing his face, the healthful breezes of Lake Erie fanning his cheeks — General Garfield revives his acquaintance with Nature, and reads over the exploits of Achilles and Agamemnon.

Partially in rear of the dwelling is a small building which General Garfield calls his workshop, containing his working library, books of reference, public documents, and the immense amount of material which

a statesman accumulates during a period of twenty years of active life.

General Garfield is methodical in his work. At the beginning of public life he began the making of scrap-books — the saving of material for future use ; so that it is but the work of a moment to lay his hand upon a speech, a statement, tables of statistics, opinions that were indexed ten or fifteen years ago. His scrap-books are a library of themselves, invaluable to a statesman.

All of his orders while in the army as commander of a brigade, as chief-of-staff to Rosecrans, are copied and filed. The future historian may turn to them and see just how the plans were laid, and how the army marched during Tallahoma and Chattanooga campaigns, — what orders were issued during the two days' struggle at Chickamauga.

General Garfield carries method into all the affairs of life. His plans are clearly defined. The habit of working methodically, acquired in the Institute of Hiram, enables him to turn off a great amount of work, and he does it without wearying. He dislikes the labor of writing, and usually employs a stenographer. A well-balanced brain, the discipline of the mind, a grand physique, and a temperate life, enables him to continue his labors hour after hour, and be as fresh at the close.

Mr. Garfield was married, as has been stated in another chapter, while President at Hiram, to Miss Lucretia Rudolph. Mrs. Garfield is in the bloom of a beautiful womanhood. A writer in the *Independent*, Mary Clemmer, who has long known her, renders this tribute :

"Mrs. Garfield abides beyond a question. With a less brilliant and positive presence, with a less vital and powerful temperament than those which have made Mrs. Hayes the force for beauty and good which she is in the White House, Mrs. Garfield has a charm as unique and real, all her own. Unconsciously, I made myself the liege of this lady years ago. It was when a woman (called a 'woman of genius') said, pityingly, to me, as she surveyed General Garfield on the floor of the House:

" 'How unfortunate that his wife is not his equal!'

" 'Do you know Mrs. Garfield?' I asked.

" 'No; but I have heard.' "

" 'I know her,' I said, 'and know that she is her husband's equal not only, but in more than one respect his superior. She has 'the philosophic mind' that Wadsworth sings of; she has a self-poise, a strength of unswerving, absolute rectitude her husband has not and never will have, though her temperament does not give her the capacity for the seasons of moral enthusiasm which are possible to him. Much of the time that other women give to distributing visiting-cards, in the frantic effort to make themselves 'leaders of society,' Mrs. Garfield spends in the alcoves of the Congressional Library, searching out books to carry home to study while she nurses her children. You may be sure of one thing: the woman who reads and studies while she rocks her babies will not be left far behind her husband in the march of actual growth.'

"That was ten years ago. Since then I have seen many women come to the surface of capitolian life out

of obscurity, and go back into obscurity again ; have seen hundreds of so-called 'leaders of society' shrivel and go out in the scorching flame of fashion ; while I have followed with a tender heart this woman, the wife of a famous man, — a woman whom nobody called 'a leader.' She, meanwhile, has not been lifted off her feet, as many women are, by her husband's rising fortunes ; no 'spreading' forth in style of dress or living ; no 'airs.' And in Washington, in official life, that means *everything* — indicative of character. She has moved on in the tranquil tenor of her unobtrusive way, in a life of absolute devotion to her duty ; never forgetting the demands of her position or neglecting her friends, yet making it her first charge to bless her home, to teach her children, to fit her boys for college, to be the equal friend, as well as the honored wife, of her husband. Gentle, patient, unobtrusive almost to timidity, wise in speech and action, keenly intelligent, liberally educated, conscientiously devoted to everything good, — this is the woman who will perpetuate the loving, consecrated life that to-day abides in the White House, if as its mistress she enters it."

Mrs. Garfield while at Hiram, was a member of the "Olive Branch Society," a literary organization, which held a reunion in 1877. In a poem given on that occasion by Mrs. Eliza G. Glashier, a tender tribute was paid Mrs. Garfield :

" With heart as leal and loving,
As e'er was sung in lays
Of high born Roman matron,
In old heroic days.



Lucretia B. Garfield

JAMES H. BROWN P. S.

Honor and fame her steps attend,
Worthy the soldier's name to bear
Worthy the civic wreath to share,
That binds our Viking's tawny hair,
And glad are we the world should know,
As *Hero*, him we long ago,
Found truest, helper, friend."

Five children, four sons and a daughter, make Lawnfield a merry, happy home. The two eldest sons, Harry A. and James R., are attending school at Concord, N. H.

The third son, Irvin McDowell, illustrates in his name, the generous nature of General Garfield, and not only that, but it exhibits his love of justice.

General McDowell was appointed commander of the army that fought the first battle at Bull Run, against his protestations. He was regarded with suspicion and jealousy by General Scott, then in his dotage. After the defeat, General McDowell was suspended by McClellan, and received no other important command during the war. General Garfield in common with many other citizens felt that McDowell had not received fair treatment.

"Having had," said General Garfield, "a personal acquaintance with General McDowell, I knew him to be an upright man, and a good officer, and consequently protested slightly to the abuse heaped upon him by giving my son his name."

The youngest boy, Abram, is six years old; the daughter, Mollie, thirteen.

The mother of General Garfield resides with him, in the enjoyment of excellent health, though seventy-eight

years of age, attending now, as in early years, to the duties of life, manifesting the same sweet spirit, unchanged by the honors that have come upon her illustrious son ; and it is the son's highest pleasure to tenderly care for the mother.

No profane word, no unseemly jest, no ribaldry, is ever heard at Lawnfield. No wines sparkle on its table. The moral atmosphere is as sweet, pure and healthgiving to heart and soul, as the breezes from Lake Erie to the body. It is a Christian family, — a Christian home.

XXVIII.

THE MAN.

JAMES A. GARFIELD has been endowed by nature with a grand physique. In the lives of his ancestry there must have been stalwart men. He is broadly and strongly built, and in stature above the medium height. There must be prodigious strength of muscle in the arms of a man, who, when sixteen years old, could cut two cords of wood between sun and sun; and there must be great endurance of fibre, that could continue it fifty days without flinching. Such strength of muscle enables General Garfield to lift great weights.

At Pittsburgh Landing, in 1862, a line of teams came down from the army for rations. There were so many wagons to be loaded that great despatch was necessary. A fine-looking soldier, wearing a blue overcoat, presented his requisition. The commissary saw him take up a barrel of flour and toss it into a wagon, as if it required no effort.

"I suppose you will require a receipt for these provisions," said the soldier to the commissary.

"Yes, your commanding officer must receipt for it."

"Can't I sign it?"

"O no, it must be signed by a commissioned officer."

"Very well, I'm a Brigadier General. My name is Garfield."

General Garfield's face is the index of his character, it is beaming with kindness; but in the lines of his countenance one can see sturdiness, energy, pluck, and the calmness and coolness of an evenly balanced brain; steady nerves, and a will controlled by moral forces. It is the face of a man not easily frightened.

It was at Chestertown, in Maryland, in October, 1863, that General Garfield addressed a public meeting, at the solicitation of Hon. Henry Winter Davis. Rotten eggs were hurled at him. He gazed calmly and steadily upon the assembly, and said:

"I have just emerged from the rain and hail of Chickamauga; I have faced the worst that rebels can do, and do you think I can be frightened by cowards?"

It is the calm man who stills the storm. No more eggs, but silent respect from the humbled audience.

General Garfield's eyes are bright and hopeful. There is no insincerity or revenge in them. A physiognomist would say that a man with such an eye never would take gloomy views of things, even when things were at their worst. It would not be possible for him to be a pessimist.

In his bearing, General Garfield is frank, cordial, generous. He has an intense hatred of wrong, but is ever ready to forgive the wrong-doer, the moment the wrong is acknowledged.

"I would clasp hands," he said, in a speech last

year at Dayton, "with those who fought against us ; make them my brethren, and forgive the past on one supreme condition : that the cause for which they fought was, and forever will be, the cause of treason and wrong. Until this is acknowledged, my hand shall never grasp any rebel hand across any chasm however small."

From being strictly temperate in all things, General Garfield is in good health.

"The advantage of a strong pulse," says Emerson, "is not to be supplied by any labor, art, or concert. It is like the climate, which easily raises a crop, which no glass, or irrigation, or tillage, or manures, can elsewhere rival."

We have seen what this strong-pulsed man accomplished in his boyhood — in his school days. We know what he has accomplished in his maturer years. He has lived in accordance with nature's laws, and nature has accordingly endowed him with her strength. He can lift great weights, can endure great hardships, and accomplish great things. He can work all night if need be ; but that is not in accordance with nature ; it is only when the demand is imperative, that he makes any extra draft on his strength. He is an indefatigable worker. It is in his blood, coming down from his New England ancestry. It is his nature to work.

"A man accustomed to work," says Campbell, the poet, "is equal to any achievement that he may resolve to accomplish. James A. Garfield, when a school-boy at Geauga, cooking his breakfasts in a fry-

ing-pan, fixed his eye on a definite object far away ; he never lost sight of it — he attained it.

“ How have you been able to make your discoveries ? ” asked a gentleman of Sir Isaac Newton.

“ By always intending my mind,” replied the discoverer of the law of gravitation.

General Garfield has his hours of recreation ; when thought and care are cast aside ; but when the hour for work comes, he sits down to his labors with the appetite of a hungry man to his dinner.

We have already seen the *determination*, characteristic of General Garfield, manifested in his boyhood, in pushing the jack-plane, and when he engaged to cut one hundred cords of wood at twenty-five cents per cord ; but to complete that job, something more than determination was requisite.

Another element of character was called into activity — *perseverance*. It was a contract not to be finished in a day, but for a period of nearly six weeks ; he must be up before daylight, wielding the ax before the sun made its appearance above the eastern hills, and when it disappeared in the west at night, he must still be waking the echoes of the forest with his sturdy blows, to accomplish his self-allotted task of two cords per day. There were blisters on his palms, aches streaming up his arms ; he went to bed weary. It was the routine of weeks, and there was no let up on the part of the boy of sixteen. *Determination* and *perseverance* carried him through Hiram and Williams, and brought him to manhood. The responsibilities of life

were upon him, and with them came another element of character — *courage*.

We saw the spirit that was in him when the boy of sixteen confronted the brawny boatman and laid him sprawling on the deck, and the quick generosity that made the conquered boatman his friend. The same spirit carried him through the hardships and difficulties of a midwinter campaign to the victory of Middle Creek, which led him singly and alone to confront the opinions of seventeen generals in the movement on Tallahoma, which impelled him to ride through the leaden hail of Chickamauga. In the planning of the Chickamauga campaign we have witnessed *judgment* adjusting its balances, calmly weighing difficulties, forming deliberate opinions, summoning *determination*, *courage*, and *perseverance* to execute the plans, and winning the campaign. Such power of judgment requires foresight — that faculty of mind which can look from the beginning to the end — estimating everything at its just value.

But these are physical and mental qualities ; an individual may have them and yet not be a man.

“Worth makes the man.”

A century has rolled away since Alexander Pope penned the words, but time has not diminished their truthfulness. It was but the expression of a universal truth.

The fiber of James A. Garfield's manhood has other qualities, higher and nobler — those that constitute *character*. No child is born with character ; it does

not come by birth, nor is it attained in a day. It is growth — the bloom of childhood — the fruitage of maturer years. It cannot be put on and off like a garment at pleasure, worn to-day, laid aside to-morrow ; it is an unchangeable habit. It is not what others think of us ; it is what we are. God's balance places Justice, Truth, and Right in one scale, and ourselves in the other. No man ever yet tipped the beam. Some men come nearer doing it than others, and he who comes nearest weighs most.

The citizens of Ashtabula county who know James A. Garfield best, have given expression to their appreciation of his character and reputation by keeping him in Congress eighteen years ; the people of Ohio published their judgment to the world during the past winter, by electing him to the Senate of the United States, and now the Republican party, in the strength and vigor of its manhood, proclaims its faith in his character by selecting him to fill the highest office in the gift of the nation.

" *Talents*," says Goethe, "are nurtured best in solitude, but *character* on life's tempestuous sea." Have there been any seas more tempestuous than that over which James A. Garfield has sailed ? — the blood-red sea, swept by the storms of civil war — the putting down of the most gigantic rebellion in the annals of history, the liberation of four million of slaves, their enfranchisement, the settlement of great questions relating to human rights, personal liberty, the finances, involving the permanency of the Republic, its mighty future and the welfare of forty millions of people ?

In the discussion of these General Garfield has manifested ever catholicity of spirit. He is no bigot. Prejudice is foreign to his nature. He has no blows to give to an antagonist prostrate at his feet. The raised arm dropped, the muscles of his clenched fist relaxed, when, in his boyhood, the brawny boatman called parley. Political opponents respect one so fearless, honorable, and just. Many of his political opponents are his personal friends. His mind is judicial. He is not like the knight who saw only one side of the shield ; he sees the other side. His generosity, kindness of heart, sense and honor prompts him to do things which in feudal days, and in the Southern States to-day, would be called chivalrous, but which with General Garfield is simply doing his duty. Such a man will be honest in his convictions. He may make mistakes ; there may be error of judgment, but his action will be sincere. His convictions of justice and right have made him the unflinching lover of Truth and Liberty, the earnest advocate of Human Rights, the upright citizen, the unostentatious Christian, the honest man.

XXIX.

ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS.

SINCE the first pages of this sketch were written, many letters have been received from those who knew General Garfield in boyhood, and others who have been intimate with him through his maturer years. While they may not present anything of great importance, yet they illuminate, as it were, his life.

Rev. S. D. Bates, pastor of the Free-will Baptist Church, Marion, O., and now President of Ridgeville College, Ind., was the enthusiastic young teacher of the district school in Orange, who had much to do with turning General Garfield from the canal to the college. "My school at Orange," writes Mr. Bates, "was large and forward in the winter of 1848-9, and I was pressed for time to do all my work. To obviate this difficulty, I had an Arithmetic class of fifteen advanced students meet me at eight o'clock in the morning, to whom I gave a full hour, explaining and illustrating the principles involved, as a specialty in the exercises. The widowed mother of Garfield lived nearest to the school-house, on the north. James had come home just before I commenced teaching, at the close of canal navigation, sick with the ague and fever, contracted

while on the canal. During nearly the entire winter he had an ague-chill every morning, and a burning fever each evening. In the early morning he felt comfortably well, and most of the winter came in weakness to the eight o'clock Arithmetic recitation. That *one* hour was all the time he was able to be in school each day till nearly spring. The circumstances made his appearance haggard and forbidding. He was then, though only seventeen years of age, as tall as now, but thin in flesh, pale and sallow in countenance, and, of course, largely uncultivated in manner. In appearance, he was unprepossessing. I soon saw, however, that his painful effort to reach the morning-class exercise, indicated a burning thirst for learning, and I was not long in discovering that, underneath the rough exterior, there was a jewel, a *bright, sharp, comprehensive* intellect. Though in such feeble health, he soon proved himself the best in the class, being at the same time one of the youngest. I believed he had the 'stuff in him' to make a splendid student, if he could be induced to give some years to study. How to do this was the difficult problem to solve. He had himself a *passion* for the sea. The blue waters of Lake Erie had a fascination that seemed impossible for him to resist. As his health improved towards spring, he seemed bound to go upon the lake when navigation should open.

"It was useless to talk to him *then* about a course of study. I tried, and succeeded in the experiment of leading him simply *one* step at a time.

"I said to him, 'James, you are not sound enough in health yet to endure the hard work, the kicks and

cuffs, and rough usage incident to a beginner's life in sailing. Go with me, in March, to the seminary, get a little more education, and in the coming fall, when in sound health, go on the lake a few months.'

"His mother, who was altogether unwilling to have her son become a sailor, most heartily seconded my efforts. Two other young men, one a cousin of Garfield, decided to go with me to the seminary, and, finally, by the combined persuasion of all, he decided to go. That moment was the turning point in his life and destiny."

We have seen how the young student planed boards, and worked as a carpenter, to pay his way through Hiram. A letter from a gentleman in Detroit, Dr. Alonzo Harlow, informs us of his acquiring penmanship and a knowledge of business forms; qualifying himself as teacher, in order to earn money to enable him to carry on his collegiate studies.

Dr. Harlow's Business College was located at Chagrin Falls, about 40 miles from Cleveland. He was accustomed to call upon every new pupil to take the rostrum, and deliver an impromptu address on temperance; possibly to see what stuff they were composed of, of course not expecting much of an address. Dr. Harlow writes:

"As was my custom with all new beginners, I called James, the same day of his arrival, to take the rostrum and address the school on temperance; and to my surprise and wonder, he gave us so able and eloquent discourse upon the theme, that I made up my mind that he was simply declaiming some address he had com-

mitted to memory. Thinks I, my good fellow, I will fix you next time. When his turn came to speak again, I gave him a subject out of the common range of ordinary thought, supposing we would have a breakdown ; but to my great gratification and astonishment he went on making an excellent address. He was acknowledged to be the best speaker in the school."

The class at Dr. Harlow's frequently resolved itself into a House of Representatives in Congress, and occasionally into a court of justice. As a member of Congress, Mr. Garfield represented the State of New York. The citizens came in to hear the young orators, and many of them remember the speeches made by Mr. Garfield.

While at the school, he made great proficiency in penmanship and painting. He taught penmanship the next term at Hiram, earning enough to pay his expenses. While in Williams, he taught in the surrounding towns—in Pownal, in a school-house, where Chester A. Arthur once taught.

His success in penmanship is remarkable, when we consider that General Garfield, naturally, is left-handed. It required a tremendous effort of will, and long and patient practice, to use his right hand. He *determined* to do it. He had, at first, to take the pen in his left hand, and after dipping it in the ink, transfer it to the right hand. His first attempts at writing were exceedingly discouraging. The muscles would not obey his will, but he kept on till he mastered them, and became an accomplished teacher of penmanship.

In addressing an assembly, General Garfield fre-

quently makes an impressive gesture with his left arm.

General Garfield went to Williams in June, 1854, a few weeks before the close of the term at that college, and attended the closing recitations of the Sophomore class, to become familiar with the methods of the professors, before his examination for entering upon the junior year. After his examination, there was a long summer vacation, which he spent mainly in the college library. It was the most extensive collection of books he had ever beheld. He never had seen a copy of Shakspeare. He began with it and read it through, from beginning to end. He next took up English history and poetry, beginning with Spenser and coming down to Tennyson, whom he greatly admired. He had a retentive memory, and learned whole poems by heart. A quarter of a century has passed since then, and he has not forgotten them.

General Garfield had positive opinions in regard to the rights of fugitive slaves, and had occasion to make them known during his military service in Kentucky, as asserted by one of his staff.

"One day," said the officer, "I noticed a fugitive slave come rushing into camp with a bloody head, and apparently frightened almost to death. A regular bully of a fellow came riding up and with a volley of oaths began to ask after his 'nigger.' General Garfield was not present, and he passed on to the division commander. This division commander was a sympathizer with the theory that fugitives should be returned to their masters, and that the Union soldiers should be made

the instruments for returning them. He accordingly wrote a mandatory order to General Garfield to hunt out and deliver over the property of the outraged citizen. I stated the case as fully as I could to General Garfield before handing him the order. He took the order and deliberately wrote on it the following indorsement:

“‘I respectfully but positively decline to allow my command to search for or deliver up any fugitive slaves. I conceive that they are here for quite another purpose. The command is open, and no obstacles will be placed in the way of search.’

“I read the indorsement and was frightened. I expected that, if returned, the result would be that the general would be court-martialed. I told him my fears. He simply replied, ‘The matter may as well be tested first as last. Right is right, and I do not propose to mince matters at all. My soldiers are here for other purposes than hunting and returning fugitive slaves. My people, on the Western Reserve of Ohio, did not send my boys and myself down here to do that kind of business, and they will back me up in my action.’ He would not alter the indorsement, and the order was returned. Nothing ever came of the matter further.

“One day at Murfreesboro’, an old colored lady came to the general’s tent and complained of having been cruelly beaten by her master, a man named Carney, simply because her two sons had been hired as servants by two Union captains; the heartless rebel abusing the old lady on the ground that she had urged her sons to do so.

“Carney was summoned, and in his presence the

woman told her entire story, in the course of which she said that Colonel Burke (since general) had been near by when the whipping had been done. So indignant was the general at both Carney and Burke that he came near depriving the latter of his straps, and to the former said among other things expressive of his wrath: ‘ You rascal, you ought to have your ears cut off for this cussedness.’ ”

In a former chapter General Garfield’s position in regard to the bill for extra pay for congressional services has been given ; but the following incident narrated by President Hinsdale of Hiram College, shows what sacrifice General Garfield made in connection with that bill :

“ There is an incident connected with that bill,” said President Hinsdale, “ which I will relate, not because I was concerned in it, but because it shows something of the working of the general’s mind. I got to Washington on Saturday, and on Sunday there was a long session of the committee on appropriations devoted to the discussion of the increase of salaries. This feature was a rider on one of the most important appropriation bills. Garfield opposed the rider, but was overruled by the committee. On Monday I happened to pass the room of the committee on appropriations and I found General Garfield walking up and down the corridor. He said to me, ‘ I’ve got to decide in fifteen minutes whether I will sign that bill or not. If I do, I go on the record as indorsing a measure that I have been opposing. If I do not, I lose all control of the bill. It will be reported to the house by General Butler, and he

will control the debate on it. The session of Congress ends to-morrow, and if the bill fails to pass, this Congress will expire without making provisions for carrying on the government. Now what would you do?' I told him that I would sign the bill, and in the house I would briefly explain why I had at last signed a bill which I had opposed. I don't assume that his conduct was guided by my advice, but he pursued the course I had indicated."

Such a statement should forever put a stop to all charges of mercenary action on the part of General Garfield.

XXX.

THE CONVENTION AT CHICAGO.

NATIONAL Conventions of political parties are the outgrowth of American institutions. In no other country can there be assembled a body like that which gathered at Chicago, June 3, 1880, to nominate candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States. In England, not even for the nomination of members of Parliament are there any conventions like those peculiar to our own country. France is a Republic, — young, fresh, vigorous ; but political parties in France are divided into monarchical and anti-monarchical, and thus far the Republicans of France have had no need for a national convention. In no country is a national convention of a political party possible at the present time, except in the United States. Our own Republic went on half a century, after the adoption of the Constitution, before political parties saw that under a government of the people, the people themselves should nominate, as well as elect their highest executive officers.

Prior to 1831, the Congressional caucus nominated candidates for President and Vice-President. The first Congressional caucus on record was held Jan. 19, 1808,

by the Democratic, then the Republican members, to decide whether Madison or Monroe should succeed Jefferson. Mr. Madison was Secretary of State; Mr. Monroe, Minister to Great Britain. Madison being on the ground to wield his own personal influence, succeeded in obtaining a majority of the caucus in his favor.

It was soon discovered that "King Caucus," as the system was called, was despotic, tyrannical, and corrupting. Every act of a democratic member of Congress had reference to some political end. The caucus system was overthrown in 1825 by the quadrangular contest which threw the election into the House of Representatives, defeating the caucus candidates and electing John Quincy Adams.

The first political convention of any prominence in the United States was held at Baltimore, September, 1831, by those opposed to the Masonic Order. The party had its origin in Western New York in 1826, through the publishing of a pamphlet by William Morgan, which purported to be an *exposé* of the ritual of the order. William Wirt, of Maryland, was nominated for President.

In the following December, the National Republicans, in a convention at Baltimore, nominated Henry Clay; but both of these conventions were small assemblies — in no sense National. The democratic members of the New York Legislature nominated Andrew Jackson; but it was the action of the democratic members of the Legislature of New Hampshire that brought about the first convention that could be called National. The

democratic members of that body took it upon themselves to issue a call for an assembly of delegates from all the States, — one delegate for each vote in the electoral college. The party in the different States responded, and the convention met at Baltimore, May 21, 1832. The whole number of electoral votes at that time was 288, and 283 delegates responded. At that convention a resolution was adopted requiring two-thirds of the votes in the convention to secure a nomination. The convention adopted a platform setting forth the principles of the party.

The first National Convention of the Whig party was held at Harrisburg, Dec. 4, 1839, twenty-two States being represented. General Harrison was nominated.

Such was the beginning of the National Convention, which is as truly American as the Republic itself.

It is quite possible that the young man who in this year of 1880 is to cast his first ballot, may not have stopped to think of the significance of a national political convention. There are some foreigners who doubtless flatter themselves that they understand American politics and American institutions, who do not comprehend a National Convention; they speak of such an assembly as an unauthorized gathering. Government has not called it, and an assembly not called into being by government is of no account. They do not comprehend, in the American sense, the meaning of a government of the people; that all authority comes from the people; and that the people themselves authorize the convention.

A national convention of a great political party has

a grandeur all its own ; it is for the selection of a citizen fitted by the endowments which God has given him, and by the exercise of his faculties, by character and experience, to be ruler of fifty millions of people ; the compeer of kings and emperors ; to wield the power of a great nation ; to guide the Republic for a period of years towards its mighty destiny !

This is the meaning of that gathering of the delegates chosen by the people, which assembled in Chicago.

The convention met June 3d, and chose George F. Hoar, Senator in Congress from Massachusetts, President. There were three prominent candidates for the Presidency. General Grant, who had filled the office eight years, from 1868 to 1876 ; James G. Blaine, Senator from Maine ; and John Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury.

The friends of each candidate labored earnestly to secure a majority of the delegates, but neither succeeded. Among the delegates from Ohio was General Garfield, who was elected chairman of the Ohio delegation, and who did all in his power to secure the nomination of Mr. Sherman.

On the second day of the convention, Mr. Conkling of New York, introduced a resolution which pledged every member of the convention to support the nominee, and declaring that no one should hold a seat who was not ready so to pledge himself.

The question was put and several voices responded in the negative. Mr. Conkling called for a vote by states. Three delegates from West Virginia voted in

the negative. Mr. Conkling therefore offered a second resolution that the delegates who had so voted had forfeited their seats in the convention.

The delegates from West Virginia stated that they were true Republicans, but, that as a matter of principle, they would not pledge themselves in advance to everything the convention might do. Several gentlemen spoke upon the resolution.

Mr. Young, of Tennessee, asked to know why the gentlemen who had voted in the negative did not join the Democratic party. It was a question of mere personal independence.

The question was about to be put when General Garfield took the floor.

"I fear," he said, "that the convention is about to commit a grave error. He would state the case. Every delegate save three had voted for the resolution, and the three gentlemen who had voted against it had risen in their places and stated that they expected and intended to support the nominee of the convention, but that it was not in their judgment a wise thing at this time to pass the resolution which all the rest of the delegates had voted for. Were they to be disfranchised because they thought so? That was the question. Was every delegate to have his republicanism inquired into before he was allowed to vote? Delegates were responsible for their votes, not to the convention, but to their constituents. He himself would never in any convention vote against his judgment. He regretted that the gentlemen from West Virginia had thought it best to break the harmony of the convention by their

dissent. He did not know these gentlemen, nor their affiliations, nor their relations to the candidates. If this convention expelled those men then the convention would have to purge itself at the end of every vote and inquire how many delegates who had voted 'no' should go out. He trusted that the gentleman from New York would withdraw his resolution and let the convention proceed with its business."

Mr. Pixley, of California, moved to lay the resolution on the table.

Mr. Conkling thereupon withdrew the resolution.

On the morning of the 5th of June, the convention having accomplished the preliminary business, the names of the several candidates were presented.

General Garfield presented the name of John Sherman in an able speech, which elicited great applause. The names of General Grant, Senator Blaine, Senator Windom of Minnesota, Senator Edmunds of Vermont, and E. B. Washburn also were presented.

Thirty-five ballots were taken, during which two votes had been cast for General Garfield. After the thirty-fourth ballot, it was evident to the friends of Senator Blaine that he could not be nominated. Beginning with 284 he had dropped to 257. On this ballot the delegation from Wisconsin voted for General Garfield, which, with one delegate from Pennsylvania, gave seventeen ballots.

General Garfield arose to a point of order, that he had given no one liberty to use his name, and without such liberty no one had a right to vote for him. General Garfield was about to say more, but was prevented

by Mr. Hoar, who said that he had not stated a question of order.

On the thirty-fifth ballot fifty were cast for General Garfield.

The number of delegates composing the convention was seven hundred and fifty-five. On the thirty-sixth ballot, General Garfield received three hundred and ninety-nine.

An indescribable scene ensued. The standards of every State, with the exception of Florida, were carried over to Ohio, amid the cheers of the vast audience. For fifteen minutes the audience gave expression to its enthusiasm, the band playing "Rally Round the Flag," and the audience joining in the song.

During this period of intense excitement, General Garfield sat pale and thoughtful, and in a maze. A lightning stroke had fallen upon him. Throughout the convention he has done what he could for Mr. Sherman. He had had no thought of receiving the nomination. No one had worked for him. Only two delegates had voted for him up to the thirty-fourth ballot. It was a case of spontaneous combustion! Very few of the delegates knew General Garfield personally. No one had set forth his qualifications, only as he himself had set them forth by creditable and faithful service during the first years of the war, and by his eighteen years' service in Congress. The few words spoken by him in regard to the West Virginia delegates — his persuasive, calm, conciliatory course, his fairness, his courage to do what others felt ought to be done — had made a deep impression upon the

convention. His address, presenting Mr. Sherman as a candidate, was acknowledged to be the most eloquent of all the speeches.

The nomination came of itself, without concert or arrangement. General Garfield was greatly disturbed.

"I wish you," he said, to the correspondent of the *Cleveland Herald*, "to say that this is no act of mine. I wish you would say that I have done everything and omitted nothing to secure Secretary Sherman's nomination. I want it plainly understood that I have not sought this nomination, and have protested against the use of my name. If Senator Hoar had permitted, I would have forbidden any body to vote for me. But he took me off my feet before I had said what I intended. I am very sorry it has occurred, but if my position is fully explained, a nomination, coming unsought and unexpected like this, will be the crowning gratification of my life."

There have been in other conventions the taking up of compromise candidates, but in no other national convention has there been such a turn of affairs — the nomination of a man for the presidency, who was not a candidate, but who was working with all his might to secure the nomination of another.

General Garfield had not been in training for the presidency. From his entrance upon public life, — as a Senator in the Ohio Legislature, as commander of a brigade, as chief of Rosecrans's staff, as a representative in Congress, he had aimed to carry out his convictions of what was just and right. A portion of the

delegates, when the convention was at a deadlock, knowing his worth, recognizing his services, conscious of his fitness for the high position, took him up against his protestations, gave him a majority of the votes ; the convention made the nomination unanimous, and the Republican party throughout the Union, with a unanimity and enthusiasm almost unparalleled, accepts him as their great leader in the approaching campaign.





C. A. Allen

XXXI.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

IN a rugged pasture on a hill-side in the town of Fairfield, Vt., a few stones, and a slight depression in the surface of the ground, mark the spot where once stood a log cabin. It was the humble home of Rev. Mr. Arthur, who fifty years ago was preaching to the people of Fairfield. He was a young man enthusiastic and devoted in his calling. He began his preaching in the district school-house, but his audiences increasing, a neighboring barn became the place of worship, — the women occupying seats of planks and blocks of wood on the bare floor, the men on the hay-mow and scaffolds, and the boys on the high beams. Rev. Mr. Arthur's labors were so successful that the community was stimulated to build a meeting-house.

The town of Fairfield, fifty years ago, was comparatively new, and many of the residences were like that of the young minister, built of logs. It was a thrifty, hard-working, steady-going community, full of life and hope, and became religious under Rev. Mr. Arthur's ministration.

Upon his settlement in the place, Mr. Arthur had a wife and three daughters, but the log cabin was bright-

ened just half a century ago by the advent of a fourth child, — a boy who received the name of the attending physician, Chester Abel.

Rev Mr. Arthur subsequently moved to the vicinity of Troy, N. Y., preaching in various localities.

The political campaign of 1840, between General Harrison and Martin Van Buren, was the most exciting of any in the history of the Republic. Chester A. Arthur, a boy of ten, whose sympathies were with the Whig candidate, had his boyish enthusiasm aroused by the log cabin raisings, the barbecues, the beating of drums, the playing of brass bands, the singing of Harrison songs, the firing of cannon. Four years later — during the contest between Henry Clay and James K. Polk, — the raising of ash poles in honor of Henry Clay, whose Kentucky mansion bore the name of Ashland, succeeded the log cabin raisings of the Harrison campaign.

Chester A. Arthur, a youth of fourteen, joined a company of young Whigs in the Clay campaign. Party spirit ran high. At a pole raising in the village of Fonda, the Democrats brought on a fight. There were many bleeding noses, blackened eyes, and broken heads on both sides. One of the foremost in the fray was Chester A. Arthur.

“I have been in many a political battle since then,” said Mr. Arthur, recently, “but none livelier, or that more thoroughly enlisted me.”

Being near Union College, Schenectady, Mr. Arthur entered that institution in 1844, then under the presidency of Rev. Eliphalet Nott, D. D., regarded as one

of the ablest men in his profession at that time. During his college course he taught school in common with most students, during the winter terms. One of the schools thus taught was in Pownal, Vt., the building in which James A. Garfield subsequently taught penmanship.

Mr. Arthur graduated in 1848, taking the degree of A. M. He stood high in his class, and was regarded as a student of much promise. He became a member of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity. He chose the law for a profession, and was admitted to the bar in 1850, when he was twenty years of age.

The year 1850 was one of excitement in the political world. The questions before Congress, were the repeal of the Missouri compromise of 1820, the passage of the fugitive slave law, the organization of New Mexico and California.

To the people of the North the fugitive slave law was an odious act; a slave escaping from one State into another, must be delivered up to his master. It directed and provided for the surrender to the claimant of each alleged fugitive without a trial by jury, but by a commissioner. The testimony of the fugitive could not be admitted in his defence, the testimony of the claimant was sufficient, and the commissioner could call out the whole *posse comitatus* of the United States to put his decree in execution, and all citizens were commanded to aid him.

The moral sense of Chester A. Arthur, in common with the moral sense of thousands of northern citizens, revolted. His soul was stirred within him. He had

formed a partnership with Erastus D. Culver, of New York, and the firm was known to the Abolitionists as one in sympathy with the rising tide of free principles. In November, 1852, a vessel sailed into New York Harbor from Norfolk, Va., with Jonathan and Juliet Lemon on board as passengers. They had decided to emigrate to Texas, and there being no trade between Norfolk and New Orleans — no vessels sailing, they embarked for New York, where they expected to take a steamer. Among other chattels they had eight slaves. The vessel dropped anchor in New York harbor; the steamer would not sail for several days. During the interim an officer appeared on board the vessel with a writ of *habeas corpus*, requiring Mr. and Mrs. Lemon to appear before Judge Payne of the Superior Court, and show cause for detaining the eight human chattels, when by the laws of New York, slavery was forbidden.

The young lawyer, Chester A. Arthur, entered into the case with great zeal. Mr. Lemon employed Mr. O'Conner, a life long Democrat. Mr. Arthur gave all his energies to the preparation of the case. Mr. Lemon, through counsel, claimed that he was compelled to touch at New York, but had no intention of stopping there. Messrs. Culver and Arthur based their argument on the rights of man, on the State laws and the law of nations. It was not a case under the fugitive slave act; the negroes were not fleeing; their master had voluntarily brought them into a State, which prohibited slavery, and they were entitled to their freedom. Judge Payne took the same view and ordered them to be set free.

There came a howl from every State south of Mason and Dixon's line, in regard to the "unparalleled outrage," with threats of dissolving the Union. The Democratic press of the North got down on its knees; the New York *Journal of Commerce* demanded that New York should repeal its obnoxious law, against slavery, otherwise the City of New York would lose its Southern trade. A portion of the Whig press was subservient. The State of Virginia directed its Attorney-General to take up the case and appeal from Judge Payne's decision. The Legislature of New York, instead of repealing the law against slavery, requested the Governor to employ counsel. E. D. Culver and Joseph Blunt were appointed. Afterward they withdrew and Mr. Arthur was appointed. He associated with himself William M. Evarts and argued the case before the Supreme Court. That Court sustained Judge Payne's decision. The case was then appealed to the Court of Appeals. There also the judgment of Judge Payne was affirmed, and thenceforth no slaveholder dared venture into New York State with his slaves.

The prejudice against color, which in 1830, had been so intense, had been yielding to the spirit of the age, but was so deep seated that up to 1856, no colored person could ride in a public conveyance in the streets of New York.

One day a colored young lady, Lizzie Jennings, appeared in Mr. Arthur's office, and stated her case. She was a superintendent of a colored Sunday-school, had entered a Fourth Avenue horse car, and paid her fare, but a fellow objected to her presence, and the

conductor had rudely expelled her, tearing her clothing and otherwise maltreating her. She had come to Mr. Arthur for advice. What should she do? "I will take care of your case," said Mr. Arthur.

He brought suit against the company, a rich corporation, with the aristocratic portion of the community lending its influence against Lizzie Jennings and the colored race. Mr. Arthur managed to have the case tried before Judge Rockwell, of the Brooklyn court; and so successfully was it managed, so masterly his plea, that Lizzie Jennings recovered \$500. It was like the taking of the Malakoff in the Crimean war, — a point gained for the colored race. Since then, their rights in all public conveyances have been respected.

The year 1856 was signalized by the formation of the Republican party. Mr. Arthur entered zealously into the movement, was a stanch supporter of Fremont, and of Mr. Lincoln in 1860. Upon the breaking out of the war, he was appointed by Governor Morgan chief engineer on his staff. In this office he did very valuable service in the equipment of the volunteers of the State for the war. Upon Jan. 27, 1862, in honor of these services he was appointed quartermaster-general on Governor Morgan's staff. Here he again worked with great energy to forward troops to the seat of war.

In 1861, when the fires of patriotism were burning brightly, it occurred to some one that New York might rid herself of a crowd of bullies, thieves, and rascals, by sending them to the army *en masse*. Billy Wilson, a notorious rough, took up the idea, and received au-

thority to raise the regiment. He was to be colonel. The bullies enlisted in great numbers ; they were quartered in the park. Public-spirited citizens made munificent contributions for their outfit and support. The bullies made the most of their opportunity, and not only demanded, but quietly helped themselves to whatever they wished in the neighboring stores, telling the proprietors to charge it to the State. Complaints reached the governor, who gave Arthur full authority to act in the premises.

The quartermaster-general sent an order to Wilson to report at his office. The bully complied, entering in full uniform with a swaggering air. Mr. Arthur informed him that such practices as had been complained of must be stopped. Wilson listened with a supercilious air. "I'm a colonel in the service of the United States, sir," he said ; "and neither you nor Governor Morgan have any authority over me. So long as I wear these shoulder-straps, I shall take no orders from any of you fellows."

General Arthur has been endowed by nature with a grand physique, and he does not know fear. He rose from his chair, grasped the straps, and in a twinkling they were torn from the bully's shoulders.

"I'll make short work of them," he said. He threw the fellow into a chair, and ordered his arrest.

"You are not yet mustered into the service of the United States, sir, and for the present you are under the authority of the State of New York," he said. The bully was conquered.

The disbursements of the quartermaster's depart-

ment in New York during Governor Morgan's administration amounted to many millions, but General Arthur's accounts were kept in the most methodical manner, and, in his settlement with the United States, his was the first of all to be settled. It is a remarkable fact, and one which reflects the highest honor on General Arthur, that while the accounts of some of the States were reduced by millions, his was not cut down a single dollar !

On the 20th of November, 1871, he was appointed by President Grant to succeed Thomas Murphy as Collector of the Port of New York. When his term of four years had expired, he was reappointed ; and the Senate, by unanimous vote, confirmed the appointment without reference to a committee, — a high and unusual compliment, which evidenced a keen appreciation of his ability and faithfulness in office.

President Hayes, upon his election to the Presidency, inaugurated, or attempted to inaugurate, civil service reform. He wished especially to bring about a new order of things in the New York custom-house. General Arthur refused to carry out the programme made out for him, and was removed. Two special committees were appointed to look into his administration of affairs, but found nothing against him ; and President Hayes and Secretary Sherman, in announcing the change, bore public and official testimony to his personal integrity.

General Arthur is in the full vigor of manhood, urbane and gentlemanly in his intercourse with men. Death has robbed him of an accomplished wife, the

daughter of Captain Herndon, who was lost in one of the Pacific mail steamers, that foundered at sea a few years ago. He has two children.

Attaining his majority at a time when slavery was making its aggressions, he espoused the cause of liberty, gave himself heart and soul to the maintenance of the rights of a despised race, and on all questions relating to human progress, is as unswerving as the star of the north from its place in the heavens. Not a word of calumny has ever been breathed against him. He is honored and respected by all who know him, irrespective of party.

XXXII.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

THE Whig National Convention of 1852, ruled by the slave power, rejected Daniel Webster and nominated General Winfield Scott for the Presidency, giving precedence to the soldier who knew nothing of civil matters, thus ignoring the statesman most capable of guiding the affairs of state. Heartsick and sore, Daniel Webster sat beneath the elms of Marshfield during the waning October days, the sere and yellow leaves falling around him, and the shadow of death stealing upon him.

"After November next," he said to a friend, "the Whig party will live only in history."

The election was held. General Scott suffered an ignominious defeat, and the great party disappeared.

The time had come for it to die ; and the time had come also for the advent of a party, which should be in harmony with the spirit of the age ; which in the bloom and vigor of its youth should grapple with gigantic wrong, stand forth before the wondering nations as the champion of human rights, and by its victories give a mighty uplift to civilization. Its triumphs have not been for the nation alone, but for all mankind. No

other party in this or any other land has ever accomplished so much.

The Republican party came upon the field, bearing the banner of the ages. The barons of England flung it to the breeze in the green meadows of Runnymede—The Rights of Man, its inscription. Cromwell bore it in triumph amid the carnage of Marston Moor. Winkle-reid waved it above the eternal snow of the Alps. The Mayflower bore it at her mast-head across the Atlantic. Prescott, Putnam, and Stark planted it on Bunker Hill, and the men of the Revolution carried it in triumph at Bennington, Saratoga, and Yorktown. The Republican party bore it up the heights of Donelson, and upon a hundred fields drenched with blood during the greatest civil war of all time. It was the Republican party that stood upon the rocky ridge of Gettysburg, where centuries of destiny were compressed into minutes. At that time the Democratic party was proclaiming to the world that the war was a failure, that there never could be peace without separation. During those moments the slave power, backed by the Democratic party, was organizing riots in New York, hanging negroes, resisting the draft. In Indiana the Democratic party was organizing the Order of the Golden Circle, with its pass-words and signs, to overthrow and defeat the government. The Republican party put down the gigantic rebellion, north and south, announcing to the monarchies of the Old World, sympathizing with the Rebellion, that thenceforth the American people were a Nation and not a Confederacy. They gave their bravest and best

—pouring out the precious wine of life till all resistance was crushed out on the field of Appomattax. Then four millions of the human race rose from their centuries of enslavement and became citizens of the Republic, shouting hallelujah to Almighty God, and hailing the Republican party as their deliverer.

The war ended, the Republican party entered upon its great work of reconstruction, restoring states, exhibiting a leniency unparalleled in history, rewarding its soldiers, paying debts, re-enfranchising rebels. Its work is not yet fully accomplished, nor will it be, till every citizen, without distinction of race, lineage, color, or previous condition, shall be in the full possession of all his rights, and the equal of every other man before the law.

Ideas are eternal. Nations rise and fall, but ideas live on forever. Liberty, truth, justice, right, can never perish. Liberty knows no defeats ; eternal youth is hers.

“Vital in every part * * *
Cannot but by annihilation die.”

James A. Garfield and Chester A. Arthur are standard bearers of the party that has announced to the world that this continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Lakes to the Gulf, is henceforth to be under the stars and stripes, and forever consecrated to liberty and the equal rights of every man. With justice and right upon its banners the Republican party takes up its march once more, keeping step, now as in the past, to the music of the advancing ages, to do its appointed work.

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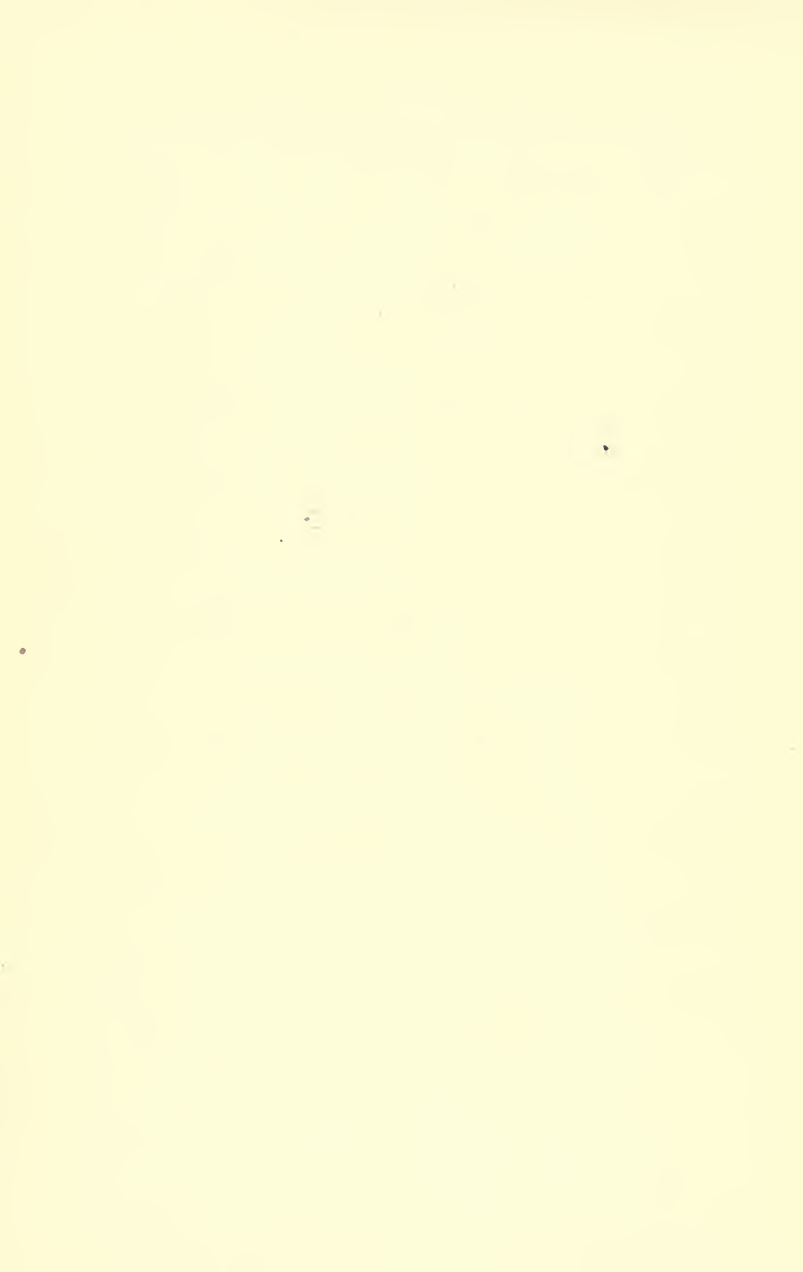
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